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MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

POETS AND POETRY OF INDIANA

A REPRESENTATIVE COLLECTION OF THE POETRY OF INDIANA DURING THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF ITS HISTORY AS TERRITORY AND STATE

1800 TO 1900

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

BENJAMIN S. PARKER

AND

ENOS B. HEINEY

WITH PORTRAITS



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THEY learned to sing in Nature's solitude,
Among the free wild birds and antlered deer;
In the primeval forest and the rude
Log cabin of the Western pioneer.

* * * * *

They loved the whisper of the leaves, the breeze,
The rune of rivulets, the trill of birds,
And their best songs were echoes caught from these,
Voices of Nature set to rhyméd words.

* * * * *

A few were gifted with transcendent power,
As God's evangels sent to loose or bind,
Others inherited a lesser dower,
But all were fitted for the work assigned.

SARAH T. BOLTON (*adapted*).

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PREFACE.

It has been the aim of the compilers and editors of this work to make a representative collection of the poetical writings of Indiana people, native and resident, embracing the century which spans the life of the commonwealth as Territory and State. The task has not been prosecuted in a narrow, provincial spirit, or with the notion that mere verse can be dignified into poetry and given fame by the partiality of local collectors. It is believed that these selections generally will be found to possess those vital qualities of force, suggestiveness, and beauty which are the essentials of true poetry. At the same time the design of the volume has not permitted an adherence to a severely critical standard. A goodly number of the authors represented have won a national reputation, but many names also appear that are only locally known, and some whose memory has faded since our fathers and mothers fell asleep. If these are not all to be ranked among the greater poets, yet they have sung a few songs very sweetly, and have helped to make the honorable literature of the State.

A single poem, or its equivalent in two shorter ones, from each of five prominent poets — John Hay, Joaquin

(Cincinnatus Heine) Miller, Will Wallace Harney, James Newton Mathews, and John James Piatt — has been included in the volume, because of the fact that these authors were born in Indiana, though the work which has redounded so much to their renown has been performed in other States. All the other poets represented have done a portion of their work, at least, while citizens of the State.

The editors have felt the delicate nature of their undertaking, and have striven to carry it through with absolute impartiality; yet it is quite probable that they have failed to represent some whose work would entitle them to recognition. Any suggestions that may enable them to correct, in a future edition, the errors of omission or judgment into which they may have fallen will be gratefully received. Meantime, they beg leave to make most cordial acknowledgments to the living authors represented in this volume, and to the friends and relatives of those poets who have passed away, for their full and hearty coöperation; also to the literary people of the State generally; and to the publishers of copyrighted poems, to whom credit is given in the proper connections, for privileges and favors extended.

B. S. P.
E. B. H.

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POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

The Banner of Beauty.

MRS. MINNIE T. BOYCE.

O drapery of a nation grand!
O emblem of a poet's land!
Forever shine through weal, through woe,
Through all the heaven-sent winds that blow!

Protect the hearts that round thee beat,
Inspire them from thy high retreat
With noble courage, leal and true;
God save our dear *Red, White, and Blue!*

E Pluribus Unum.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

THO' many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag, by our country unfurled;
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world;
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky
By a deed that our fathers have done;
And they 're leagued in as true and as holy a tie,
In their motto of "Many in one."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
That banner of starlight abroad,
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung,
As they clung to the promise of God;
By the bayonet traced at the midnight of war,
On the fields where our glory was won,
O perish the heart or the hand that would mar
Our motto of "Many in one!"

'Mid the smoke of the contest, the cannon's deep roar,
How oft it has gathered renown;
While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore
When the Cross and the Lion went down.
And though few were the lights in the gloom of that hour,
Yet the hearts that were striking below
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their power,
And they stopped not to number the foe.

From where our Green Mountain tops blend with the sky,
And the giant St. Lawrence is rolled,
To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,
Like the dream of some prophet of old,
They conquered, and dying bequeathed to our care,
Not this boundless dominion alone,
But that banner whose loveliness hallows the air,
And their motto of "Many in one."

We are "Many in one" while there glitters a star
In the blue of the heavens above;

And tyrants shall quail 'mid their dungeons afar,
When they gaze on that motto of love.
It shall gleam o'er the sea, 'mid the bolts of the storm —
Over tempest and battle and wreck —
And flame where our guns with their thunders grow warm,
'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

The oppressed of the earth to that standard shall fly,
Wherever its folds shall be spread;
And the exile shall feel 't is his own native sky
Where its stars shall float over his head;
And those stars shall increase till the fullness of time
Its millions of cycles has run —
Till the world shall have welcomed its mission sublime,
And the nations of earth shall be one.

Though the old Alleghany may tower to heaven,
And the father of waters divide,
The links of our destiny cannot be riven
While the truth of those words shall abide.
Then oh, let them glow on each helmet and brand,
Tho' our blood like our rivers should run,
Divide as we may in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are one.

Then up with our flag! Let it stream on the air!
Tho' our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike — they had souls that could dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves.

Up, up with that banner! Where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around;
A nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

Indiana.

LEE O. HARRIS.

I LOVE New England's sea-girt strand,
Where, his Atlantic voyage o'er,
The day steps lightly to the land,
And journeys westward from the shore;

For all her sunlit hills are fair,
And silver-tongued are all her streams,
And joys that blest my spirit there
Still mingle with my sweetest dreams.

And oft, when vagrant Fancy flings
Her baubles down, as day declines,
I hear in Memory's rustling wings
The singing of the mountain pines.

But fairer scenes and softer skies
Await the later day's caress,
Where Indiana, smiling, lies,
The blossom of the wilderness.

Her forests spread their arms to greet
A rosy flood of summer air,
And plains fall languid at her feet,
O'erburdened with the wealth they bear.

Her singing streams in gladness run
Through vocal wood and flowery lea,
And carry southward to the sun
The pearls he borrowed from the sea.

Triumphant march her woodmen beat
Where Progress moves, all-conquering,
While homesteads rise about her feet,
Like roses in the path of spring.

And, fair as ocean billows, glide
The waves across her harvest plain,
And sweeter than the murmuring tide,
The rustling of the golden grain.

O dearer is our lovely vale,
With hamlets from the forest won,
Than all the pine-clad hills, where trail
The sea-wet tresses of the sun.

Fair Indiana, may the hand
Of Progress touch thee but to bless;
And Peace with plenty crown the land
That blossomed from the wilderness!

Liberty.

JOHN HAY.

WHAT man is there so bold that he should say:
"Thus, and thus only, would I have the sea"?
For, whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back
The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst;
Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use or stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempest, it gives way
To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
Of ruin drinks the blood of living things,
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore —
Always it is the sea, and men bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of liberty.
For freedom is its own eternal law;
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will.
Let us not, then, despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like evils hover 'round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry

Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold where the crimson ax
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings.
Forever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though Thou slay us, we will trust in Thee.

The Drums.

CHARLES L. HOLSTEIN.

HARK! I hear the beaten drums — their long roll
Affrights the quiet of the peaceful air,
And startles quick memories in my soul
Of one who was both young and brave and fair; —
And I never hear the drums beat
That I do not think of him.

The loud drums called him many years ago;
When the struck nation needed all her sons,
Among the bravest he was first to go,
And breast the fevered mouths of hungry guns; —
And I never hear the drums beat
That I do not think of him.

News from a Southland battle came to me
Of the soldier who took my heart along —
Of how he bore himself full gallantly,
Where siren bullets sang their witching song; —
And I never hear the drums beat
That I do not think of him.

Life is but losing — be it soon or late;
The foeman marked him with avenging eye:
Killed at the front! A man must face his fate, —
The prize of battle is to grandly die; —
And I never hear the drums beat
That I do not think of him.

My heart is throbbing with a mournful chime,
Calling, calling, and only echo comes.
The drums! The drums! I hear them all the time,
The throbbing and the music of the drums; —
And I never hear the drums beat
That I do not think of him.

Coming Half-Way.

CHARLES L. HOLSTEIN.

(*G. A. R. National Encampment at Louisville, Ky., September*, 1895.)

ACROSS the beautiful river that runs
'Twixt the North and the South to the seas afar,
Forgetting our swords, forgetting our guns,
With flags that are yours — despite the war —
We are coming half-way to meet you.

Lo, East is West, and North is South,
And the bravest forget the soonest of all;
The last shot is wedged in the cannon's mouth,
And the happy hills echo our bugle call —
We are coming half-way to meet you.

Beyond the gloom of the Bridgeless Stream
The truce of God bides with the dead at rest,
Where smiling in slumber they haply dream
Of a trysting-day there, with a comrade zest, —
And our coming half-way to meet you.

Blood is thicker than waters or wines; —
Love knows its own by night or by day;
The flames that flashed down the battle lines
Burned hate, not love, and so half-way, —
We are coming half-way to meet you.

Our country is one, and our flag the same;
The river is bridged with our love for you;
The glory is shared, and there is no shame,
And we that were many, though now we are few, —
We are coming half-way to meet you.

Fallen Heroes.

BENJAMIN DAVENPORT HOUSE.

I CANNOT think of them as dead,
Although beyond our fleshly sight —
They who stood with us in the fight
And followed where our banner led.

Ah! writ in lines of battle flame
I read plain-worded prophecy,
That through the ages yet to be
Our sons will keep their fathers' fame.

If comes again the call to fight
From out the bugle's brazen lips,
Forth from the scabbard's full eclipse
The blade will flash into the light.

And brighter than the flowers we strew,
In answer to the bugle's blare,
Will bloom our banners in the air
As sons of ours to battle go.

"Present Arms!"

(*An Independence Echo.*)

BENJAMIN DAVENPORT HOUSE.

OH, fathers who fired war's torch at Concord!
Oh, heroes who fought at Bunker Hill!
Ye are not dead in your place of resting,
But in your deeds are living still.

As the light of the nation's natal morning
Bars the eastern skies with its opal hue,
Break your bonds of sleep, oh, nation's fathers,
And form in line for the grand review.

Come forth, oh, sons, from your grounds of camping;
Ye are sleeping deep, but living still,
Beneath your tents on the field of Shiloh,
Or in bivouac at Malvern Hill.

Take arms again, oh, ye tired sleepers;
Form lines in your warlike gear arrayed;
March down through the years to later comers,
To pass in review in a peace parade.

From out the shade of thy hiding scabbard
Leap forth, oh, sword, with a bloodless blade;
Let thy flashing point go shining skyward,
And fall in saluting accolade.

Thrill your every thread, oh, star-flecked banner,
From outer fringe to your eagled staff;
Pour forth from your iron lips, oh, cannon,
The rose-red breath of a mighty laugh.

Oh, brazen throats of loud-braying bugles,
Send forth your notes of the gladdest key,
Till the golden air is filled with music,
And stirred to life by your peace-born glee.

Cleave the air, oh, fifes, with shriller shrieking
Than warlike wail at the nation's birth,
Beat the drums to the time of joyful marches,
That ha! ha! ha! with a mellow mirth.

Oh, bells that swing in lofty steeples,
By the sun-kissed sign of peace high crowned,
Spill out, as ye sway, your molten music,
Till ye belt the land with a zone of sound.

Fall, flags! for to-day the white peace angel,
Full plumed, stands waiting your drooping signs;
Beat, hearts, with the roll of high saluting,
Flash, arms, presented along the lines!

Reach out your hands, oh, men and brothers!
Let your clasping fingers intertwine,
Till your lives are linked in bonds of union,
From wave-washed gulf to the northern line.

Roar, guns, again, with a peace evangel!
Blend gray of smoke with blue of sky,
As the blue and gray were wrought and blended,
When the war's red horror had passed us by.

Peal forth again your notes, oh, bugles!
With sounds of peace like rhythmic rune,
Salute with songs the nation's morning,
That never shall know an afternoon.

Thanksgiving and Prayer.

(*After Victory.*)

BENJAMIN S. PARKER.

(Nov. 24, A.D. 1898.)

THE nation bows before Thee, O Lord of the shore and sea!
Of suns and constellations and systems yet to be;

God of the mighty universe and Lord of the guiding hand,
Of the primal cell and the sprouting grass, bless Thou the waiting land!

We pray Thee bless the silences that fall with healing breath
Where late the surly cannon were hot with hate and death,
And over the ghastly trenches where fallen heroes sleep
Plant Thou the seeds of hope and love, and solace those that weep.

And grant that all our victories and the glory of our ships
Hold not the nation's righteousness in the thrall of a blind eclipse,
Till we shall pray as the Pharisee with bold, assertive phrase,
Or put our pride in the Master's place and yield to it our praise.

And grant us, Lord, the grace to bring to the islands in the sea,
The sweeter hope and the larger life that are born of liberty;
And grant, we pray, that our helping hand shall a helping hand remain,
And never grow heavy at greed's command to weld the oppressor's chain.

And now from liberty's chosen land, where only the people reign,
Remove, O Lord, the pride and hate and the love of evil gain,
That hunt the negro to his death and the poor man to the cell,
And kindle the fires of anarchy where plenty and peace should dwell.

We thank Thee, gracious Lord of all, for the blessed things that be;
For the life and light that free thought brings to make the people free;
For the will to heed a neighbor's need, or defend his righteous cause,
And the grace to write on freedom's chart the codes of wiser laws.

And thus, O Lord, with prayer and praise we end the rolling year,
And lift our waiting hearts to Thee and feel Thy presence near,
In every loving soul that stands with outstretched arms to Thee,
In the negro's hut, in the rich man's home, in the islands of the sea.

Decoration Day on the Place.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(*By permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.*)

IT'S lonesome — sort o' lonesome, — it's *a Sund'y-day*, to me,
It 'pears-like — more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

They say, though, Decoration Day is ginerly observed
'Most *ev'rywhares* — espeshally by soldier boys that's served —
But me and mother's never went—we seldom git away,—
In pint o' fact, we're *allus* home on *Decoration Day*.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in colum's — grand,
A-follerin' the old war-tunes theyr playin' on the band —
And citizuns all jinin' in — and little children, too —
All marchin' under shelter of the old Red, White, and Blue.

With roses! roses! roses! — everybody in the town!
And crowds o' little girls in white, jest fairly loaded down! —
Oh! don't THE BOYS know it, from theyr camp acrost the hill? —
Don't they see theyr comards comin' and the old flag wavin' still?

Oh! can't they hear the bugul and the rattle of the drum? —
Ain't they no way under heavens they can rickollect us some?
Ain't they no way we can coax 'em, through the roses, jest to say
They know that ev'ry day on earth's theyr decoration day?

We've tried that — me and mother — whare Elias takes his rest,
In the orchurd — in his uniform, and hands acrost his brest,
And the flag he died fer, smilin' and a-ripplin' in the breeze
Above his grave — and over that,— *the robin in the trees!*

And *yit* it's lonesome — lonesome! — it's *a Sund'y-day*, to me,
It 'pears-like — more'n any day I nearly ever see! —
Still, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

The Man with the Musket.

HOWARD S. TAYLOR.

(*By permission, from The Century Magazine.*)

THEY are building as Babel was built, to the sky,
With clash and confusion of speech;
They are piling up monuments massive and high
To lift a few names out of reach.

And the passionate green-laureled god of the great,
In a whimsical riddle of stone,
Has chosen a few from the Field and the State
To sit on the steps of his throne.

But I — I will pass from this rage of renown,
This ant-hill commotion, and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down
With their fast frozen gestures of life,
On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! By all that is noble, I knew
This commonplace hero I name!
I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with him too,
In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!
Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part
Of his canteen and blanket, and known
That the throb of this chivalrous prairie boy's heart
Was an answering stroke of my own!

I knew him, I tell you! And, also, I knew,
When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,
That the poor battered body that lay there in blue
Was only a plank in the bridge
Over which some should pass to a fame
That shall shine while the high stars shall shine!
Your hero is known by an echoing name,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! All through him the good and the bad
Ran together and equally free;
But I judge as I trust Christ has judged the poor lad,
For death made him noble to me!
In the cyclone of war, in the battle's eclipse,
Life shook out its lingering sands,
And he died with the names that he loved on his lips,
His musket still grasped in his hands!
Up close to the flag my soldier went down,
In the salient front of the line!
You may take for your heroes the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine!

* * * * * *

There is peace in the May-ladened grace of the hours
That come when the day's work is done;
And peace with the nameless who, under the flowers,
Lie asleep in the slant of the sun.
Beat the taps! Put out lights! and silence all sound!
There is rifle-pit strength in the grave!
They sleep well who sleep, be they crowned or uncrowned,
And Death will be kind to the brave.

Old comrades of mine, by the fast waning years
That move to mortality's goal,
By my heart full of love and my eyes full of tears,
I hold you all fast in my soul!
And I march with the May, and its blossomy charms
I tenderly lay on this sod,
And pray they may rest there, old comrades in arms,
Like a kiss of forgiveness from God!

The Soldier of Peace.

HOWARD S. TAYLOR.

WE have laureled the heroes whose glory
Was won where the battle-waves rolled;
We have chiseled and chanted the story
For mankind to hear and behold;
—To hear and behold and to wonder,
While cannon and trumpet and drum
Send a militant message of thunder
To waken the ages to come!

Ah, the ages to come! — will they treasure,
As we do, our trophies and tombs?
Will they level all life to the measure
Of the sword that destroys and consumes?
Will they still plow the earth with their cannon,
And seed it with bullet and blade,
And reap under war's crimson pennon
The harvest of grief they have made?

We have come through the deep tribulation;
We are heavy with fear and regret;
And we long for the dear consummation
When men shall forgive and forget.
When neighbor shall strike hands with neighbor,
And wars and contentions shall cease,
And the world find its hero at labor
—The good, gallant soldier of peace.

A soldier! — on whose stainless glory
No envy or malice encroach;
A Bayard! — with no written story,
Yet, still, above fear or reproach!
No red-handed warfare he wages,
But the heroes of Rome and of Greece
Grow dwarfed in the noon of the ages
Below the good soldier of peace.

He has conquered the hostile, high mountains,
He has mastered the obdurate flood,
He has dappled the desert with fountains,
And ordered the tangled wildwood —
Till nature, subdued by his spirit,
Doth bounty on bounty increase,
And they who that bounty inherit,
All bless the brave soldier of peace!

O stainless knight-errant of labor,
Our eyes have been holden; — but now
We know that for musket and saber
Thy arms were the axe and the plow!
We will cross them in heraldic fashion
— A blazonry never to cease,
And wrap in our hearts' fondest passion
The good, gallant soldier of peace!

Old Glory at Peking.

MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

"When the travail of the ages
Wrings earth's systems to and fro."

I SAW our Banner as it waved!
I saw the smile of children saved!
Heard earth telling all the story
Of thy mighty fame, Old Glory!
And my heart bowed down as all hearts to thee,
Blossom and fruit of Liberty's tree!

I saw the Future's sky agleam
Where Stripe and Star together stream;
All-sympathied the nations stood,
One in the soul of brotherhood!
But the crown and purple were all for thee,
Blossom and fruit of Liberty's tree!

I followed where the Allies led,
Brave men of heart and cool of head;
Heard earth telling all the story
Of thy mighty fame, Old Glory!
And the crown and purple were all for thee,
Eternal prophet of destiny!

Old Glory, I saw thy leap and light —
Splendid flash for thy country's right!
Heaven's own voice proclaimed thy name,
As the sky leaned down to touch thy flame!
Ah, the crown and purple were all for thee,
Blossom and fruit of Liberty's tree!

At Lincoln's Grave.

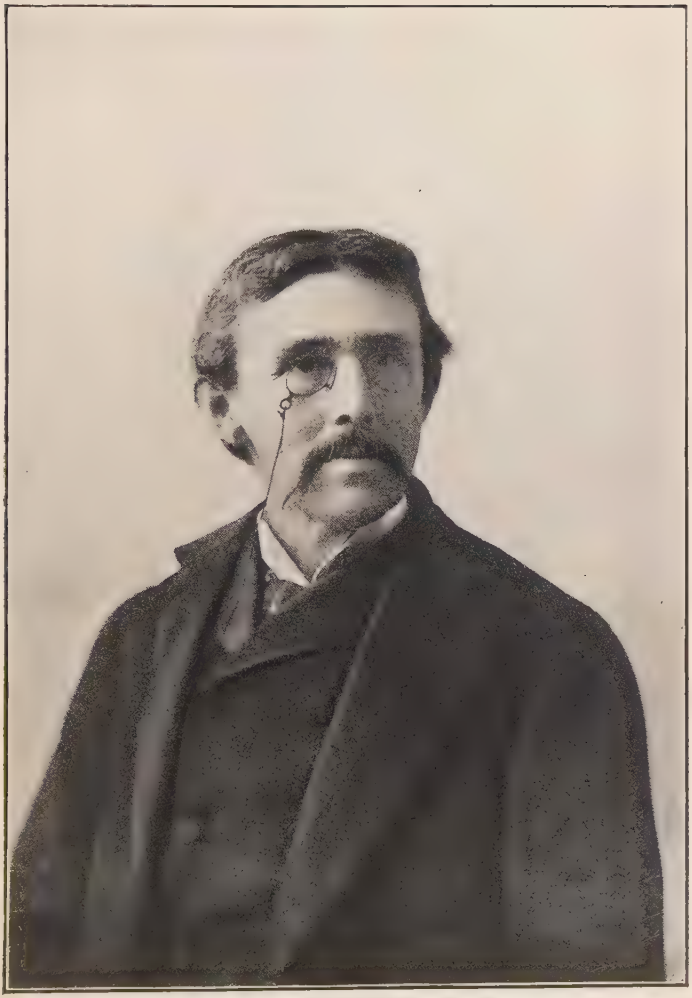
MAURICE THOMPSON.

(*By permission of Stone and Kimball.*)

MAY one who fought in honor for the South
Uncovered stand and sing by Lincoln's grave?
Why, if I shrank not at the cannon's mouth,
Nor swerved one inch for any battle-wave,
Should I now tremble in this quiet close,
Hearing the prairie wind go lightly by
From billowy plains of grass and miles of corn,
While out of deep repose,
The great sweet spirit lifts itself on high
And broods above our land this summer morn?

I, mindful of a dark and bitter past,
And of its clashing hopes and raging hates,
Still, standing here, invoke a love so vast
It cancels all and all obliterates,
Save love itself, which cannot harbor wrong;
Oh, for a voice of boundless melody,
A voice to fill heaven's hollow to the brim
With one brave burst of song,
Stronger than tempest, nobler than the sea,
That I might lend it to a song of him!

Meseems I feel his presence. Is he dead?
Death is a word. He lives and grander grows.
At Gettysburg he bows his bleeding head;
He spreads his arms where Chickamauga flows,



MAURICE THOMPSON.

As if to clasp old soldiers to his breast,
Of South or North, no matter which they be,
Not thinking of what uniform they wore, —
His heart the palimpsest
Record on record of humanity,
Where love is first and last forevermore.

His humor, born of virile opulence,
Stung like a pungent sap or wild-fruit zest,
And satisfied a universal sense
Of manliness, the strongest and the best;
A soft Kentucky strain was in his voice,
And the Ohio's deeper boom was there,
With some wild accents of old Wabash days,
And winds of Illinois;
And when he spoke he took us unaware,
With his high courage and unselfish ways.

He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
The thrall, the master, all of us in one;
There was no section that he held the best;
His love shone as impartial as the sun;
And so revenge appealed to him in vain,
He smiled at it as at a thing forlorn,
And gently put it from him, rose and stood
A moment's space in pain,
Remembering the prairies and the corn
And the glad voices of the field and wood.

Annealed in white-hot fire, he bore the test
Of every strain temptation could invent, —
Hard points of slander, shivered on his breast,

Fell at his feet, and envy's blades were bent
In his bare hands and lightly cast aside;
He would not wear a shield; no selfish aim
Guided one thought of all those trying hours;
No breath of pride,
No pompous striving for the pose of fame
Weakened one stroke of all his noble powers.

The High Tide at Gettysburg.

WILL H. THOMPSON.

(*By permission, from the Century Magazine.*)

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs, —
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons.

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee:
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way,
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost,
Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

The Bond of Blood.

WILL H. THOMPSON.

(*By permission, from the Century Magazine.*)

THE words of a rebel, old and battered,
Who will care to remember them?
Under the Lost Flag, battle-tattered,
I was a comrade of Allan Memm.

Who was Allan, that I should name him
Bravest of all the brave who bled?
Why should a soldier's song proclaim him
First of a hundred thousand dead?

An angel of battle, with fair hair curling
By brown cheeks shrunken and wan with want;
A living missile that Lee was hurling
Straight on the iron front of Grant;

A war-child born of the Old South's passion,
Trained in the camp of the cavaliers;
A spirit wrought in the antique fashion
Of Glory's martial morning years.

His young wife's laugh and his baby's prattle
He bore through the roar of the hungry guns —
Through the yell of shell in the rage of battle,
And the moan that under the thunder runs.

His was the voice that cried the warning
At the shattered gate of the slaughter pen,
When Hancock rushed, in the gray of morning,
Over our doomed and desperate men.

His was the hand that held the standard —
A flaring torch on a crumbling shore —
'Mid the billows of blue by the storm blown landward,
And his call we heard through the ocean roar:

Ere the flag should shrink to a lost hope's token,
Ere the glow of its glory be low and dim,
Ere its stars should fade, and its bars be broken,
Calling his comrades to come to him.

And these, at the order of Hill or Gordon, —
God keep their ashes! I knew them well, —
Would have smashed the ranks of the devil's cordon,
Or charged through the flames that roar in hell.

But none could stand where the storm was beating,
Never a comrade could reach his side;
In the spume of flame where the tides were meeting,
He, of a thousand, stood and died.

And the foe, in the old, heroic manner,
Tenderly laid his form to rest,
The splintered staff and the riddled banner
Hiding the horror upon his breast.

* * * * * *

Gone is the cot in the Georgia wildwood,
Gone is the blossom-strangled porch;
The roof that sheltered a soldier's childhood
Vainly pleaded with Sherman's torch.

Gone are the years, and far and feeble
Ever the old, wild echoes die;
Hark to the voice of a great, glad people
Hailing the one flag under the sky!

And the monstrous heart of the storm receding,
Fainter and farther throbs and jars;
And the new storm bursts, and the brave are bleeding
Under the cruel alien stars.

And Allan's wife in the grave is lying
Under the old scorched vine and pine,
While Allan's child in the isles is dying
Far on the foremost fighting line.

Cheer for the flag with the old stars spangled,
Shake out its folds to the wind's caress,
Over the hearts by war-hounds mangled
Down in the tangled Wilderness!

To wave o'er the grave of the brave forever;
For the Gray has sealed, in the bond of blood,
His faith to the Blue, and the brave shall never
Question the brave in the sight of God.

The Old Sergeant.

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

"COME a little nearer, Doctor, — thank you, — let me take the cup:
Draw your chair up, — draw it closer, — just another little sup!
Maybe you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used up, —
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up.

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to try."
"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;
"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!"
"What you say will make no difference, Doctor, when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say;
You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"
"Not that anybody knows of." "Doctor, — Doctor, please to stay;
There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay.

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go;
Doctor, did you say I fainted? — but it could not ha' been so, —
For as sure as I'm a Sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh.

"This is all that I remember: The last time the Lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:
'Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton!' — just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,
Knew it couldn't be the Lighter, — he could not have spoken so, —

And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make
it go;
For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make
it go.

"Then I thought, it's all a nightmare, all a humbug
and a bore;
Just another foolish grape-vine — and it won't come any
more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as
before:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!'—even plainer
than before.

"That is all that I remember, 'till a sudden burst of
light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sun-
day night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition, and all hell was oppo-
site.

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its
power,
And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial
tower,
And the same mysterious voice said, 'IT IS THE
ELEVENTH HOUR!
ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON — IT IS THE
ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin, — what day is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."
"Yes, to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below.
What time is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve."
"Then, don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened — all this — not an hour ago?

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark rebellious host,
And where Webster semi-circled his last guns upon the coast;
There were still the two log houses, just the same, or else their ghost, —
And the same old transport came and took me over — or its ghost.

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss, — there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's heroes died, —
Lower down where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;

There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began
to win —
There was where the grapeshot took me, just as we
began to win.

"Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything
was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my
head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was
dead, —
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the
dead.

"Death and silence! — Death and silence! all around
me as I sped,
And behold! a mighty TOWER, as if builded to the
dead,
To the Heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty
head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seemed waving
from its head.

"Round and mighty-based it towered up into the in-
finite,
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft
so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of
light
Wound around it and around it, till it wound clear out
of sight.

"And behold, as I approached it — with a rapt and dazzled stare, —
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great Stair, —
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of — 'Halt! and who goes there?'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.' 'Then advance, sir, to the Stair!'

"I advanced. — That sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne, —
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line. —
'Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine.

"And as he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive:
'That's the way, sir, to Headquarters.' 'What headquarters?' 'Of the Brave.'
'But the great Tower?' 'That,' he answered, 'is the way, sir, of the Brave.'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light,
And my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright.

'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the New Uniform
to-night, —
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock
to-night.'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting
there, and I —
Doctor, — did you hear a footstep? Hark! — God
bless you all! Good-bye!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack,
when I die,
To my son — my son that's coming, — he won't get here
till I die.

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did
before, —
And to carry that old musket" — Hark! a knock is at
the door! —
"Till the Union —" See! it opens! — "Father!
Father! speak once more!"
"Bless you!" gasped the old, gray Sergeant, and he
lay and said no more.

In State.

(*Written during the progress of the War for the Union.*)

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

"I SEE the champion sword-stroke's flash;
I see them fall and hear them clash;
I hear the murderous engines crash;
I see a brother stoop to loose a foeman-brother's bloody sash.

"I see the torn and mangled corse,
The dead and dying heaped in scores,
The headless rider by his horse,
The wounded captive bayoneted through and through without remorse.

"I hear the dying sufferer cry,
With crushed face turned unto the sky,
I see him crawl in agony
To the foul pool, and bow his head into its bloody slime, and die.

"I see the assassin crouch and fire,
I see his victim fall — expire;
I see the murderer creeping nigher
To strip the dead. He turns the head. The face! The son beholds his sire!

"I hear the curses and the thanks;
I see the mad charge on the flanks,
The rents, the gaps, the broken ranks, —
The vanquished squadron diving headlong down the river's bridgeless banks.

"I see the death-grip on the plain,
The grappling monsters on the main,
The tens of thousands that are slain,
And all the speechless suffering and agony of heart and brain.

"I see the dark and bloody spots,
The crowded rooms, and crowded cots,
The bleaching bones, the battle blots,
And writ on many a nameless grave, a legend of forget-me-nots.

"I see the full-gorged prison den,
The dead line, and the pent-up pen,
The thousands quartered in the fen,
The living deaths of skin and bone that were the goodly shapes of men.

"And still the bloody dew must fall!
And His Great Darkness with the pall
Of His dread judgment cover all,
Till the dead nation rise transformed by truth to triumph over all."

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.

An Idle Hour.

GRANVILLE M. BALLARD.

'TWAS in the month when roses bloom,
And lark first learns to spread the wing;
When God says to his song-birds, "Sing,"
And to his flowers, "Give forth perfume."

How long ago? I only know
I whistled, whistled my first tune,
One idle hour in leafy June,
So long ago — so long ago.

I had been chasing butterflies
Down in a meadow near the run,
Which still goes singing to the sun,
And still reflects cerulean skies.

Till wearied, if a boy may be,
I sought the cool embrace of shade,
Where singing brook a circuit made
To bathe the roots of aspen tree.

No marring foot but mine had pressed
The virgin grass that summer day;
No village boys were there at play —
Secure the robin warmed her nest.

And there the linnet piped her lay
To linnet in the sighing birch,
And catbird from his lofty perch
Sang anthems to the listening jay.

The quaking asp, the singing bird,
The wagon rumbling o'er the bridge,
The crowing cock across the ridge,
The rippling brook, I, whistling, heard.

And this vague query added joy,
That idle hour in leafy June,
Long years ago in life's new moon, —
"Could Adam whistle when a boy?"

My Little Neighbor.

MARGARET HOLMES BATES.

MY little neighbor taps the window pane,
With finger-fallings soft as summer rain,
I peer across the space betwixt us two,
And gayly greet her starry eyes of blue
Beneath their thatch of hair like harvest grain.

Each day she shows to me some wondrous gain,
Of words no learned linguist could explain, —
Words that the angels lean to whisper to
My little neighbor.

Her busy hands no labor will disdain,
Her restless feet their pattering maintain,
Her golden head its projects must pursue,
Till weariness pervades her through and through;
The curtain falls; may sweet dreams entertain
My little neighbor!

A Little Girl's Visit.

(*In child's dialect.*)

MINNIE THOMAS BOYCE.

WE'VE been on a visit to 'Noplis,
My mamma an' Freddie an' me,
A-seein' my gramma an' grampa,
An' my Aunt Hattie Dodson an' Lee.

Lee's my Aunt Hattie's boy; — not her own boy; —
He's thest one she raisded; an' when
He's a wee little bit of a baby,
I guess 'at she tookted him then.

I didn't like a-visitin', very,
'Cause you has to say, "yes, mum" and "please,"
An' "'scuse me," an' "no, sir," an' "thank you,"
An' you can't hardly cough, sir, or sneeze.

An' you can't have two dishes of nothin';
Not even ice cream or plum pie.
Freddie said he could put all the vittles
He et, while he's there, in his eye.

The hired girl, she's nice, though, I tell you,
An' knows a most stories, an' brings
Us lolly-pops, too, when we's naughty,
An' telled about ghostses an' things.

Freddy, he's awful skeered at the story
'Bout Red Ridin' Hood an' the bear,
An' when she said, "Eat you up!" to him,
You could thist hear him bawl ever'where.

I jumped when she said 'bout the white things
'At 'ist grabs you up off the street,
An' puts you down in a big cellar,
An' won't give you one bite to eat.

An' Lee he thest acted a-meanest,
An' said, "O you big Cordy-Caft!
You better go in to your mamma,"
An' nen he 'ist hollered an' laft.

An' I made a snoot like this at him,
An' said, "You old dog-on-it, you!"
My mamma don't care if I say that,
'Cause I guess that she said it onct, too.

Lee knows awful bad words, I tell you,
I guess that they're worser than swear;
But he said if I tattled to gramma,
He'd pull out ever' bit o' my hair.

Aunt Hattie, she'd give him a whippin',
If she knowed them bad words he said,
An' undress him, an' put on his nightgownd,
An' make him go right straight to bed.

* * * * * *

It's nice to be home 'gen wiv papa,
An' sleep in a room wiv a light,
An' 'ist wear my ole gimpum aperns,
An' not say my prayer ever' night.

An' when I get growed up like mamma,
An' have little girls 'ist like me,
They can do ever'thing that they want to,
But I won't have no mean boys like Lee.

Patticake.

CHARLES DENNIS.

"PATTICAKE, patticake, hard as you can!"
The mother sang to her "little man,"
Who, with dimpled fingers and arms of snow,
Laughed and crowed as he "made the dough."

Ten little fingers of rosy hue,
Meet as they "pick it and stick it too."

Ten little fingers "put it to bake,"
Into an oven of fairy make.

Ten little fingers have made the bread,
And then, all tired, are cuddled to bed.

Ten old fingers, all wrinkled and bent,
'Neath a cold white face a shroud indent,
Crossing a breast that no more shall ache —
They have finished the lesson of patticake.

Baby's Boat Song.

MRS. MAY W. DONNAN.

STEER you straight for sleepy-land,
Drowsy sailor, O;
See across the shining sand,
Happy children go.
Shadows dark are softly creeping,
Starry lights are outward peeping,
Silently, my sailor, row,
Soon we shall be there.

Sleep, my darling; sleep, my sweeting;
Gently flows the water near;
Joy is coming, trouble fleeting,
Sleep, my darling; sleep, my dear.

Nodding are the dreamy flowers,
Slowly to and fro;
Nodding are these heads of ours,
Eyelids drooping low;

In the trees the birds are sleeping,
Only crickets watch are keeping,
Round and bright the moon doth glow,
While our boat slips by.

Softly, slowly, surely gliding,
From all care and worry free;
Day from us his face is hiding,—
Safe in slumberland are we.

Little Baby Emily.

MRS. MAY W. DONNAN.

A BIT of blue was taken from the skies
To make her pretty eyes;
From a lily's cup enough of white
To mold her brow aright.

Her lips were rose-leaves once, and in their red
Are fragrant kisses bred;
The rounded softness of her dainty chin
A dove's breast might have been.

A beam of light that from the sun had strayed
Into her smile was made;
The song a happy robin thought to frame
Her tuneful voice became.

And when we kneel beside her to confess
How much her life doth bless,
The upward look upon her face so fair
Compels a sweeter prayer.

Answered.

ALFRED ELLISON.

ONLY a little boy, with dreamy eyes of blue,
Where the soul is seen, like the dancing stars in the depth they're shining through,
And hair like the fringe of the folds of the clouds, when they hide the sun from you.

Only a little boy, with fretful feet that trip
In the truant ways of childhood, and questions on his lip
The world has never answered with all its scholarship.

"Papa, what makes me little? What makes your hair get gray?
When is to-morrow coming? And when was yesterday?
Who tells the birds of winter when to go away?"

How can I answer? Only I take him by the hand,
And, full of faith that all things are well and wisely planned,
I say, "You are young, my darling; sometime you will understand."

Only a little boy! But to him all things are known.
For to-day the good All-father, bending from His throne,
Heard his childish questionings, and I am left alone.

My Lady just over the Way.

MARY HOCKETT FLANNER.

MY lady just over the way tells me, sweet,
That she has three nicè, perfect boys,
Their hair always kempt, and their clothes always neat,
And never from them does she hear —
(Listen, dear!)
And never from them does she hear —
(Tom, come near!)
The littlest, tiniest noise.

But I would not change you for them, Bitter Sweet,
Nor you, Tricksey Tommy, nor you, Roguish Pete,
Tho', I will confess, with your noise and your fun,
I sometimes would gladly trade off every one —
That is 'till I'm rested, and then — oh, why, then
Poor mamma would just want to trade back again.

My lady just over the way tells me, dear,
That she never patches nor sews,
Now that, I am sure, sounds — well, just a bit queer,
For I cannot manage that way,
Yes, I say
That I cannot manage that way.
"Don't they play?"
Of course, — well, that is, — I suppose;

But I would not change you for them, Bitter Sweet,
Nor you, Tricksey Tommy, nor you, Roguish Pete;

For hers are but marble boys, silent and cold,
And gladly she'd give them, with all of her gold,
To feel the close clasp of a baby's warm hand,
Or hear the word, "mamma,"—you can't understand—
So cuddle down close, and to-night, as we pray,
We'll think of my lady just over the way.

The Salve of the Sandman.

MARY HOCKETT FLANNER.

OH, the sandman carries lint,
Made of raveled thistledown,
All powdered o'er with pollen
From drowsy poppies blown;
And he cures all baby hurts
With his sleepy, soothing hand,
While he rubs on his salve fresh from dreamland.

Come, Whack-on-the-forehead,
And Bump-on-the-nose,
And Cut-on-the-finger,
And Tiny-stumped-toes,
And Poor-little-bee-sting,
And Stumble-and-fall,
And Slap-bang-and-bruisy,
Come one and come all,
And use of the salve of the sandman!

Just lay your little head
On your own dear mamma's lap,
And close the tear-glued lashes
As if to take a nap,

Then listen for the sandman,
Crooning low a slumber song,
While he rubs on his salve from dreamland.

Come, Whack-on-the-forehead,
And Bump-on-the-nose,
And Cut-on-the-finger,
And Tiny-stumped-toes,
And Poor-little-bee-sting,
And Stumble-and-fall,
And Slap-bang-and-bruisy,
Come one and come all,
And use of the salve of the sandman!

Blue Gentian.

ELIZABETH E. FOULKE.

"BEAUTIFUL gentian, don't I know
Why you chose this place to grow?

"Here you can lean o'er the waters cool,
And see yourself in the glassy pool!

"Doesn't your beauty make you vain,
Mirrored in its depths so plain?"

"Nay, little maid," it answers low,
"Never a gentian looks below;—

"They always look high overhead;—
They look at the blue of the sky, instead!"

Sleep, Little Sweetheart.

S. W. GILLILAN.

SLEEP, little sweetheart, sleep!
Thy father is watching near;
His hand on thine is love's own sign
That thou hast no need of fear.
In the years to come, when thou hast thine own,
When there's never a heart-beat free from fear,
Thou'lt then recall thy youth, and all
The love of a heart no longer near —
Sleep, little sweetheart, sleep!

Sleep, little sweetheart, sleep!
Thy time has not yet come
For wakeful nights and low-turned lights
That will some day crush thy home;
But with each new toy and its newer joy
Thou art nearing a time when thy humble home —
But no, my sweet, it is far more meet
Thou shouldst know but the joy till the sorrows come —
Sleep, little sweetheart, sleep!

Sleep, little sweetheart, sleep!
Thy breathing, soft and low,
Is as sweet to me as aught can be;
And 't is joy to me to know
That sometime, dear, when thou liest near
Thine own first-born, with its breathing low,
This joy of mine will be joy of thine,
A bliss there may none but a parent know —
Sleep, little sweetheart, sleep!

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, baby, my love,
Angels are watching thy cradle above.
Thy feet into Byloland's dreamy delight
Have entered; then rest, little pilgrim, good-night.

Little Brown Hands.

MARY HANNAH KROUT.

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quails whistle loud in the wheat fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows, —
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow, —
They gather the elder-bloom white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy wines, —
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweed,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land;

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded to slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great,
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and scholar, —
The noble and wise of the land, —
The chisel, the sword, and the palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

"Fot would you take for Me?"

SILAS B. McMANUS.

SHE was ready for bed and lay on my arm,
In her little frilled cap so fine,
With her golden hair falling out at the edge,
Like a circle of noon sunshine.
And I hummed the old tunes of "Banbury cross,"
And "Three men who put out to sea,"
When she sleepingly said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart,"
And she slept, baby, weary with play;
But I held her long in my love-strong arms,
And rocked her and rocked away.

O! the dollar meant all the world to me,
The land, and the sea, and the sky,
The lowest depth of the lowest place,
The highest of all that's high.

The cities with streets and palaces,
Their pictures and stores of art,
I would not take for one low, soft throb
Of my little one's loving heart.
Nor all the gold that ever was found
In the busy, wealth-finding past;
Would I take for one smile of my darling's lips,
Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby, and rocked away,
And I felt such a sweet content,
For the words of the song expressed to me more
Than they ever before had meant;
And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed
Of things far too glad to be,
'Til I wakened, with lips saying close in my ear,
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

Tribute to a Child.

ORAN K. PARKER.

SWEET is the distant chime of village bells at twilight hour,
The prayerful hope of life beyond the tomb;
Pure is the morning dew that scintillates on leaf and flower,
The tender lily, in its virgin bloom.

Sweet is the Summer night when Luna, full, her love-
light sheds,
The plaintive cooing of the dove, afar;
Dreams of Elysian climes, where flowers eternal nod
their heads,
The Autumn haze that veils the evening star.

Who hath not welcomed, with a grateful heart, the
Spring-time birds,
And felt the charm their melodies bestow?
Sweet is the sacred trust of happy love's confiding words,
The matchless splendor of the sunset glow.

On balmy days what peace exists in some sequestered dell,
'Mid flower, fern, and interclinging vine!
What joys born in the soulful strains of music's magic
spell,
What loves take wing, what eloquence divine!

But of all graces born to bless our weary, erring kind
None to thine own, dear, prattling babe, compare.
Embodiment of Love and Hope and Purity combined:
Oh! Babe — God's answer to an earth-born prayer!

A Requiem.

ROBERT E. PRETLOW.

A SOB from the wind,
And a sigh from the rain,
And a tear from the tender flower,
And the long night sounded a sad refrain
Hour after weary hour.

The rain fell slow,
And the wind sung low,
And the flower drooped its head,
For the little child that loved them so —
The little child was dead.

Granny's come to our House.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(*By permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.*)

GRANNY'S come to our house!
An' ho! my lawzy-daisy!
All the childern round the place
Is ist a-runnin' crazy!
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
An' fetched a pie fer Nanny,
An' fetched a pear fer all the pack
'At runs to kiss their Granny!

Lucy Ellen's in her lap,
An' Wade an' Silas Walker
Both's a-ridin' on her foot,
An' 'Pollos on the rocker;
An' Marthy's twins, from Aunt Marinn's,
An' little Orphant Annie,
All's a-eatin' gingerbread,
An' giggle-un at Granny!

Tells us all the fairy tales
  Ever thought er wondered —
An' 'bundance o' other stories —
  Bet she knows a hunderd — !
Bob's the one fer "Whittington,"
  An' "Golden Locks" fer Fanny!
Hear 'em laugh an' clap their hands
  Listenun' at Granny!

"Jack the Giant-Killer" 's good —
  An' "Bean-Stalk" 's another —
So's the one of "Cinderell' "
  And her old godmother; —
That-un's best of all the rest —
  Bestest one of any, —
Where the mices scampers home
  Like we runs to Granny!

Granny's come to our house!
  Ho! my lawzy-daisy!
All the childern round the place
  Is ist a-runnin' crazy!
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
  An' fetched a pie fer Nanny,
An' fetched a pear fer all the pack
  'At runs to kiss their Granny!

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(*By permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.*)

WASN'T it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth — when the Saturday chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear to-day!
Though I am as bald as you are gray —
Out by the barn-lot, and down the lane,
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

We cross the pasture, and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing"-sky
And lolled and circled, as we went by,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hopes ahead,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides, and o'er
The clapboard roof! — And her face — ah me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see —
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

And O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits to-day
To welcome us: — Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come!" And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

The Lost Kiss.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(*By permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.*)

I PUT by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, — "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up — where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream;

A little inquisitive fairy —
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'T was the dear little girl that I scolded —
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss? —
Come rowdying up from her mother,
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'One 'ittle kiss for my dolly,
And one 'ittle uzzer for me!'"

God, pity the heart that repelled her,
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take, from the lips that denied her,
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, — "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

Come Back, Little Children.

MRS. CORNELIA LAWS ST. JOHN.

COME back to my arms, little children!
Back through the fields brown and still;
Where your footsteps went out in Life's morning,
To the great world, far over the hill.
Come back, o'er the fields lying sodden
And dim in the cold winter rain;
For my starving heart waiteth to fold you
To my bosom again and again.

The mist from the low lands upriseth,
To the sad, starless fields of the sky —
Come, for the pathway is fading,
And the evening shades fast multiply.
Bring back your pure hearts of the morning:
Lay down your sad burden of years,
And come to me only as children,
With your child-hymns, your laughter and tears.

Come back to my arms, little children!
Back in your innocence sweet,
With the hand of your Maker yet on you,
And the May-flowers under your feet.
My arms to the dim faded meadows,
For your forms, stretch in hungering quest.
Return, like the swallows of summer,
Again to your desolate nest.

Come back in your robes white and sinless,
  Your dimples and soft, shining hair,
Come back in your marvelous beauty
  That only the guiltless may wear.
Dear circle of long-vanished faces,
  Turn back through the twilight of years,
And gladden for one blissful moment
  These loving eyes laden with tears.

Six Little Feet on the Fender.

MRS. CORNELIA LAWS ST. JOHN.

IN my heart there lives a picture,
  Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafters,
And reddened the roof's brown mold;
Gilding the steam from the kettle
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout all the livelong evening,
Its measure of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed that rude old room —
Because of the voices echoed,
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom —
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet —
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so fresh and sweet.

When the first dash on the window
Told of the coming rain,—
Oh! where are the fair young faces,
That crowded against the pane?
While bits of firelight stealing
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness,
In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary,
One dreary dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving him there by the way.
There was fresh clay on the fender
That weary, wintry night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From his grave on the hill's lone height.

Oh! why, on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet alone on the hearth-stone?
Oh! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

Baby's Serenade.

GEORGE STOUT.

WITH a song comes the Fay from his cuddledown bed,
In the plumes of the pendulous vines,
Oh, he bows and he scrapes, and he noddles his head,
And he cuts very queer monkeyshines.
Oh, he trills as he twangs on the cobwebby strings
Of his wee little tinkling guitar,
'T is a soft serenade to the baby he sings,
"What a dear little baby you are,
My dear,
What a dear little baby you are."

Oh, the cradle swings soft, and the mother sings low,
'T is the song that the katydids sing
Of a land where the dreams in the rivulets flow,
Of a kingdom where Shuteye is king,
And the night wind is sweet with the dreams of the flowers,
For the angels are winging them by.
There's a sweet little prayer for this baby of ours —
"May the winter bring never a sigh,
My dear,
May the winter bring never a sigh."

The Patter of Little Feet.

MRS. SUSAN E. WALLACE.

UP with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he hies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes.
Running a race with the wind,
His step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

Anon to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight;
Splashing the sparkling waters,
Like a fairy water sprite.
No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair;
No pearly seashell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare;
Nor the rosiest stem of coral
That blushes in Ocean's bed,
Is sweet as the flush that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window, my neighbor
Looks down on our little cot,
And watches the "poor man's blessing" —
I cannot envy his lot.
He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains and noble trees,
Flowers that blossom in vases,

Birds from beyond the seas;
But never does childish laughter
His homeward footsteps greet;
His stately halls ne'er echo
The tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture";
A birdling that chatters and sings;
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—
(Our other one has wings.)
His heart is a charmèd casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet;
And no harpstrings hold such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the City
Whose Builder and Maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal,
I see, by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our other angel,
A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I may be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light;
And hear, amid songs of welcome,
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of Heaven,
The patter of little feet.

The Lost Child.

MRS. ELIZABETH CONWELL WILLSON.

A CHILD is lost!
A child whose gentle breath seemed drawn
From holier atmosphere,
So sweet the life it led: at dawn
That sweet life vanished, wandering on
Through sunward pathways clear.

A bird hath flown!
A bird whose timid pinions seemed
Too frail for distant flight!
He left us as the morning beamed:
"The night will bring him"—so we dreamed;
But he came not at night!

He is not lost!—
The child whose white feet nearer prest
Earth's highway dust and dew!
The bird that left our earthly nest
In Heavenly Freedom sings the best
The heavenly notes he knew.

POEMS OF HOME.

Grandfather.

ALBION FELLOWS BACON.

HOW broad and deep was the fireplace old,
And the gray hearthstone how wide!
There was always room for the old man's chair
By the cozy chimney-side,
And all of the children that cared to crowd
At his knee in the evening-tide.

Room for all of the homeless ones
Who had nowhere else to go;
They might bask at ease in the grateful warmth,
And sun in the cheerful glow;
For grandfather's heart was as wide and warm
As the old fireplace, I know.

And he always found at his well-spread board
Just room for another chair;
There was always rest for another head
On the pillow of his care;
There was always place for another name
In his trustful morning prayer.

O crowded world with your jostling throngs,
How narrow you grow, and small;

How cold, like a shadow across the heart,
Your selfishness seems to fall,
When I think of that fireplace, warm and wide,
And the welcome awaiting all.

A Cottage Portrait.

CLARENCE A. BUSKIRK.

WITHIN my humble hall there hangs against the wall
A fairer flower than summer garlands show —
A beautiful old face, whose gentleness and grace
Beam forth like winter flowers beside the snow.

How calm the light that lies within those dear old eyes!
How noble the sad patience of that brow!
Those furrows which the years wore deep with many tears —
Ah! how serene beneath life's sunset now!

While on that face I gaze my fancy seeks the days —
Long vanished — which her laughing girlhood knew;
I see the well-sweep move she oft has told me of;
And forest paths her bare feet rambled through.

And then my fancy strays to those romantic days
When she, a maid, built castles in the air,
And saw in bright day-dreams idyllic vales and streams
Where dwelt no sordid soul, and all was fair.

Ah me! all now remains of all her joys and pains
Seems pictured in that face upon the wall!
Alas! that life should bloom so near the voiceless tomb,
Which, to our mortal senses, buries all!

Constant and faithful friend, within these lines I send
My greetings unto thee, where'er thou art;
For, like a thornless rose, thy lovely memory grows
And blossoms at the gateway of my heart!

Longing for Home.

(*Written at Lake Leman, Switzerland.*)

SARAH T. BOLTON.

I HAVE climbed the snow-capped mountains,
Sailed on many a storied river,
And have brushed the dust of ages
From gray monuments sublime;
I have seen the grand old pictures
That the world enshrines forever,
And the statues that the masters
Left along the paths of time.

But my pilgrim feet are weary,
And my spirit dim with dreaming,
Where the long-dead past has written
Misty hieroglyphic lore;

In a land whose pulses slumber,
Or but faintly beat in seeming,
While the pathway of the Cæsars
Is a ruin evermore.

Bear me back, O mighty Ocean!
From this old world, gray and gory,
To the forests and the prairies,
Far beyond thy stormy waves;
To the land that Freedom fostered
To gigantic strength and glory,
To the home-land, with its loved ones,
And its unforgotten graves.

Give me back my little cottage,
And the dear old trees I planted,
And the common, simple blossoms
That once bloomed around my door;
And the old, familiar home songs
That my children's voices chanted,
And the few who used to love me, —
And my heart will ask no more.

Lost.

ALLAN SIMPSON BOTSFORD.

THERE'S a long green lane where the cattle low,
With a clump of trees behind it;
I knew where it was long, long ago
With its elder-blossoms white as snow,
But to-day I cannot find it.

Down by the old spring house it went,
Through the wheat fields and the clover;
The roses into its hedges bent,
Left all their sweets as a testament
To the bees that droned it over.

Into that pastoral avenue
The beauty, pomp, and treasure
Of ripe Arabian lore swept through,
Or, pausing, hung like a drop of dew
In my lily cup of leisure.

Fortune — the Mistress of fools grown old —
Awoke with the noon quail's whistle.
Ah! the things she said and the tales she told,
As over the daisy's drifted gold
We voyaged with the thistle.

But that long green lane where I dreamed of fame,
In the happy shades that lined it,
Is changed and goes by some other name, —
It is not, alas, to-day the same,
And I fear I'll never find it.

The peach tree's gone, and the birds have fled,
And the sweet wild flowers have scattered;
That old young dream of a day is dead,
The bees have all gone home to bed,
And the song is torn and tattered.

But somehow still, down deep I feel
That my steps are only straying;
That at last, the least shall know and kneel, —
The Voice be heard and the prayer's appeal
When the Lord our lives is weighing.

That again that long green lane shall shake
Its lisping leaves and bubble
With songs of birds in field and brake,
And the humble-bee his joy shall take
From the primrose in the stubble.

New England.

HENRY W. ELLSWORTH.

NEW ENGLAND! New England!
How beautiful thy vales,
Where summer flowers are breathing forth
Their sweets of summer gales; —
Where soft the wild note breaketh
From out each dewy grove,
Where lone the night bird chanteth
Her even lay of love!

Oh, far beyond the surges wild
That beat upon thy shore,
Hath swept the pæan of thy fame,
Old Ocean's vastness o'er; —

And echoes far the triumph song
Of that true-hearted band,
Who gave their homes, their all, for God,
And thee, my fatherland!

Majestic are thy mountains green,
Uptowering to the sky;
Stern monuments that God's own hand
For aye hath piled on high!
Forever may they guard thee,
As now the blessed, the free,
Bright Eden-land of nations,
Proud home of Liberty!

And beautiful the silver streams
That ripple o'er thy breast,
In thousand forms meandering,
To seek their ocean rest; —
Aye, beautiful! and may they twine
Forever bright as now,
A fadeless wreath of luster round
Thy clear, unruffled brow!

We love them, for their legends tell
Of deeds and daring true,
How oft the hunter paddled there, —
War led his dark canoe —
And oft beside their flowery banks
'Mid scenes that linger yet,
The Indian maid — sweet nature's child —
Her Indian lover met!

And they are gone! but fairer forms
Now roam beneath thy skies,
Whose priceless worth, and trusting love,
Gleam forth from laughing eyes;
Thy daughters, like sweet flowers of spring,
Bloom 'neath thy fostering care,
Through coming time, as now, to be
Thy treasures, rich and rare.

Thy sons! what clime that knoweth not
The noble and the brave,
The tamers of the stubborn earth,
The rovers of the wave?
Aye! dearly do they love the land
Their fathers died to gain;
Their pride, its glory fresh to keep,
Its honor bright from stain.

New England! New England!
God's blessings on thee be;
And ever on those cherished ones
Fond memory links with thee!
From this fair land, whose spreading skies
Like thine a glory wear,
My spirit turns to breathe for thee
A blessing and a prayer.

The Warden of the Stairway.

ELIJAH EVAN EDWARDS.

IT stands like a mailèd warrior
Somber, and grim, and tall,
Watching the lonely stairway,
Guarding the lonely hall;
Keeping watch and ward o'er the shadows
Thronging the silent hall.

I pause on the lonely stairway,
To look on its great white face,
To list to the pendulum creaking
In the dark carved oaken case;
To count with mine its heart throbs,
To look on its ghostly face.

To list to its mournful music
As it syllables o'er and o'er,
The moments eternally passing,
But returning no more, no more;
To list to the knell of the hours,
The hours that come no more.

Alone on the lonely stairway
I list to its musical chime,
And it speaks to my heart of the vanished
And beautiful olden time;
It thrills my heart with the music
Of the beautiful olden time.

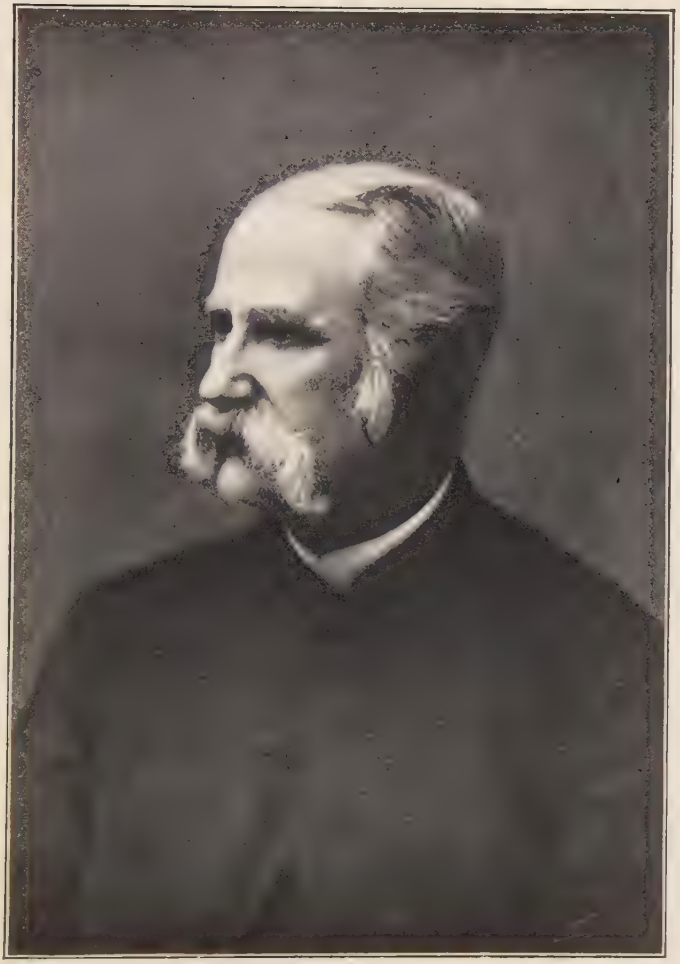
Alas! ring the musical voices,
Alas! for the years that have fled,
For the golden hours departed,
For the happy days that are dead;
Alas! for the hopes, alas! for the joys,
That with the days are dead.

Alas! for the weary silence
That has followed the voice of mirth,
For the music and song and laughter,
That are heard no more on earth;
For the sweet and musical voices
Forever hushed on earth.

They have gone from hearthstone and threshold,
The darlings of long ago;
With folded hands they are sleeping
Under the winter's snow, —
Sleeping the sleep that is dreamless,
Under the gleaming snow.

Ring on, ye sorrowful voices,
The knell of the joys that have fled;
Toll, toll for the dear departed, —
For the sweet, for the saintly dead;
Wail, wail for the days that have vanished, —
For the golden hours dead!

Alone on the lonely stairway
I list to the mournful chime
Of the quaint old timepiece telling
And knelling the flight of time;



ELIJAH EVAN EDWARDS.

Wailing the golden hours
Of the beautiful olden time.

They are gone, they are gone forever,
Like clouds from the summer sky,
Like the withered leaves of autumn,
By the storm wind driven by;
They are gone, they are gone forever,
But their beauty cannot die.

For the voices of our beloved
Have echoes that sound afar,
Which earth's din may not silence,
Which its discord may not mar;
And the light from their true eyes beaming
Shines farther than sun or star.

The Hoosier's Nest.

JOHN FINLEY.

I'M told, in riding somewhere West,
A stranger found a Hoosier's nest —
In other words, a Buckeye cabin,
Just big enough to hold Queen Mab in;
Its situation, low, but airy,
Was on the borders of a prairie;
And fearing he might be benighted,
He hailed the house, and then alighted.
The Hoosier met him at the door —
Their salutations soon were o'er.

He took the stranger's horse aside,
And to a sturdy sapling tied;
Then, having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him in a sugar-trough.
  The stranger stooped to enter in —
The entrance closing with a pin —
And manifested strong desire
To seat him by the log-heap fire,
Where half a dozen Hoosieroons,
With mush-and-milk, tin cups, and spoons,
White heads, bare feet, and dirty faces,
Seemed much inclined to keep their places.
But Madam, anxious to display
Her rough but undisputed sway,
Her offspring to the ladder led,
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.
  Invited shortly to partake
Of venison, milk, and johnny-cake,
The stranger made a hearty meal,
And glances round the room would steal.
  One side was lined with divers garments,
The other spread with skins of "varmints";
Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung;
Two rifles placed above the door;
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor —
In short, the domicile was rife
With specimens of Hoosier life.
  The host, who center'd his affections
On game, and range, and quarter sections,
Discoursed his weary guest for hours,

Till Somnus' all-composing powers
Of sublunary cares bereft 'em;
And then —
No matter how the story ended;
The application I intended
Is from the famous Scottish poet,
Who seemed to feel as well as know it,
That "buirdly chiels and clever hizzies
Are bred in sic' a way as this is."

The Cottage.

JAMES B. MARTINDALE.

THERE'S a little faded cottage
Standing down upon the farm,
And its timbers are beginning to decay.
There's a rosebush at the window,
But the eyes it used to charm,
Like the dew upon the leaves, have passed away.

There is silence in its chambers,
There is moss upon the door,
And the ivy vine neglected runs at will;
But 't was there the days of childhood,
Happy days that are no more,
Glided o'er me like a vapor on the hill.

I am looking through the vista
Of the years that lie between,

To that cottage where my life was like a song;
To the orchard; to the garden;
To the little meadow green,
And the vision, oh, it lingers with me long.

But the ceaseless rush and clatter
Of the busy city street,
Come to drown the sylvan music of the past.
Ah! life's struggle, now so weary,
Once pursued with eager feet,
Can but bring a worthless victory at last.

When she came Home.

GAVIN PAYNE.

THE skies are bluer overhead,
Despite the summer that is dead,
The trees are now a brighter red,
Since she came home.
Though sighing winds went over land
Of faded gold; though master hand
Gave sweeping touch to harping strings
And wooed the tearfulness of things —
Yet all the wistfulness and pain
That, passing, joined the sad refrain,
Stole sweetly, graciously away,
To leave me happy on that day,
When she came home.

Deserted.

JOHN N. TAYLOR.

OLD house, that sadly stands aloof,
The dying year faint over all,
The moss is on thy broken roof,
Thy timbers lean unto their fall.

All blurred and dim thy panes, that gaze
Upon the blue hills far across;
Art thou thus brooding o'er old days,
And sadly reckoning up thy loss?

There's something human in the air
With which thou wait'st the stroke of fate;
The quietude, the mute despair
That comes when hopes are desolate.

No gate nor fence the herds repel;
The door has fallen 'gainst the wall;
And wanton winds of autumn swell
Strange echoes through thy empty hall:

Faint sounds of laughter; childish feet
That flit the vacant rooms along;
And in the distance, low and sweet,
A mother croons her cradle song;

A firmer tread, a deeper tone; —
Do they all come thy grief to ease,
Old house, so broken, sad, and lone,
Or are they but thy memories?

On Crossing the Alleghanies.

MRS. LAURA M. THURSTON.

THE broad, the bright, the glorious west
Is spread before me now,
Where the gray mists of morning rest
Beneath yon mountain's brow.
The bound is past, the goal is won,
The region of the setting sun
Is open to my view.
Land of the valiant and the free —
My own dear mountain land — to thee
And thine, a long adieu!

I hail thee, valley of the west,
For what thou yet shalt be;
I hail thee for the hopes that rest
Upon thy destiny.
Here, from this mountain's height, I see
Thy bright waves floating to the sea,
Thine emerald fields outspread,
And feel that in the book of fame,
Proudly shall thy recorded name
In later days be read.

Yet while I gaze upon thee now,
All glorious as thou art,
A cloud is resting on my brow,
A weight upon my heart.
To me, in all thy youthful pride,
Thou art a land of cares untried,
Of untold hopes and fears
Thou art, — yet not for thee I grieve;
But for the far-off land I leave,
I look on thee with tears.

Oh! brightly, brightly glow thy skies,
In summer's sunny hours;
The green earth seems a paradise
Arrayed in summer flowers.
But oh! there is a land afar,
Whose skies to me are brighter far,
Along the Atlantic's shore;
For eyes beneath their radiant shrine,
In kindlier glances answered mine, —
Can these their light restore?

Upon thy lofty bound I stand,
That parts the east and west;
Before me lies a fairy land,
Behind, a home of rest.
Here, Hope her wild enchantment flings,
Portraying bright and lovely things,
My footsteps to allure;
But there, in memory's light, I see
All that was once most dear to me, —
My young heart's cynosure.

The Green Hills of my Fatherland.

MRS. LAURA M. THURSTON.

THE green hills of my fatherland
In dreams still greet my view;
I see once more the wave-girt strand,
The ocean's depth of blue.
The sky, the glorious sky outspread
Above their calm repose,
The river o'er its rocky bed
Still singing as it flows,
The stillness of the Sabbath hours,
When men go up to pray,
The sunlight resting on the flowers,
The birds that sing amid the bowers
Through all the summer day.

Land of my birth, mine early love!
Once more thine airs I breathe;
I see thy proud hills tower above,
Thy green vales sleep beneath.
Thy groves, thy rocks, thy murmuring rills
All rise before mine eyes;
The dawn of morning on thy hills,
Thy gorgeous sunset skies;
Thy forest from whose deep recess
A thousand streams have birth,
Glad'ning the lonely wilderness,
And filling the green silentness
With melody and mirth.

I wonder if my home would seem
As lovely as of yore;
I wonder if the mountain stream
Goes singing by the door;
And if the flowers still bloom as fair,
And if the woodbines climb,
As when I used to train them there
In the dear olden time.
I wonder if the birds still sing
Upon the garden tree,
As sweetly as in that sweet spring
Whose golden memories gently bring
So many dreams to me.

I know that there has been a change,
A change o'er hall and hearth;
Faces and footsteps new and strange
About my place of birth.
The heavens above are still as bright
As in the days gone by,
But vanished is the beacon light
That cheered the morning sky;
And hill and vale and wooded glen,
And rock and murmuring stream,
That wore such glorious beauty then,
Would seem, should I return again,
The record of a dream.

I mourn not for my childhood's hours,
Since in the far-off west,
'Neath sunnier skies, in greener bowers,
My heart hath found its rest.

I mourn not for the hills and streams
  That chained my steps so long,
Yet still I see them in my dreams,
  And hail them in my song;
And often by the hearth-fire's blaze,
  When winter eves shall come,
We'll sit and talk of other days,
And sing the well-remembered lays
  Of my Green Mountain home.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

Moonlight on the Lake.

ALBERT CHARLTON ANDREWS.

THROUGHOUT the night a dreamy stillness reigns;
Our boat glides softly o'er the glassy lake;
The moon's mild magic casts its endless chains
Of gleaming, glimm'ring silver in our wake.

Bright molten metal from our oar-blade falls,
And magic splendor wraps our boat about;
The mystic moon with sorceress' spell enthralls:
We drop our oars — our phantom barge drifts out.

A gentle rocking of the boat — a sigh —
And thou art in my yearning arms secure;
So silently beneath the starry sky
I search with raptured love thine eyes so pure.

Thy head rests on my knee; I have no care;
Thy warm heart beats beneath my fondling hand;
The perfume of thy glorious golden hair
My senses softly stirred cannot withstand.

The pressure of thy soft hand thrills me through;
Thy warm red lips meet mine in ecstasy;
No northern star could ever be so true
As thy deep, loving, soft blue eyes to me.

Ah, sweetheart, would not death be wondrous sweet
If on a night like this its coming be,
And with our happiness so all-complete,
We drifted dreaming to the deep blue sea?

Compensation.

MRS. MARIE L. ANDREWS.

THERE are smiles in the morning and tears at night,
The wide world over;
There are hopes in the morning and prayers at night
For many a rover.

There are tears unwept, and songs unsung,
And human anguish keen,
And hopes and fears and smiles and tears;
But the blessings fall between.

At Seventeen.

GRANVILLE M. BALLARD.

BEHOLD, he stands
Where golden sands
And bright-hued shells begirt life's sea;
His full-orbed eye
Reads in the sky
No sign of storm that is to be.

Parental halls
And garden walls
His restless feet cannot restrain;
He tiptoe stands,
Beholding lands
That rise beyond the rolling main.

His ardent breast
Feels that unrest
And longing for the bright unknown,
That vague untold
That must enfold
The unpossessed as all its own.

The inward fire
Of grand desire
Feeds all the passions of his soul;
He aspires to rise
Above the skies,
And view the lands from pole to pole.

He looks and longs
And hears the songs
That ocean syllables alway,
Of islands green,
That lie unseen
Beyond the outer gates of day.

Oh, wanton boy,
With phantoms toy,

While hope is strong and fancy free;
Go gather shells
Where ocean swells,
And watch thy ships go out to sea.

Robin's-Egg Blue.

MARGARET HOLMES BATES.

ROBIN'S-EGG blue was the bonnet she wore;
Her bodice was laced behind and before
With cords of a shimmering, silvery glint;
Each fold of her gown gave a shadowy hint,
A shadowy hinting of color, no more.

A glove that I know I found on the floor
(Some day to its owner this glove I'll restore),
Like the hat and the gown, of that exquisite tint,
Robin's-egg blue.

I knelt at her feet; my gear and my store,
My heart and my soul, my wisdom and lore,
Were hers for the taking, were hers without stint,—
Were I Solomon's self, my fortune a mint;—
"What she said?" Never mind—since that hour I adore
Robin's-egg blue.

As we Treasure.

G. HENRI BOGART.

SOMEWHERE, somehow,
From out our past,
We treasure what was pleasant;
And, linked by mem'ry's mystic chain,
Unite it with our present.

Somewhere, somehow,
Among our joys,
We find the things we cherish,
While hate and grief and sullen pain
We leave in gloom to perish.

Somewhere, somehow,
The deed of love
That made us better, truer,
Beyond our ken, shall live again,
And make our sorrows fewer.

Love's Prayer.

MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

GOOD-BYE, dear love. God guide thee,
No evil thing betide thee,
No sorrow rest beside thee,
And this thy comfort be,

That when the day is ending,
To heaven I'm lowly bending,
And softly upward sending
A prayer at home for thee.

I miss the kind hand pressing
My own with soft caressing,
I miss the murmured blessing
Which mine was wont to be;
I miss the fond lips meeting
My own with tender greeting,
I miss the true heart beating
So warm with love for me.

God bless thee, dear! And nightly
Sweet slumbers woo thee lightly,
Sweet visions cheer thee brightly,
And this thy solace be:
That when the day is breaking,
I, too, from sleep am waking
To thoughts of love, and making
A prayer at home for thee.

Woman and Artist.

MRS. ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

(*By permission, from the Century Magazine.*)

I THOUGHT to win me a name
Should ring in the ear of the world.
How can I work with wee pink fists
About my fingers curled?

Adieu to name and to fame!
  They scarce are worth, at the best,
One touch of this warm little, wet little mouth
  With its lips against my breast.

Passing.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

(*By permission, from the Century Magazine.*)

"WHAT ship is this comes sailing
  Across the harbor bar,
So strange, yet half familiar,
  With treasure from afar?
O comrades, shout, good bells, ring out,
  Peal loud your merry din!
O joy! At last across the bay
  My ship comes sailing in."
Men said, in low whispers:
  "It is the passing bell;
At last his toil is ended."
  They prayed, "God rest him well."

"Ho Captain, my Captain,
  What store have you on board?"
"A treasure far richer
  Than gems or golden hoard, —
The broken promise welded firm,
  The long forgotten kiss,
The love more worth than all on earth,
  All joys life seemed to miss!"

The watchers sighed softly:
"It is the death change;
What vision blest has given
That rapture deep and strange?"

"O Captain, dear Captain,
What are the forms I see
On deck there beside you?
They smile and beckon me;
And soft voices call me,
Those voices sure I know!"
"All friends are here that you held dear
In the sweet long ago."
"The death smile," they murmured,
"It is so passing sweet,
We scarce have heart to hide it
Beneath the winding sheet."

"O Captain, I know you!
Are you not Christ the Lord?
With light heart and joyous
I hasten now on board.
Set sail, set sail before the gale,
Our trip will soon be o'er;
To-night we'll cast our anchor fast
Beside the heavenly shore!"
Men sighed: "Lay him gently
Beneath the heavy sod."
The soul afar, beyond the bar,
Went sailing on to God.

Kalmia.

JEROME C. BURNETT.

AS one will take a book read through
And turn its leaves,
And dwell upon its scenes anew,
While memory weaves
Again the storied web that's half divine,
Even so, sweet flower, I muse while turning thine.

The story of another year
Of pride and pain
Old time hath told, since, blooming here
Amid thy train,
I met thee, splendid in thy regal sheen,
Where now I give thee homage due a queen.

The homage of a grateful heart,
Regard that words
Cannot translate; the higher art
In songs of birds
I fain would give, in all their soul-felt glee,
To typify the love I bring to thee.

October 27, 1878.

Piloted.

EMMA N. CARLETON.

THE thistle floats a fairy bark
On seas of silvery space:
Though none may helm or rigging mark,
Or its far moorings trace.

But hid within its cargo fine
Are chart and orders clear,
To bear it on, in storm or shine,
Through voyage of the year.

Bubbles.

EMMA N. CARLETON.

THE air is full of bubbles, rose and gray,
Which dreamers still keep blowing, day by day:
I waft you one, my dear; but, ah, just see,
It breaks against the one you blew for me.

In the Golden World.

EMMA N. CARLETON.

AH, once we fared to Arcady—
The road lured onward, rich and free:
All time was heavenly; skies were blue;
The world was music, sweet and new.

Now fades the rose-flush; skies are gray;
Loved strains but echo; well-a-day!
Though paths wind where no meetings be,
Ah, once we fared to Arcady.

Isabel Lee.

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

"OH! which of my lovers is thinking of me?
For my cheek's like a cherry," said Isabel Lee,
As pressed she her little white hand on her brow;
"Through whose precious heart is my name sounding now?
Is it Harold, the artist, the while he doth paint,
With a smile on his lips, the fair face of the saint,
Which he said, in the hour of our parting, should wear
A brow like mine own and the same golden hair?"

Yes, Isabel Lee, the sweet pride of the glen,
The artist was nursing thy memory then;
But he looked on the face he was painting with dread,
For, somehow, it bore the calm look of the dead.

Sweet Isabel Lee, to the lattice she went,
And her rosy-hued cheek on her folded hands bent.
She mocked the gay thrush on the old cherry tree
With "Which of my lovers is thinking of me?
Is it Robert the hunter, afar on the moor?
This morn, ere the sunrise, he stood at my door;
He sued for a rose, that was just to unfold,
And said he would deem it more precious than gold.
I have heard, through the wood, his old rifle ring out,
And the bay of his hounds in victorious shout

But once since he left, and the noon is now past,
And the shadows creep up to the garden gate fast.
I wonder, I wonder if out on the lea,
Dear Robert, the hunter, is thinking of me."
Yes, Isabel Lee, the sweet pride of the glen,
The hunter was nursing thy memory then;
For as to his lips thy sweet rosebud was pressed,
The slight stem was broken, it fell on his breast.

Sweet Isabel Lee, she heard the birds sing,
And the cool water fall with a plunge in the spring;
She went with a smile, to the old cherry tree,
And said: "It is Alfred a-thinking of me;
For when I stood here in the moonlight with him
His dark poet eyes grew all shadowed and dim,
And his voice was the sweetest I ever had heard;
Each pulse in my bosom its soft echoes stirred.
He said that he loved me and asked me to be
His bride, when the autumn mists shine o'er the lea."
Yes, Isabel Lee, the sweet pride of the glen,
The poet was nursing thy memory then;
He was saying, "The dream is too sweet, it will be
Like the rose and the rainbow, my Isabel Lee."

Thy cheek hath grown pale, pretty Isabel Lee,
But a lover unthought of was thinking of thee;
His step was unheard on the emerald moor,
His form was unseen, as he stood by the door;
His kiss was unfelt as it lay on thy cheek;
His troth-plight unspoken as Earth's lovers speak.

The flowers for thy bridal are bright on the tree,
The fair, snowy robe will be ready for thee;
But Harold, nor Robert, beside thee shall stand;
Nor Alfred, loved Alfred, receive thy fair hand.
O Isabel Lee! the sweet pride of the glen,
Thy bridegroom was nursing thy memory then.

Chanson.

MRS. IDA MAY DAVIS.

IF I were Robin Redbreast,
And you were Jenny Wren,
No morrow e'er before us,
The golden sunlight o'er us,
Against my heart your head pressed —
What songs we'd carol then!
If I were Robin Redbreast,
And you were Jenny Wren.

If you were nectar's sweetness,
And I, the cup of gold,
We'd quaff in rainbow showers
The perfume of May flowers,
And drink to joy's completeness,
And dare love to grow old —
If you were nectar's sweetness,
And I, the cup of gold.

If I were mignonette, love,
And you the dew's soft kiss,

Then youth would be unending,
Then smiles and tears be blending
Upon our cheeks all wet, love.
What rapture could we miss? —
If I were mignonette, love,
And you, the dew's soft kiss!

If you were rosy morning,
And I were purple night,
I'd flash through moonlight gleaming,
And overtake you dreaming;
Your head with stars adorning,
I'd stay time in its flight —
If you were rosy morning,
And I were purple night.

Hope — Memory.

MRS. IDA MAY DAVIS.

DEAR friends, this eve may be the last
We meet together, ere the ship
That sails to-morrow bears away
Each from the other's eye and lip;
Then let us drink this health in laughter —
"Hope till old age, and Memory after."

The rising morning may be gray;
The voyage lone and seas be wide;
And clouds come down to close the day,
That darkles o'er the trackless tide;

Still, let us drink this health in laughter —
"Hope till old age, and Memory after."

And if, O friends, whom now I see,
We join near sunset on the strand,
As your boat silent passes me,
I'll reach across and touch your hand;
And we will pledge this health in laughter —
"Hope till old age, and Memory after."

My Mother's Easy-Chair.

SIDNEY DYER.

THE days of my youth have all silently sped,
And my locks are now grown thin and gray;
My hopes, like a dream in the morning, have fled,
And nothing remains but decay;
Yet I seem but a child, as I was long ago,
When I stood by the form of my sire,
And my dear mother sung, as she rocked to and fro
In the old easy-chair by the fire.

Oh! she was my guardian and guide all the day,
And the angel that watched 'round my bed;
Her voice in a murmur of prayer died away
For blessings to rest on my head.
Then I thought ne'er an angel that heaven could know,
Though trained in its own peerless choir,
Could sing like my mother, who rocked to and fro
In the old easy-chair by the fire.

How holy the place as we gathered at night,
'Round the altar where peace ever dwelt,
To join in an anthem of praise, and unite
In thanks which our ev'ry heart felt.
In his sacred, old seat, with his locks white as snow
Sat the venerable form of my sire,
While mother sang low, as she rocked to and fro
In the old easy-chair by the fire.

The cottage is gone which my infancy knew,
And the place is despoiled of its charms;
My friends are all gathered beneath the sad yew,
And slumber in death's icy arms;
But often with rapture my bosom doth glow,
As I think of my home and my sire,
And the dearest of mothers, who sang long ago
In the old easy-chair by the fire.

Things yet to Be.

ALFRED ELLISON.

SOME say this world is an old, old world;
But it's always been new to me,
With its boundless range, and its ceaseless change,
And its hope for the things to be.
A new friend takes my hand
When the old ones pass away;
The old days die, but the light in the sky
Is the dawn of another day.

Some say this world is a cold, cold world;
But it's always been bright to me,
With its hearthstone fires, and its warm desires
For the things that are yet to be.
And if I must labor, I wait,
And trust to the fields I have sown;
For I know there is truth in the promise of youth,—
I shall sometime come to my own.

Some say this world is a sad, sad world;
But it's always been glad to me,
For the brook never laughs like my soul, when it quaffs
And feasts on the things to be.
The night comes on with its rest,
The morning comes on with its song,
The hours of grief are few and brief,
But joy is a whole life long.

Some say this world is a bad, bad world;
But it's always been good to me,
With its errors, there live dear hearts that forgive
And trust to the things to be.
This world is not old nor cold,
This world is not sad nor bad,
If you look to the right, forgetting the night,
And say to your soul, "Be glad."

To-morrow.

S. W. GILLILAN.

MY life has reached the twilight hour;
'Mid the sunset shadows deep,
The tender love of my Father's voice
Is lulling my soul to sleep;
My empty arms are hungering
For the forms once cherished there,
But the Father hath taken them all away;
They needed a kindlier care.

One night when my life was young and strong,
I was crooning a lullaby
To my sweet wee tot, three summers old,
When the baby began to cry
For the dollies her mamma's hands had made;
And I soothed her childish sorrow
With the words: "Your babies are put away;
You may have them again, to-morrow."

And now, as I travel the sunset way,
'Mid the twilight gloom so deep,
While my empty arms are hungering
For the forms once hushed in sleep,
The Father in love bends over me,
And there's hope instead of sorrow,
As He says: "Your babies are safe with Me;
You may have them again, to-morrow."

To Viola in Heaven.

JONATHAN W. GORDON.

I AM alone:
To me the world hath lost its brow of gladness,
And dewy dawn,
And day and night have robed themselves in sadness,
And life hath naught for me but agony and madness —
Since thou art gone.

Thy soul hath fled
To its bright sphere beyond death's river;
Whilst I am led,
In gloom and grief, along its shores forever;
And call thy name, but hear thy gentle voice — O never!
Since thou art dead.

Life's dream is o'er,
Its spell upon the heart's deep fountain broken
Forevermore:
But in each word thy lute-like voice hath spoken,
Thou still hast left me many a treasured token
In mem'ry's store.

All warm and bright
Thy soul on mine in each seems fondly glowing
In love's own light,
And on the dim, drear gloom of grief bestowing
A constant beam, pure as the stainless starlight, flowing
From heaven to-night.

O! while the light
Of thy last smile upon my soul doth quiver,
As pure and bright
As day's last smile upon the blushing river,
Friend of my soul, I know thou art not gone forever, —
'T is only night.

The morn will rise;
And for this night an endless day be given,
When thy dear eyes,
Whose sad eclipse sheds darkness o'er life's even,
Will shine for me, in some bright, love-lit isle of heaven
Beyond the skies.

Jimmy's Wooing.

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY.

THE wind came blowing out of the West,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the West:
It stirred the green leaves out of their rest,
And rocked the bluebird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound,
Like children babbling all around —
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With wee, light foot, so trim and sly,
And sunburnt cheek and laughing eye —
And Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth, in linsey gown —
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
A rustic Ruth, in linsey gown,
He watched her soft cheeks' changing brown,
And the long dark lash that trembled down,
Whenever he looked that way.

Oh! Milly's heart was good as gold,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Oh! Milly's heart was good as gold;
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more he thought than e'er he told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under the thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly, a cunning twain,
Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry raindrops hurried in
Under the thatch of hay;

The merry raindrops hurried in,
And laughed and prattled in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest;
And then I'll swear she looked her best
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out,
Over the ruined hay —
And when the sun came laughing out,
Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
And twittering birds began to shout,
As if for a wedding day.

Leander to Hero.

BENJAMIN DAVENPORT HOUSE.

O HERO mine, hold out your arms to me!
But let your white hand gleam from out the tower,
And though black clouds o'er all the sky should lower,
And wildly foam the rudely wind-lashed sea,
And Hellespont were hell, I would cross o'er to thee!

I see thee through the dark of every night,
  Across all space that separates us twain,
  And at the leash of fate I strongly strain
To win my way into the golden light
Of loving eyes, than any signal lamp more bright.

Ah! whiter than the winter-mocking shower
  Of foam from storm-scourged waves, I see the gleam
  Of thy white robes across the night-dark stream
Of fate, that bars me with its hateful power,
From where thy signal gleams from out our dear watch-
    tower.

And all uncinctured they about thee fall
  Like nuptial night-robes donned by some fair bride,
  Beneath whose folds a wildly pulsing tide
Of love tells how she gladly gives her all
Of life and self to him who holds her heart in thrall.

Oh! rosier than the gleam of love-lit lamp,
  And snowier than thy garments' purest white,
  Thy beauty is to my enraptured sight;
And though between us loud the waves may ramp,
I win my way toward thee, through the dark and damp.

In love's sun-smitten Archipelago
  Our verdure-shaded tower stands islanded;
  And though through rudest waves my way is led,
Despite all lashing winds that rise and blow,
My weary limbs the stairway's landing yet shall know.

Vivérols.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

BEYOND the sea, I know not where,
There is a town called Vivérols;
I know not if 't is near or far,
I know not what its features are,
I only know 't is Vivérols.

I know not if its ancient walls
By vine and moss be overgrown;
I know not if the night-owl calls
From feudal battlements of stone,
Inhabited by him alone.

I know not if 'mid meadow lands
Knee-deep in corn stands Vivérols;
I know not if prosperity
Has robbed its life of poesy;
That could not be in Vivérols,
They would not call it Vivérols.

Perchance upon its terraced heights
The grapes grow purple in the sun;
Or down its wild untrodden crags,
Its broken cliffs and frost-bit jags,
The mountain brooks unfettered run.

I cannot fancy Vivérols
A place of gaudy pomp and show,
A "Grand Établissement des Eaux,"

Where to restore their withered lives
The roués of the city go.

Nor yet a place where Poverty
No ray of happiness lets in;
Where wanders hopeless beggary
'Mid scenes of sorrow, want, and sin,
That could not be in Vivérols;
There's life and cheer in Vivérols!

Perchance among the clouds it lies,
'Mid vapors out from Dreamland blown;
Built up from vague remembrances,
That never yet had form in stone,
Its castles built of cloud alone.

I only know should thou and I
Through its old walls of crumbling stone
Together wander all alone,
No spot on earth could be more fair
Than ivy-covered Vivérols!
No grass be greener anywhere,
No bluer sky nor softer air
Than we should find in Vivérols.

Love, we may wander far or near,
The sun shines bright o'er Vivérols,
Green is the grass, the skies are clear,
No clouds obscure our pathway, dear;
Where love is, there is Vivérols, —
There is no other Vivérols.

Rosemary.

"That's for remembrance." —SHAKESPEARE.

MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

ONLY a little green and bitter spray
Of fading leaves I give into thy keeping —
A bunch of rosemary, chilled by the frost,
And withered by the tears my eyes are weeping.
"That's for remembrance;" love, O, pray remember
Our springtime wanderings and our summer days,
When you were all my world, and I was happy
In winning from the world my meed of praise.

There's not a path which we have walked together,
But seems a hallowed way forevermore;
There's not a page whereon thine eyes have rested,
But I have learned its lessons o'er and o'er;
There's not an hour, however dark and dreary,
But hope revives with memories of thee.
Then take this rosemary, 't is for remembrance,
And O, I pray you, love, remember me!

I left the heart's-ease and the purple pansy
To fade and wither under wintry skies;
I could not wear the one, nor bear the other,
So much of thought was in their honest eyes;
But from my garden bed this little spray
I rescue from the pitiless November,
And bid you wear it for the thought it brings; —
Wear it for me, and O, I pray, remember!

Love's Coming.

RICHARD K. LYON.

LOVE came to me in life so late
That Time had closed the outer gate —
So late it seemed the door was barred,
Bolts shot, and all the house rough-scarred
That owned my habitation gave no sign
Of welcome to the god benign.
For Love with all his power divine
Had come so late.

It seemed that none would ever come
In answer to his knock, though some
Sweet thought stirred restless in my breast,
Uneasy waked from its long rest;
So strange were such fair visitors that when
Love came and called, and called again,
It was at first in vain, for then
It seemed so late.

No chamber had my soul prepared
Against his coming, none had dared
Foretell his advent; it did seem
More of a sweet, unstable dream —
Before his summons, sweet and clear, rang out.
Waking the drowsy-lidded rout
Of fancies, passion sweet, his shout
Seemed all too late.

No rich feast had been spread for him;
All the guest-chamber lights burned dim;
For few had come that way to claim
A resting-place — e'en fickle Fame
Had fled long, long before Love came —
And yet the close gates opened wide
At his approach; bolts shot aside;
All the bright soul-lights flamed, and loud
Rang out the welcome of the crowd.
My soul's best minstrelsy did welcome him:
Bright grew my dimmest, darkest dream,
For after all it did not seem
Love came too late.

A Fancy.

ALBERT W. MACY.

O FRAGRANT roses blooming at my door,
Your loveliness will vanish all too soon;
And from your chalice we shall drink no more
Sweet essence of the dainty wine of June.

O happy childhood playing at my feet,
Too soon on joyous wings you'll fly away;
No more we'll hear your rippling laughter sweet,
You seem to linger with us but a day.

Perhaps beyond life's narrow, restless sea
The roses bloom again 'neath sunny skies;
And blissful childhood gathers them in glee,
To deck the shining walls of Paradise.

The One that Died.

HETTIE ATHON MORRISON.

I PASSED a group of children at their play,
Strong-limbed, strong-veined — they laughed, and leaped, and ran,
As only happy, sturdy children can —
The fairest sight of that fair summer day.

And, as to watch their merry gambols o'er —
Her work down-dropped, forgotten at her side,
With eyes a-light with tenderest mother's pride —
The mother leaned from out the cottage door.

So fair the sight it moved my stranger tongue
To cry, "Oh, mother of those sturdy boys
And rosebud girls, than thine no sweeter joys
Hath poet heart conceived or poet lips e'er sung!"

"Ah, yes," the mother said, and then she sighed,
"Yes, they are fair, those boys and girls of mine,
And I — no prouder mother could you find" —
Again she sighed — "Ah, but the one that died!"

It is a common grief. Who hath not wept
The while one fair hope to his heart was pressed,
Or one sweet love his willing lips caressed,
O'er graves where hopes and loves far dearer slept?

Oh, cold, green earth! Oh, far-off, starry skies!
Alike each hides from us some priceless dust,
Some shattered treasure of our heart's fond trust,
The while we watch with tearful, longing eyes.

Sad heart, be comforted. The Crucified
This truth triumphant taught: "Love cannot die,
Though on his pale, cold brow the death drops lie;
For Death is but Life glorified!"

Do I love Him?

MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

DO I love him? Why should brightness like a tide of glory beam
O'er what once was dull and irksome, — darkened glen and shaded stream?
Why, like some gay lark upspringing, does my spirit greet the sun?
While my heart keeps singing, singing till the Eden day is done —
Is this because I love him?

Do I love him? One soft evening when the moon among the flowers
Shed her wreath of light and shadow, ebon clouds and silver showers,

We were walking — both were silent — when a pure white rose he broke,
Kissed it once, then gave it to me; trembled I, but never spoke!
Was this because I loved him?

He is gone; yet I am happy, for I know he'll come again;
Like a bird in fragrant bower sing I, let it shine or rain.
All things in the heaven above me, everything on earth beneath,
Seems to whisper he does love me, words to me he did not breathe;
Oh, it must be that I love him!

The Little Shoe.

MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

I FOUND it here — a worn-out shoe,
All mildewed with time and wet with dew;
'T is a little thing; — ye who pass it by
With never a thought, or word, or sigh;
Yet it stirs in my spirit a hidden well,
And in eloquent tones of the past doth tell.

It tells of a little fairy form
That bound my heart with a magic charm;
Of bright blue eyes and golden hair,
Of a smile that solaced all my care;

Of a prattling voice so sweet and clear,
And of tiny feet that were ever near.

It tells of hopes that with her had birth,
Deep buried now in the silent earth;
Of a glad heart pulsing in answering tone
To my joyous heart, now sad and lone;
Like the bow that lingers a moment here,
Then melteth away to its native sphere.

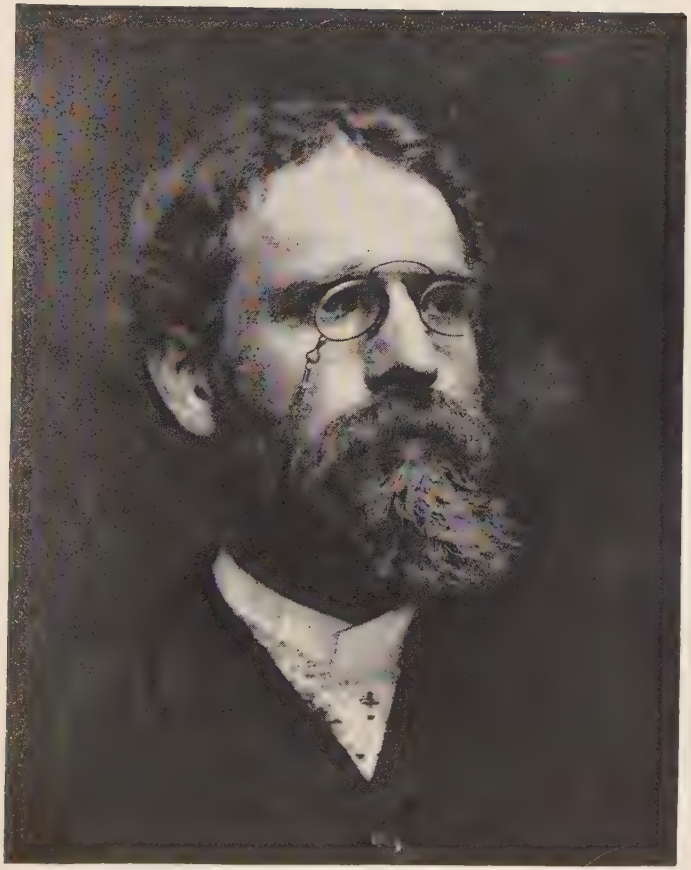
Like rose leaves loosed by the zephyr's sigh, —
Like the zephyr wafting its perfume by;
Like the wave that kisses some grateful spot,
Then passes away, but is not forgot;
If your life hopes like these have never fled,
Then you cannot know of the tears I shed.

Ye cannot know what a little thing
From Memory's silent fount can bring
The voice and form that once were dear.
Yet there are hearts, were they only here,
That could feel with me, as all wet with dew,
I find, this morning, — one little shoe.

The Old Bouquet.

EDWIN E. PARKER.

IN my hand a bouquet withered,
In my heart the odor yet,
Of the flowers of radiant beauty,
With their dewy fragrance wet.



ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

Unto dust has turned the petals,
Into mem'ry turned the bloom,
Balmed it with eternal beauty,
Filled it with Divine perfume.

Tho' the present shrink and wither
Like this musty old bouquet,
Yet the past is mine forever,
Be the future what it may.

A Toast to Brown Eyes.

GAVIN PAYNE.

WHERE amber-darkened billows chase across the fields of rye,
With melody and laughter — even now and then a sigh —
They hint of after pleasures, when the resurrected grain
Shall glory in the spirit — and fill up the glass again!
Oh, luscious dew of potent charm! thy color is thy crown —
But it, nor thou, canst warm my heart, like Theckla's eyes of brown,
For Theckla's eyes of haunting depths, so pensive and so true,
Were borrowed from the twilight where it browns the distant view —
Enhallowed by the vespers' sweetly reminiscent mood,
Illumined with the shimmer of the midnight's starry brood!

"Come, Go a Piece."

ALONZO RICE.

"And drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood." — BYRON.

HOW sweet are the sounds of the earliest words
We whispered in days long since gone by,
When the bells of cattle and songs of birds
Were ringing still 'neath the sunset sky:
When we grasped the hand of a little friend,
And gazed away down the shadowy lane
To the dark, deep woods at the other end,
And softly whispered the old refrain,
"Come, go a piece."

When the wind came over the meadow wide
With its burden of perfume fine and sweet,
With a childish fear one stood by my side,
With her pink sunbonnet and bare brown feet;
And I could always understand
The soft persuasion of smile and tear,
Before she said, as she took my hand
And whispered, close to my listening ear,
"Come, go a piece."

We were the happiest of children then;
We gathered flowers and swung on the gate,
I was wild and free for a lad of ten,
The rose in her cheek was red for eight.

We never thought through the passing years
How shadows lengthened with each day's sun;
Her pleasures were mingled with passing tears,
And she always said, when the day was done,
"Come, go a piece."

And the years passed on. One autumn came
With a twitter of birds in the fading skies;
On the altar of youth love lit a flame,
And I read the secret in downcast eyes.
When I questioned her to know if she
Would journey along where my pathway led;
She looked away in her innocent glee,
And these were the only words she said,
"Come, go a piece."

We soon were wed, and the joy bells rang
And the May-day beauty filled the air;
And the birds in their green cathedrals sang,
And the lanes were filled with a perfume rare —
That time seems yet as a holiday —
And I wrote on the beech tree's mossy rind,
Like any youth in his childish play,
The words that were ever in my mind,
"Come, go a piece."

At last, like all of the golden dreams
That have cheered my way, the time drew near
When we had to part — and to me it seems
That life has forever lost its cheer.

I can see the light in the ashen cloud,
The rose in the garden in death's eclipse,
And I hear again, as when I bowed
My head for the message of dying lips,
"Come, go a piece."

The flowers she gave me are withered now,
And the song she sang has slipped my mind:
A mist steals over my eyes somehow,
When I look for the tokens I cannot find.
And it seems to me when the lights are low,
And the moon is hid, and the crickets still,
I can hear the voice of long ago,
Inviting upward from earthly ill,
"Come, go a piece."

From "In Forest-Temples."

The Picture that hangs on the Wall.

PETER FISHE REED.

OUR Lily was fair as a fairy,
As modest and meek as a dove,
As placid and pure as a peri,
But her heart it was fuller of love.
Ah! merry was she as a swallow,
And her smile it was sweeter than all
The smiles that the painter Apollo
Ever penciled to hang on the wall.

Then we trimmed up her bonny brown tresses,
While her dimples sank down in a smile;
Dressed her up in the best of her dresses,
And laughed at her glee all the while;
And we called her our sweet little swallow,
The bonniest beauty of all,
And we smiled as the painter Apollo
Traced her picture to hang on the wall.

But Lily grew pale, just to teach us
That Heaven had a claim on its own;
And we feared that the duplicate features
Of Lily would soon be alone.
Then her eye it grew fainter and fainter,
And her voice lost the thrill in its call;
So we blessed, then, Apollo the painter,
For the picture that hangs on the wall.

Now Lily lies under the roses,
That wearily wave at her head;
But she heeds not that where she reposes
Is chilly, for Lily is dead:
And this picture that never may perish,
Is all that is left of her — all;
And, oh, how the image we cherish
Of Lily that hangs on the wall!

Sabbath Chimes.

OLIVE SANXAY.

A SUNDAY! once it meant to boyish mind
A warm, still room, save for the singing wind
Thro' empty keyholes, big clock ticking slow,
And rustle of the Sunday page, below
And over which the white, strong, fragrant smoke
Of father's pipe curled, till the family folk
Across the misty room looked strange and dim,
Like those day-dreams that so encompassed him.

A little later, when the school days came,
"A Sunday" meant the answering of a name
At roll call; and the haste of tardy feet
To catch the passing file, or beat retreat
Before a bolted chapel door: it meant
The old dean's lecture, brief and eloquent,
And letters home to mother, which set free
The dreams of all he ought and longed to be.

And afterwards, when dreams had given place
To action, Sunday meant a young girl's face
Devout above her book at morning prayer,
The light of old stained windows on her hair:
It meant long silences of afternoons
On Sundays thro' contented Mays and Junes,
And sunlit meadows, and the starlit skies,
And lovelight in a woman's answering eyes.

A Sunday! Ah, across the distant years
The calm day stretches out till it appears
That life was all a Sunday: and the sense
That that benign and gentle influence
Of home and mother and the tender wife
Who entered into rest, so chastened life
Naught else remains, makes loud the deep chimes toll:
"There is a Sabbath evening of the soul!"

Thinking of Her.

GEORGE STOUT.

THINKING of her — the winding years retrace
Their gloomy way to our first trysting place;
Again the bloom is on the apple tree,
And drifting perfume scents the dear retreat;
The firefly snuffs his lamps regretfully,
Till twilight drapes the ancient, rustic seat,
The cricket, reassured, his tale resumes, —
A maudlin, peevish tale of olden wrong, —
There is a gleam of light thro' frowning rooms
And, from a careless window, Lillian's song.

Thinking of her — the glad door swings aside,
And all the garden walk is glorified;
And she is here; her whispered words, the touch
Of her soft hand in mine; the flashing thrill
From heart to heart that loves her overmuch
For bashful telling, so must needs be still. —

And as we dreaming sit, she softly sings
Of love and apple blossoms; and the eyes
Fill with unutterable questionings,
And love translates our sweet, soul-said replies.

Thinking of her — my little son and I
'Mid tear-wet musings, sit our hearthstone by,
And start her little chair to rocking, so
It seems, for just a sigh, that she is there,
Smiling in sweet contentment in the glow —
Her workbox, ever envied, by her chair. —
And sometimes when the light is low, we play
That she is sleeping for a little while,
And try to romp, the dear old joyous way,
Then, breathless, wait for her awakening smile.

Mother's Love.

W. D. WALLACE.

AS at the sunbeam's kiss the flower
In blossoms smiles, so doth the power
Of mother's love from o'er the sea,
In kisses sweet sent after me,
Sent after me
Across the sea,
Incite my soul to bloom each day
And make me sing though far away.

Mother's Spirit.

ELIZABETH CONWELL WILLSON.

THOU Spirit, dowered with immortal birth,
Blest with new being, out of Heaven's completeness;
Thou wast my childhood's Guardian Saint on earth,
Nor deemed I Heaven could give thee holier sweetness!

How often in the twilight's lonely calms,
I dream of lying in these hallowed places;
Feeling upon my heart Death's restful palms,
And on my face — the quiet of dead faces!

Of lying still — as thou! . . . Then, in my dreams,
I feel a thrill as of thy spirit's nearness,
Awakening my soul. . . . And then, it seems,
Thy saintly eyes look down with perfect clearness.

POEMS OF NATURE.

Morning.

MRS. MARIE L. ANDREWS.

A GLIMMER of light in the east,
A twitter of birds;
A mist in the air, a hush in the sky,
A lowing of herds;
A sparkle on grass and flower,
A dripping of leaves;

A flurry of larks in the air,
The grasshopper's shrill;
The prattle of children awakened,
The creak of the mill,—
A shepherd lad winding his horn,—
And lo! it is morn!

The Prophet.

MRS. ALBION F. BACON.

DARKNESS and silence, such as only fall
At midnight, wrap the sleeping hamlets all.
No life in all the dim world seems to be.
Then, suddenly,
Across the hills, far-off and faint, I hear
Sound through the dark, as through a dream, the call
(How strange it seems) of some bold chanticleer.

Half in my sleep I hear that clarion ring,
With distant calls, like echoes answering;
And as at war's alarum soldiers leap
From guarded sleep,
And seize their arms and hasten from their tents,
So at this sound my drowsy senses spring
Alert, to man the mind's dark battlements.

To tell night's mid-hour tolls no startled bell:
Only thy voice is heard, brave sentinel,
Who, like the ancient watchmen on the towers,
Calls forth the hours,
And to the wistful questioners, who see
No gleam through pain's long vigil, dost foretell
"The morning cometh," oft and cheerily.

How canst thou know when, weary with his race,
The Day turns back, his pathway to retrace?
Canst thou the maiden Dawn's light footsteps hear
Approaching near?
Or dost thou stand in converse with the skies,
And know what time she leaves her hiding-place
By joyful flashings of their starry eyes?

Thou art a prophet, like to those of old
Who in the darkness sat, but firm and bold
Looked with undaunted eyes towards the dim
Horizon's rim,
And thrilled with faith, of waiting ages born,
That soon from out the Night's strong prison-hold
Should burst the golden glory of the Morn.

The Snow-Birds.

MRS. R. G. BALL.

WHERE, little cunning ones, have you
Through all the summer hid?
Have you been dallying in the wood
With saucy katydid?

Wee birds, you herald not with song
Your coming, but we see
You, in your somber Quaker coats,
A-gathering on a tree.

Do you keep tryst with snowflakes?
Do they tarry for your call,
Ere they let their winter blossoms
O'er our shriveled flowers fall,

As may some loving hand cast, o'er
A face once bright with bloom,
The dainty veil of white to hide
A blight that fell too soon?

O! let them gently fall and hide
Our rose that faded lies;
And o'er our withered tulips cast
White blossoms from the skies;

And trim the edges of the brook,
  Hang tassels on the spray,
Upon each naked clover head
  A little white cap lay.

Leaves that, since Autumn sang her dirge,
  Have dropped their golden tinge,
And, shiv'ring, for the winds make sport,
  Trim with their downy fringe.

And where the cruel frost has left
  Black footprints in the night,
My bonny birds, call snowflakes down
  To cover them with white.

But tell us, little prophets brown,
  Who seem so wise and brave,
Where is it you find shelter when
  The storms of winter rave?

And where you get your daily food
  When fields grow bleak and bare?
Methinks I hear the answer chirped, —
  "We're in our Father's care."

Midsummer.

MRS. M. E. BANTA.

OVER the stubble fields
Midsummer's sun falls white. The sky above
Bends pale and faint in the oppressive heat.

Under yon clump of trees, with not a leaf astir,
The herd groups listlessly. No restless life
In all the indolent scene, save by the shrunken brook,
Where butterflies in golden bevies drink,
Or on the thistle tops, among the whitened weeds
Fringing the dusty road, the humble-bee
Drones to the flashing goldfinch, swaying light
On silken seed tuft. Stirring the drowsy heat,
Pulses the August fly, its quavering tones
Lifting and falling in a dreamy swirl.
The birds are gone to leafy, dim retreats,
Where sunshine enters but in shadowy gleams,
And not a silver note, from field or copse,
Rouses the swooning air. The cornfields stand
Within the quivering heat, lifting their shriveled blades
In piteous prayer for rain, that late
Rustled like plumed host their dark green ranks.
All living nerves are captive to the spell
Narcotic, of pervading heat and hush.
Yet vague unrest, some undefined impulse,
Torments the indolence, as yonder kine
Impatient whisk the flies.

A sun-tipped cloud,
Low poised and billowy, in the hazy west
Startles the still heat with rolling throbs of sound,
While golden blushes light its purple foam.
Lo, all the slumbrous tree tops move
And nod together in the sultry breeze!
Gray clouds shade swiftly into black,
And fold on fold swell upward to the sun,

Obscuring soon its glare, while ominous blue
Floods the low west. And now abroad
The tender gloom of near approaching rain
Blends with a solemn, conscious hush.
The freshening wind's storm-scented breath
Blows balmy from the pearl-fringed clouds,
Sweeping to earth far off, whence come
Avant couriers, like trampling steeds,
Dropping great crystals to the advancing roar
And whiteness of the descending rain.

My Native Woods.

MRS. BESSIE JOHNSON BELLMAN.

DEAR native woods, your well-loved haunts
Have soothed me o'er and o'er, and quelled desire
So strong and hopeless that it rent like pain.
Your benediction entered my sad soul
When first I heard your woodland melodies,
And felt the solitude that flung its cloak
Of close protection round me.

Autumn days
Have stolen on us almost unawares, —
So fast the time glides by us. The frost king
Has made sad depredations, and the leaves
Are deeply scarred with blood to mark the spot
Where he shall strike again. And soon
Through these dear woods, where now the air —

Intoxant, like new wine — floats languidly,
Shall shriek and howl the imps of Boreas.

But spring will come again! and losing naught,
But rather gaining by your lesson learned
Of calm endurance, shall your beauty grow,
Fed by the gentle influence of soft, warm showers
And golden sunshine, filtered lovingly
Through your dark boughs, and dripping down
Upon the teeming earth. And, lo!
The violet, the wind flower, and the fern,
And all the beauties of the dawning year
Answer their sovereign's call!

Dusk.

MRS. BESSIE JOHNSON BELLMAN.

EVENING. And purple shades begin to veil
Day's farewell banner, wrought in cloth of gold.
Slowly the modest stars their work unfold,
Sewing the dusk with silver moon-thread, pale.

All the long day the gentle souls of flowers
Vanished in perfume, blest each straying air
With the perfected sweetness angels bear
In holy cruse, to anoint our better hours.

Over the mighty prairies, rolling free,
Night lays her hand in gentle quieting.
My soul bows low to hear the silence sing
Its solemn vespers to the world and me.

The Sweet South Wind.

HORACE P. BIDDLE.

WHENCE comest thou, my sweet south wind,
Flying away, flying away?
Whence comest thou, my sweet south wind,
Flying away?
I come from the mountain,
And over the lea;
I ripple the fountain
And ruffle the tree;
Flying away, flying away!

What bringest thou, my sweet south wind,
Flying away, flying away?
What bringest thou, my sweet south wind,
Flying away?
The voice of the bowers,
The sweets of the lea,
The breath of the flowers,
These bring I to thee;
Flying away, flying away!

What sayest thou, my sweet south wind,
Flying away, flying away?
What sayest thou, my sweet south wind,
Flying away?
From matin till vesper
As onward I rove,

Sweet, sweet is my whisper,
My song is of love,
Flying away, flying away!

Where goest thou, my sweet south wind,
Flying away, flying away?
Where goest thou, my sweet south wind,
Flying away?
To the mountains I'm flying,
To the place of my rest;
There weeping and sighing
I'll die on its breast;
Flying away, flying away!

Mont Blanc.

MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

O WORSHIPER in heaven's far courts! Sublime
Gleams thy white forehead, bound with purple air.
Thou art coeval with old gray-haired Time,
Yet thy colossal features are as fair
As when the Omniscient set his signet there.
Wrapped in a royal robe, that human art
Could never weave, nor mortal monarch wear,
Thou sitt'st enthroned in majesty apart,
Folding eternal rest and silence in thy heart.

When the Almighty Mind went forth and wrought
Upon the formless waters; when He hung
New worlds on their mysterious paths, and brought

Light out of brooding darkness; when the young,
Fair earth, at His command, from chaos sprung
To join the universal jubilee;
When all the hosts of heaven His triumphs sung,
God left His footsteps on the sounding sea,
And wrote His glorious name, proud monument, on thee.

Tell us, Earth-born Companion of the stars,
Hast thou beheld when worlds were wrecked and riven?
Hast seen wild comets in their red simars
O'er the fair fields of space at random driven?
Seest thou the angels at the gate of heaven?
Perchance they lend that glory to thy brow,
Which burns and sparkles there this summer even;
Perchance their anthems float around thee now, —
They worship God always, and so, Mont Blanc, dost thou.

Solemn evangel of Almighty power,
The pillars of the earth support thy throne;
Ages unknown, unnumbered, are thy dower,
Sunlight thy crown, the clouds of heaven thy zone.
Spires, columns, turrets, lofty and alone;
Snow-fields, where never bird nor beast abode;
Caverns unmeasured, fastnesses unknown;
Glaciers where human feet have never trod;
Ye are the visible throne, the dwelling-place of God.

What is the measure of our threescore years?
What the duration of our toil and care?
What are our aspirations, hopes, and fears,
The joys we prize, the ills we needs must bear,

The earthly goals we win, the deeds we dare?
Our life is but a breath, a smile, a sigh;
We go, and time records not that we were;
But thou wilt lift thy giant brow on high
Till time's last hour is knelled, lost in eternity.

And we, beholding thee, do turn aside
From all the little idols we have wrought;
Self-love, ambition, wealth, fame, power, and pride
Keep silence before thee; and we are taught
A nobler aim, a more enduring thought.
Our souls are touched by the celestial fire
That glows on holier altars; what we sought
With thought, heart, mind, seems dust, and we aspire
To win some surer good, some guerdon holier, higher.

Thou art an altar where the human soul
Pays God the tribute of its prayer and praise;
Feelings, emotions passing all control,
Are born of thee; wondering, subdued we gaze,
Till soul and sense are lost in still amaze,
And the full-gushing heart forgets to beat.
We feel the invisible, we seem to raise
The inner veil, to stand where two worlds meet,
Entranced, bewildered, rapt, adoring at thy feet.

The Summer rm.

MRS. LOUISE VICKRO D.

WHEN the sky's deep blue gr leeper,
And the sickle of the reape.
Swinging 'midst the ripened wheat ea nade a pleasant flash and sound,
Rose a cloud that soon o'ershaded
All the scene, while quickly faded
From the landscape all the beauty by th nshine shed around.

Queenly rose and lily saintly
First began to waver faintly,
And the trembling oak leaves whispered of t tempest drawing near;
While the hoarse voice of the river
Sent through every heart a shiver,
For all Nature seemed o'erburdened with a wond and a fear.

Then the lightning's vivid flashes,
With the thunder's wilder crashes,
In a strange, terrific splendor clothed the overarching sky;
Shrank the woodbine in her bower,
And the fern shrank lower and lower,
While the vine leaves clasped each other with a clinging sympathy.

Now the wild winds, hollow howling,
And the heavens darker scowling,

For a while seemed all too dreadful for the startled ear
to bear;
Then, while floods of rain descended,
Proudest trees were torn and rended,
Till the woods bore fearful tokens how the dread one
reveled there.

But the storm clouds' sudden breaking,
All the wild-bird anthems waking,
Set the summer air to trembling with a sweetly con-
scious thrill;
While the snowy mist up-going,
And the sunny light down-flowing,
Met and made a rainbow chaplet for the dark brow of
the hill.

And the sunset on that even
Seemed the golden gate of heaven,
All so cloudless and so lovely, when the storm had
passed away;
So the tempests in our bosoms,
Beating down life's fairest blossoms,
Sometimes make our hearts more fitted to receive a
heavenly ray.

The Ragged Regiment.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

(*By permission, from the Century Magazine.*)

I LOVE the ragged veterans of June;
Not your trim troop, drill-marshaled for display
In gardens fine, — but such as dare the noon
With saucy faces by the public way.

Moth mullein, with its moth-wing petals white,
Round dandelion, and flaunting bouncing-bet,
The golden butter-and-eggs, and ox-eye bright,
Wild parsley and tall milkweed bee-beset.

Ha, sturdy tramps of nature, mustered out
From garden service, scorned and set apart!
There's not one member of your ragged rout
But wakes a warmth of welcome in my heart.

Magnolia.

JEROME C. BURNETT.

ONCE a spirit of the northland,
Weary with the winter day,
With the silent, frozen mountains,
Where the snow ne'er melts away,
Sought the land of bloom and sunshine,
In the never-ending May.

Ere she reached the genial climate
In the bright land by the sea,
Tired she sank to pleasant slumber
'Neath the shadow of a tree,
In whose branches birds alighted,
Singing sweetest melody.

Waking when her rest was over,
Startled by her slumber long,

Still the birds were singing near her,
In the tree, a bright-winged throng,
Which she deftly changed to flowers,
And to fragrance all their song!

This is now the proud magnolia,
Loveliest gift the seasons bring,
Clad in robes of white the purest, —
Every flower a fettered wing, —
Scattering fragrance like rich blessings,
Sweet as songs the angels sing.

Marsh-mallow.

JEROME C. BURNETT.

WHERE the river spreads over the lowlands,
Encompassing meadow and lea,
And the pulse of the far-distant ocean
Is felt in the arm of the sea;
Where the boatman rows over the rushes
Abreast of the incoming tide,
And the mosses cling to the oar blade,
The marsh-mallow blooms in pride.

In the fullness of tinted September,
When the birds have forgotten to sing,
The flowers still come in their beauty,
And as sweetly as erst in the spring;

Then summer hath written her story,
But a page is left turned to the light,
Where the marsh-mallow seems like a postscript
That God has consented to write.

The Clouds.

CLARENCE A. BUSKIRK.

THE clouds are wondrous things in all their ways, —
Whether like fleecy flocks they calmly graze
Along their azure fields, or proudly sail
Like gallant ships before some upper gale,
Or rise in mountain chains of glittering snow
With fathomless abysses cleft below,
Or stand like splendid domes and palaces
Flushed with celestial colors numberless,
Or rove with precious argosies of showers
Consigned to ports of harvests, fruits, and flowers,
Or battle high in heaven in awful wrath,
While Cossack lightnings hover 'round their path,
Or graceful rainbows magically form
To smile away the squadrons of the storm,
Or stretch in wondrous wreaths and diadems,
With stars at intervals like sparkling gems,
Wind-woven into light and argent lace
The maiden moon on summer nights to grace.

Ascend some hill at morn and view the mist
Rise from the valleys, by the sunrise kissed,

Its broad and lake-like fields serenely spread
In winding gulfs about the islanded
Summits of hills and peaks of lesser height,
And windless seas beneath the moon at night
Lying less still and cold; and watch the beams
Flowing across the mist in silver streams,
Till the mist breaks in foam against the hills
And glides away, revealing shining rills,
And waking woods, and verdant, flowery vales,
While softly breathe the fragrant morning gales.

The Iron-weed.

KATE M. CAPLINGER.

SOMBER and tall, like a brave plumed knight,
On the sunny hillside standing,
Marshaled in line for a stately raid,
On the upland meadows banding;
And by the brooks in shady nooks
At the warm brown water glancing,
A straggling line waves purple plumes
At the distant host advancing;
Ho, Iron-weed! Ho, Iron-weed!
Keep your place in the van and make good speed.

Gracious and strong, like the knights of old,
The hands of the weak upholding,
You shield the grasses at your feet
With the strength of your close enfolding;

And with allies of friendly bloom,
On the barren hillside grouping,
You draw your lines to hide the waste,
To the distance on still trooping;
Ho, Iron-weed! Ho, Iron-weed!
Keep your place in the van and make good speed.

Brown with the conflict of wind and sun,
Still your tarnished plumes are lifted
All up and down on the autumn ways,
Whence the summer glow has drifted;
And by the edge of the brown beech woods,
Wherever the line needs guarding,
With purpose true, endurance brave,
Your advance knows no retarding;
Ho, Iron-weed! Ho, Iron-weed!
Who keeps in the van must make good speed.

The Sweet o' the Year.

EMMA N. CARLETON.

COME thou slowly, slowly, Spring,—
Trail thy green robe down the hills;
Still thy tones, and softly sing
Dreams of music to the rills.

Come thou slowly, slowly, Spring,—
Sift thy sunshine o'er the land;
Not too riotously fling
All dear gifts at thy command.

Come thou slowly, slowly, Spring, —
Stint thy bird-song, stay thy flower;
Ah, be wise and gracious; bring
Lingering bliss to each brief hour.

The Wood Thrush.

HANNAH E. DAVIS.

FROM out of the forest depths,
Clear, sweet, and strong,
Floats on the evening wind,
Shy bird, thy flute-like song.

What is it thou wouldst tell?
No secret woe nor wrong
Tinges, with its sad chords, the silvery swell
And liquid rush of thy melodious song.

Nor is it rapturous joy,
A meaningless delirium of sound;
The riotous license of a spirit fair,
Knowing no check nor bound.

In my lone forest walk,
Hidden away from sight and sound of men,
I've heard the tinkling of a waterfall
That leaped and sang, then lost itself again.

To the same key your voices wild attune,
Pure, unimpassioned, free;
No faint refrain of sorrow, hope, desire;
Simply the dryad's joy — to be.

No human heart is yours;
The passions wild that o'er it steal —
Eternal longings, sorrow, and remorse —
Ye neither know nor feel.

Nor are its joys your joys,
Infinite answerings to the soul's desires;
Yet not unequal are ye, after all —
Each has the fullness that its need requires.

Sing on, shy bird and tinkling waterfall!
From bounteous Nature's heart
Hymnals of praise perpetually arise,
And in them you have part.

When the Leaves come sailing Down.

WILLIAM T. DENNIS.

LET others sing of the glories of spring
And the forest's emerald crown;
But give me the rays of the autumn days,
When the leaves come sailing down.

The shadows quiver upon the river,
And gold is the golden-rod's crown;
The woodpecker soundeth reveille when
The leaves come a-sailing down.

The chattering jay hath a plumage gay,
And the quail has a raiment brown;
The fish in the stream leaps up with a gleam
As the leaves come sailing down.

Now fruit, herd, and grain and the laden wain,
From the valleys and meadows brown,
Are with me to-day in the golden ray
While the leaves come sailing down.

Though the frosts may come and the streams be dumb
And the winter put on its frown,
Yet vocal with praise are these halcyon days
When the leaves come sailing down.

The promise made, when the winter was staid,
By Queen Spring of the floral gown,
Now ripens and clings where the red apple swings
And the brown nuts patter down.

The goddess of Spring, with the budding wing
And the fragrantly blooming crown,
Ne'er feasted her eyes on the Tyrian dyes
Of the leaves a-sailing down.

O, glad is the May in her rapturous sway,
  June regal in country and town!
But the accolade of the nut-brown maid
  Be mine when the leaves come down!

The West.

MRS. AMANDA L. R. DUFOUR.

TO what great zenith will the growing splendor
  Of the vast, vigorous West at length attain?
With one foot planted on the Alleghanies,
  One firmly fixed on old Pacific's mane;
With vast resources and unnumbered treasures,
  Wide-sweeping rivers, mountains grand and bold,
Far-reaching prairies, glorious in dimensions,
  Primeval forests, fraught with wealth untold;

Bright, crystal lakes with outlets ever singing;
  Huge rocks like Titan fortresses, that rise
In chains aloft, with silent, solemn grandeur,
  Like giant stairways to the upper skies;
Canyons with walls a thousand fathoms steep,
  Whose beds are paved, like Rome's famed "Appian Way,"
With bowlders wedged compactly; streams that wander
  Through shadow lands where gleams no light of day.

Miles of great caverns filled with strange, wild beauty:
  Nature's mysterious coffers dark and deep,
Wherein are hidden works of grotesque splendor,
  Where long-past ages silent records keep;

Uncounted mines of every name and value: —
But few as yet have crowned the searcher king;
They wait some master-mind adown the future,
That to unlock their stores the keys shall bring.

What denizens of woodland, mount, or water,
For man's advantage do not here abound?
From light-winged song-birds to the cumbrous bison,
Game of all merit plentiful is found.
And splendid coursers that may vie in beauty
With Arab's purest blood, bound wild and free
O'er sweet grass plains, well watered, rich with blossoms
That glint and toss upon an emerald sea.

Our own great West, what riches, grandeur, glory,
Combine to weave for her an envied crown!
What niche awaits her in Fame's mighty temple,
What seer foretell her future's high renown?
Her sons are gifted, valiant, true, and faithful
In council chamber or on battlefield;
"No North, no South; but undivided Union"
Is the stern motto graven on her shield.

'Mid this bright halo of her dawning splendor,
How purely beams her motherhood serene;
With what just pride her children soon shall witness
The world paying tribute to our Freedom's queen!
With peace, what barrier can oppose her progress,
What avalanche blockade her onward way?
No chain could bind her upward rising pinions;
No king's behest might her proud spirit stay.

Renowned in song, in history, in story,
Our glorious country down time's stream shall glide;
Her beacon shall flash light through every peril,
Her "TRUST IN GOD" be her defense and guide.
With soul attuned to every truthful measure,
And vigorous heart pulse, skies serene and fair,
With sons and daughters gifted, virtuous, loving,
What land on earth can with our own compare?

The Thunderstorm.

MRS. JULIA L. DUMONT.

NO radiant beam has cheer'd the joyless day,
Nature seems robed in all her sad attire;
Obscur'd and dim, thro' mists of thick'ning gray,
The sun appears a glowing ball of fire.

But lo! he sinks fast in the western heaven;
Thro' murky shades the night bird slowly flies;
White-gathering clouds in swift confusion driven,
Portend a tempest low'ring in the skies.

The moon in darkness veils her crescent form,
Tho' late, Ohio, on thy breast she smiled;
Thy turbid wave rolls dark beneath the storm,
And round thy arks the rocking winds roar wild.

The shivering oak alarms the listening ear,
And scattered fragments cross the hunter's path;
The vengeful besom sweeps the gay parterre,
And ripening fields are marked with fearful scath.

Redoubling horror all the concave shrouds,
Reëchoing thunders startle and affright;
The lightnings dance among the subtle clouds
And stream athwart the stormy-bosom'd night.

Dark and sublime, amid the fitful glare,
Destruction rides triumphant on the storm,
While deep and fervent, hark! the voice of prayer
Is heard from lips that never learned its form.

'Mid scenes like this the spirit seems to pause,
In wordless dread, on Nature's awful verge;
Jehovah stands revealed, the eternal cause,
That wakes the storm and binds the mad'ning surge.

The Spider Elf.

JOHN GIBSON DUNN.

WHEN the wolf's whelp is howling in tangle-wood deep,
And the forest's low moaning hath lulled us to sleep,
The spider elf sits in the whispering leaves,
And he worketh, I ween, like a little philosopher;
Windward he traileth each thread as he weaves
The silvery web of his delicate gossamer.
With quick-plying fingers he hurleth it out,
And carefully watcheth the varying breeze;
He whirleth and twisteth and flitteth about,
Till he maketh it fast in the neighboring trees.
Quaint pranks, in the moonlight, he playeth, I ween,
As he danceth his rope o'er the shadowy stream,

And calleth his love from the opposite tree,
To join in the maze of his wild revelry.
Swinging and chirping and skipping along
To the wizard-like time of the whip-poor-will's song,—
Skyward and earthward, through odorous air,
Fitfully sweepeth the gibbering pair.

Like a necklace of silver and diamond beads,
The dew jewels shine on the gossamer rope,
Or drip on the grass and the blossoming weeds,
Where the night moth and all of his chirruping troop
Hold rout in the blossoms and bursting seeds.

No dew fay so glad when he windeth his horn,
From his cell in the first open blossom of morn;
Nor the katydid's chittering song when she tells
Her story of love in the bonny bluebells,
Nor spirit so happy, in water or wood,
As the spider elf perched o'er the murmuring flood;
For the quaintest of sprites is this elfin philosopher,
Building his fairylike bridge out of gossamer.

To a Ruin.

ELIJAH EVAN EDWARDS.

I.

ON the hill, O lonely ruin,
Emblem of the frail and mortal,
Grim Decay the all-undoing,
Peering through thy broken portal,
Schoolhouse old!

II.

Through the vale the brook is flowing,
Sad its murmur, yet enchanting:
O'er the path the weeds are growing
Rank and wild from Nature's planting,
Schoolhouse old.

III.

'Neath the rafters, sad and lonely,
Sits a bird of night complaining,
Plumed in sable, telling only
How thy glory hath been waning,
Schoolhouse old.

IV.

Years have passed since song and laughter
On the wayward breeze came swelling:
Gloom and silence followed after,
In thy moldy chambers dwelling,
Schoolhouse old.

V.

But in silence sadder, deeper,
Voices sweet are stilled forever;
Slumbers many a dreamless sleeper
In the churchyard by the river,
Schoolhouse old.

VI.

Years have passed, I too am going
To my chamber still and narrow,
Where the river's tide is flowing;
I may join them ere the morrow,
Schoolhouse old.

My Native Stream.

JEROME BONAPARTE GIRARD.

O LAUGHERY, my native stream,
Along thy banks how oft I've strayed
And watched the sun's last setting beam,
As ling'ring on thy breast it played:
I've stood and gazed upon thy tide
As it flowed onward to the main,
And felt that so my moments glide
To never more come back again.

The lovely vale I'll ne'er forget
Through which thy rapid waters flow,
In fancy's dream I see it yet,
Just as it looked long years ago:
I see the fields and lofty hills
O'er which I rambled when a boy;
The rapture of the vision fills
My heart with pure, unsullied joy.

The name thou bear'st, forever keep
In honor of the soldier brave
Whose ashes on thy border sleep
With not a stone to tell his grave;
But loving hearts shall cause to rise
A monument deep-laid and high,
Which shall relate his sad surprise,
How bravely fighting he did die.

My native stream, I'll never more
Live near thy waters swift and clear,
May walk no more thy pebbled shore,
Nor music of thy laughter hear;
Yet scenes of childhood's happy hours
Still bind me with a magic spell, —
My dear old home, ye walks and bowers,
I bid you all a long farewell.

The Star and the Sea.

JONATHAN W. GORDON.

THE star loved the sea and the sea loved the star,
But in vain, for they still were apart;
And the sea ever sighed to his mistress afar,
And sobbed in his sorrow and anguish of heart.

But the star, with a smile in her bright, flashing eye,
Looked down through night's shadows afar,
And saw, what no mistress e'er saw with a sigh,
In the heart of the sea the bright face of the star.

And she knew that her throne was the heart of the sea,
And was happy to know that she reigned there alone;
But the sea was not happy, — oh, how could he be,
Since naught but her shadow e'er came to his throne?

So the sea could not go to the queen of his heart,
And the star could not stoop from above;
Their love was in vain, for they still were apart,
And apart, could but dream of the rapture of love.

Mount Ranier.

FRANK W. HARNED.

THOU glorious gem of grandeur infinite
Wrought in the crown of Nature, boundless nurse,
Upon thy brow is eloquently writ
The majesty of Him, whose Hand diverse
Doth scatter seas and continents disperse.
For thou didst hear Creation's natal chime
From out of chaos wake the Universe;
Thou long hast been, nor younger art than Time,
Mute monitor of God and silently sublime.

When Phœbus paints thee with his golden bars,
The spirit ponders on thy majesty;
A brother of the ocean and the stars,
Unfathomable as eternity
And matchless in thy cold sublimity.
While thou hast heard each rising empire's tread
Resound from century to century,

Still towering toward the sky is spread
The splendid whiteness of thy vast cloud-cleaving head.

When through the nightly deep in splendor falls
The starlight on thy snowy diadem,
Then Beauty coldly hangs upon thy walls
And frosts thee o'er with many a glittering gem.
And when the sable host with cloudy hem
And somber trailing train sweep through the air,
With jeweled arms outstretched to welcome them
The Queen of Night doth mount thy silver stair,
While starry squadrons keep their watch eternal there.

Such are thy matchless glories, they do seem
Too beautiful for substance; airy things,
The panoramic visions of a dream.
Such as when borne on Fancy's painted wings,
The raptured theme around the spirit flings;
Such as do dimly speak of heights untrod,
Save by the faith (to which our being clings)
That in His image we survive the sod;
The deathless hope for immortality in God.

The Bonny Brown Quail.

LEE O. HARRIS.

THE song, the song of the bonny brown quail!
My heart leaps up at the joyous sound,
When first the gleam of the morning pale
Steals slowly over the dewy ground;

Ere yet the maples along the hill
  Are draped with fringes of sunlight gold,
I hear the notes of his piping shrill,
  From hill, and valley, and field, and wold—
    "'Tis light! 'Tis light!
    Bob White! Bob White!"
Then up he springs to the topmost rail,
  And struts and sings in his proud delight,
The song of the bonny brown quail.

Thus all day long in the tasseled corn,
  And where the willowy waters flow,
In fields by the blade of the reaper shorn;
  In copse, and dingle, and vale below;
Where star-crowned asters delight to stand,
  And golden-rods in their robes of state;
And in the furrows of fallow land,
  He calls aloud to his dusky mate:
    "All right! All right!
    Bob White! Bob White!"
And from her nook where the brambles trail,
  She guides the course of her whirring flight
By the song of the bonny brown quail.

O bonny bird with the necklaced throat,
  The song you sing is but brief and shrill,
And yet methinks there never was note
  More sweetly tuned by a master's skill.
And like the song of a vanished day,
  It fills my heart with a subtle joy,



LEE O. HARRIS.

Till, all forgetting my locks of gray,
I mock your whistle, again a boy:
"You're right! You're right!
Bob White! Bob White!"
The hair may whiten, the cheek may pale;
Time only mellows the old delight
In the song of the bonny brown quail.

When gliding slowly from east to west,
The long black shadows begin to crawl;
Ere dew has wetted his speckled breast,
The brown quail whistles his loud recall:
"Come home! Come home! The wind is still;
The light is paling along the sky;
The maples are nodding below the hill;
The world is sleepy and so am I."
"Good night! Good night!
Bob White! Bob White!"
The stars keep watch when the sunbeams fail,
And morn will waken the golden light,
And the song of the bonny brown quail.

A whirr of wings o'er the stubble brown;
A patter of feet below the hill;
A close brown circle, all nestled down —
"Bob White! Good night!" and all is still.
The rabbit passes with velvet tread,
And eyes of wonder that wink and peep;
The winds sing lullaby overhead,
And put the bonny brown quail to sleep.

Good night! Good night!
Bob White! Bob White!
Would I could hide in the dewy vale,
And bid the cares of the world good-night,
In song, like the bonny brown quail.

The Battle of the Winds and the Corn.

LEE O. HARRIS.

THE winds were a wild and vandal host,
The robbers of woodland bowers,
And laden with all things sweet, but most
With the breath of ravished flowers.
The corn was a brave and gallant band,
Disdaining the robber's spoil,
But rich with wealth of the fruitful land,
To gladden the heart of toil.

All night the winds in ambush lay,
In the depths of the upland wood;
All night the corn in its brave array,
In the shades of the valley stood;
No bivouac fire on the hill was seen,
No light in the valley camp,
And none by the stream that ran between,
Save the flash of the firefly's lamp.

But when the birds in the woodland bowers
Awakened on vine and tree,
The winds blew into the trumpet flowers,
And sounded the reveille;

And their stragglers hurried to and fro,
To plunder the clover blooms
While the marshaled hosts in the vale below
Stood tossing their knightly plumes.

For undismayed in their battle line
Was the host of the valiant corn,
And their hearts were strong with the dewy wine
From the rosy cup of morn.
Ten thousand swords, all flashing bright,
Were drawn for the coming fray;
Ten thousand pennons were dancing light
In the glow of the dawning day.

Then the winds in dashing and wild array
Came charging across the vale,
And the grass was beaten along the way
As with blows of a mighty flail.
But the brave green guardians of the plain —
They battled long and well,
And many a foeman shrieked with pain
Where their scimeters rose and fell.

Then the winds dashed fiercely through the field,
And the roar of the battle tide,
With shiver of blade and clash of shield,
Swept on to the farther side.
Then out and on, with a laugh of scorn,
They fled to the forest gloom;
But the sun that looked on the gallant corn
Saw many a tattered plume.

The Watermelon.

EDWIN S. HOPKINS.

WHERE rolls the broad Indus, and Nature reclines,
While strawberries redden on tropical vines,
Where golden globes follow the orange's bloom,
And lemon trees blossom while spices perfume;
Where poppies bloom red and the lily in fear
Turns pale at the sight in the vale of Cashmere,
We plucked the rich melon whose green beauty cheers
The languorous soul with its emerald spheres.
When cloudlets of April their showers distill,
And zephyrs of May skip o'er valley and hill;
When soft nights of June with an odorous sigh
Dissolve in distress at the dawn of July;
When sweltering August in rubicund ire
Sifts over the dark leaves his ashes of fire —
Then Chloe comes tripping with jolly delight,
In ebony dimples and ivories white,
Comes laden with green globes of exquisite wine,
Of beauty bucolic and vintage divine.
O, luscious perfection of fruitage, how dear
To all hearts of childhood thy memories are!
What glories expectant can ever compare
With thy ripe completeness so rich and so rare?
Come, Chloe, now flourish the glittering steel, —
Just hear how it crackles as if it could feel
The exquisite pain of a heart that is leal,
In luscious response to our thirsty appeal.
Let other lands boast of their sunnier climes,

Of olives and figs, pomegranates and limes;
But give me the land where apple trees bend
With fruits blushing red as the sunsets descend,
While over the hillock the melon vine trails,
In fields known of boyhood, whose fortitude fails,
When twilight and moonlight too temptingly blend,
Where woodlots begin and the rail fences end.
O, let me not ever thy sweetness forget,
Or twinges of conscience cause tears of regret!
The lips may be scorched by the kiss of red wine,
But bright eyes will sparkle when recalling thine.
What tremors of horror, what showers of bliss,
Give sadness in that, but give gladness in this!

The Dying Day.

BEN R. HYMAN.

WHEN slowly sinks the sun —
Ere night her shade has spun —
And seeks within the west
A peaceful rest,
The amber-gleaming rays
The earth a moment graze,
Then slowly fade to gray
Of waning day.

Now like a ghostly shroud
Low hangs a lurid cloud,
To hide from mortal sight
The dying light;

And through the misty air
The spectral glint and glare
Of astral tapers fall
Upon the pall.

And now the angels drape
The skies in somber crape,
And o'er all nature sweep
The shadows deep;
And from the darkness swells
A requiem note, which dwells
Upon the list'ning air
In vain despair.

Oh, day beyond recall!
The dews have mourned thy fall,
And glist'ning on thy bier
Is many a tear;
But soon another sun
Will dry them one by one,
And mem'ries of thy day
Will fade away.

Evening at Ardrossan.

MRS. NARCISSA LEWIS JENKINSON.

THE sun at last has sunk below
The far horizon's crimson glow,
The evening shadows gather slow
Above the sea and land.

The ships seem melting into mist;
To pools of gold and amethyst
Creep out slow waves that soft have kissed
The stretch of welcoming sand.

A far, pale cloud fair Jura lies,
A ghost-land 'neath mysterious skies;
Its twin wraith-mountains faintly rise
Across the molten plain.
Dim Islay of the Hebrides,
Kintyre afloat on hither seas —
What wondrous spirit-lands are these
That haunt the mystic main!

And sea-queen Arran strangely thrills
The heart to-night — its heathery hills
Seamed thick with diamond threaded rills
That bright in sunlight shone,
A fairy bride with emerald crown
And gleaming jewels rippling down,
And robe of plaided green and brown
With misty veil o'erthrown.

To southward Ailsa Craig uprears;
Its adamant of myriad years
A spirit sentinel appears,
To guard the storied Ayr.
The vocal woods, the daisied ground
Where erst the muse her poet found —
The land of Burns, so glory-crowned —
Sleep 'neath its brooding care.

The Wistful Days.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

(*From "Songs of Liberty," The Century Co.*)

WHAT is there wanting in the Spring?
The air is soft as yester-year;
The happy-nested green is here,
And half the world is on the wing.
The morning beckons, and like balm
Are westward waters blue and calm;
Yet something 's wanting in the Spring.

What is it wanting in the Spring?
O April, lover to us all,
What is so poignant in thy thrall
When children's merry voices ring?
What haunts us in the cooing dove
More subtle than the speech of Love,
What nameless lack or loss of Spring?

Let Youth go dally with the Spring,
Call her the dear, the fair, the young;
And all her graces ever sung
Let him, once more rehearsing, sing;
They know, who keep a broken tryst,
Till something from the Spring be missed
We have not truly known the Spring.

Bob White.

MRS. ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

JUST now, beyond the turmoil and the din
Of crowded streets that city walls shut in,
I hear the whistle of a quail begin:
"Bob White! Bob White!"
So faintly and far away falling
It seemed that a dream voice was calling,
"Bob White! Bob White!"
How the old sights and sounds come thronging
And thrill me with sudden longing!

Through quiet country lanes the sunset shines,
Fence corners where the wild rose climbs and twines,
And blooms in tangled blackberry vines,
"Bob White! Bob White!"
I envy yon home-going swallow;
Oh, but swiftly to rise and follow —
Follow its flight,
Follow it back with happy flying,
Where green-clad hills are calmly lying.

Wheat fields whose golden silences are stirred
By whirling insect wings, and naught is heard
But plaintive calling of that one sweet word,
"Bob White! Bob White!"

And a smell of the clover growing
In the meadow lands ripe for mowing,
All red and white,
Over the shady creek comes sailing,
Past willows in water trailing.

Tired heart, 'tis but in dreams I turn my feet
Again to wander in the ripening wheat,
And hear the whistle of the quail repeat,
"Bob White! Bob White!"
But oh! there is joy in the knowing,
That somewhere green pastures are growing,
Though out of sight,
And the light on those church spires dying,
On the old home meadow is lying.

White River.

MRS. JOSIE V. H. KOONS.

WHEN sunbeams fall in showers of gold,
At morning on thy dimpled face,
I wander by thy side, controlled
By visions of a vanquished race;
Who loved thee in the days of old
And trod the paths my footsteps trace.

When noontide warms the banks of green
Where languid elms their watches keep,
Some memory in thy heart, I ween,

Of sorrow makes thy waters weep,
And wind around with weary mien
The wrinkled rocks where turtles sleep.

When evening's crown of rainbow hues
With glory lights the somber west,
Its crimson flame I watch it lose,
Upon thy palpitating breast,
And fain would know, the while I muse,
The burden of thy deep unrest.

And when the pale moon laughs on high
To see her image in thy deeps
'Mong shadows of the elm trees lie,
All tremulous, about me creeps
The murmur of thy soul — the sigh,
The cry, of one that never sleeps.

Stubble.

MARY HANNAH KROUT.

OVER the hills the soft sky hangs unclouded
Through all the pleasant day;
Down the long valley under willowy arches
The bright brook threads its way;
Upon the trees the leaves still hang unfaded,
And, in the long, green grass,
A few wild flowers still hide their timid faces
When the fierce sunbeams pass.

Still the cool, dewy dusk of early morning
Is jubilant with song;
The drowsy locusts drone, and noisy insects
Chirp shrilly all day long.
There is no sign of Autumn who, approaching,
Brings swift and brilliant death,
When every shivering leaf shall fall and wither
Beneath his blighting breath.

There is no sign, — save where the naked wheat fields,
Of all their plenty shorn,
Show only wastes of yellow stubble bordered
By bannered fields of corn.
Only this left, of all the transformations
That in each stalk were wrought;
Up from the germ new change each change succeeding
At last perfection brought.

No; where the barn's wide doors swing idly open
I see the heaped-up sheaves,
And of the ripe threshed grain catch golden glimpses
Piled neath the dim, brown eaves.
So, though these fields lie dead when earth is fairest,
From all her bloom apart,
Each grain they bore is safely stored for winter
With sunshine in its heart.

O loving friend! if, when 'tis yet life's summer,
Earth's griefs have made you old,
Look where the past forever in safe keeping
Their garnered harvests hold;

For, if but one sweet word has been remembered
Through long, slow years of pain,
The saddest soul can never say in sorrow
That it has lived in vain.

Old Brown's Head.

(A high projecting rock on the coast of Maine.)

MRS. JENNIE G. KINLEY.

SADLY I sit in my distant home,
And think of the sounding sea,
And the waves that break on Old Brown's Head
Dwell in my memory.

I listen, in thought, to the sea gull's scream,
And see the waves at play,
Roaring and dashing on Old Brown's Head
Through all the summer's day.

In fancy, I gather the mosses brown,
And garner the shining shells,
And climb the rough rocks of Old Brown's Head
That rise like sentinels.

The stately ships, in the midday light,
Seem floating on seas of pearl,
And memory sits on Old Brown's Head
Watching the sails unfurl.

The distant islands like specks appear,
Adorned by a purple mist,
And seem, as I gaze on Old Brown's Head,
By perpetual sunshine kissed;

And the time when life and heart were young
Seems a golden gala day,
When I dreamed on the bluffs of Old Brown's Head,
Heedless of work or play.

But now, I gaze on the years to come,
Through a sheen of dewy mist,
While the past, from the top of Old Brown's Head
Is a world of amethyst.

The Day's Burial.

MRS. FRANCES LOCKE.

UP the zenith floats a cloud,
White and bound with gold —
Like a giant monarch's shroud
O'er the sky unrolled,
Ready for the royal dead —
Ready to enfold.

Slowly from the sloping west,
On their silver steeds,
Ride the mourners darkly dress'd —
Widows in their weeds —
While from out each wounded breast
Crimson anguish bleeds.

Grander greatness never wept
In the vales terrestrial;
Prouder pageant never swept
O'er the heights celestial;
But the funeral glare grows dim,
Twilight chants the closing hymn.

In the silent, solemn gray,
All the saintly stars,
Launched in the ethereal wave,
Tremblingly begin to pray,
As they guard the newmade grave
Of the vanished day.

A Pastoral.

JAMES B. MARTINDALE.

BROOKLET! Laughing little brooklet,
Winding through my native dell;
Keeper of my heart's young secret,
Have you kept the secret well?
Boyhood's secrets are a burden;
And with no one else to tell,
Tell me, have you kept it well?

How you sparkled in the moonlight,
Laughing down my boyish woe;
Lightly bearing my heart's burden
In your ceaseless onward flow.

Fain would I have drifted with you,
Whither caring not to know,
In that time of long ago.

Ah, that hour! I still remember,
How my life seemed to divide,
And a past it seemed to have then,
And a future blank and wide.
And my choice was fixed to wander
In the world that lay outside,
World mysterious and untried.

Brooklet, happy little brooklet,
You have kept my secret well;
For the play is almost ended.
Hark! I hear the curtain bell.
Bear it now unto the ocean,
Where are secrets none can tell.
Happy brooklet, fare thee well.

The Old House Fly.

DR. JAMES NEWTON MATHEWS.

I.

GO throw the shutters open wide, and lift the windows high,
Let out the silence and the gloom, let in the jolly fly;
I'm weary of this stale repose, and long to hear again
The sweetest sound of all the year, the fly upon the pane;—

I long to see him bobbing up and down on sill and sash,
I long to feel his tickling tread upon my soft mustache;
I love to see him tilting on his slender, tender toes,
I love to watch him bump, and buzz, and balance on his nose;—
In all the universe, to-day, of merry song and glee,
O, tell me where's another that is happier than he?
Then throw the shutters open wide, and lift the windows high,
Let out the gloom and silence, and let in the jolly fly.

II.

O, the old house fly! O, the brave house fly!
A-straddling o'er the butter dish, a-sprawling o'er the pie, —
A-jogging thro' the jell and jam and jouncing round the cream,
And prone to risk a summer sail upon the milky stream;
A roving life the rascal leads thro' all the busy hours,
A-sipping only of the sweets, and skipping all the sours;
A button-headed roustabout, a lover light and bold,
Who revels on the ripest lips that mortal eyes behold;
Who clambers up the softest cheek, and up the whitest arm,
And loiters on the fairest breast that ever love made warm;
Then throw the shutters open wide, and lift the windows high,
Let out the silence and the gloom, let in the jolly fly.

III.

O, the old house fly! O, the jolly house fly!
He was present at our coming, he'll be with us when we die;
From Turkestan to Mexico, his broad dominion runs,
And his nature never changes with the "process of the suns";
From the days of dusky Cheops, down thro' centuries of dirt,
'T is a matter of conjecture if he ever washed his shirt;
He has dined with every poet from the patriarchal Chaucer,
He has taken pleasure trips in Billy Shakespeare's saucer;
He dipped his saucy noddle into Cleopatra's cup,
When the amorous Antonius his kingdom offered up;
Then throw the shutters open wide, and lift the windows high,
Let out the silence and the gloom, let in the jolly fly.

IV.

O, the old house fly! O, the naughty house fly;
He dances on the baby's lip and on the dead man's eye;
He's first to taste the tawny wine within the tippler's glass,
He prances on the suppliant's nose, whene'er he goes to mass;
He's found within the skipper's hut, and in the gilded hall,
A giddy gambolier who pays his compliments to all;

When our mothers rocked the cradles, in the cabins of our birth,
His happy chorus blended with the cricket on the hearth, —
And I love the recollection of the hours I've seen him crawl,
In the summer time of childhood, up and down the whitened wall;
Then throw the shutters open wide, and lift the windows high,
Let out the gloom and silence, and let in the jolly fly.

June Roses.

MRS. HETTIE ATHON MORRISON.

WHEN the skies are overarching,
In their blue of dazzling splendor,
And the airs, through leafy forests,
Call in whispers low and tender;
When each rosy morn is wakened
By the vows of some bird lover,
And the honeybees still linger
'Mid the dewy blooms of clover;
When, all melody and beauty,
Earth in sweetest calm reposes,
Then Heaven's fairest gift is given —
She is crowned with sweet June roses.

Saintly white as holy virgins,
Consecrated brides of Heaven,

Warmly flushing as a maiden
When love's sweet, first kiss is given,
Glowing red as ardent lovers
Fondest love words fondly breathing,
Are the roses — all the hillsides,
All the vales with beauty wreathing;
Oh! a time when hearts should gladden,
When from morn till twilight closes,
Sweetest joy through earth's heart pulses,
And she wears her wreath of roses.

Fair to me the sweet June roses;
Though my tears are freely falling,
As my thoughts in sad remembrance
One June morn will keep recalling,
When its fairest blooms I gathered,
And their freshness scarce departed
Ere the eyes were closed that loved them,
And death left me broken-hearted.
Ever since to me the saddest
Time is when the earth reposes
In her fairest bloom and beauty
'Neath her crown of sweet June roses.

The Wind Patrol.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

NO guard ventures to ask toll
Of the wind's midnight patrol,
And no eyes, however keen,
Have its flying legion seen.

But a thousand times and one,
I have heard the wind men run.
In the peaceful summer night
Or when snows lie cold and white,
From their far, unmapped abode
In contempt of path and road
Come the wind men like a breath,
Fatefully, and swift as death.
Sometimes with a battle clash
Through the forest trees they dash;
And at other times they creep
Like a dream through vales of sleep.
Now the wind men of the day
Other spirits must obey;
But these midnight riders own
Potent charms no day has known,
Whether leaving in their wake
Needful rain or snowy flake,
Or, the earliest night in spring,
Making all the sap to sing.
Elms and beeches in my wood
Long as guard for me have stood;
But across their barricade
Ride the wind men unafraid,
And, with fearful challenge roar,
Charge upon my pane and door.
Then before the house grows still
They have gained the farthest hill
Of my quiet valley's marge,
Thence again to charge and charge.

Christmas in the Pines.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

THE sky was clear all yesterday,
From dawn until the sunset's flame;
But when the red had grown to gray,
Out of the west the snow clouds came.

At midnight by the dying fire,
Watching the spruce boughs glow and pale,
I heard outside a tumult dire,
And the fierce roaring of the gale.

Now with the morning comes a lull;
The sun shines boldly in the east
Upon a world made beautiful
In vesture for the Christmas feast.

Into the pathless waste I go,
With muffled step among the pines
That, robed in sunlight and soft snow,
Stand like a thousand radiant shrines.

Save for a lad's song, far and faint,
There is no sound in all the wood;
The murmuring pines are still; their plaint
At last was heard and understood.

Here floats no chime of Christmas bell,
There is no voice to give me cheer;
But through the pine wood all is well,
For God and love and peace are here.

The Bonnie Brown Bird in the Mulberry Tree.

MRS. REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

IN a green meadow, laced by a silvery stream,
Where the lilies all day seem to float in a dream
On the soft gurgling waves, in their bright pebbled bed —
Where the emerald turf sprang up light from the tread —
In the days that have vanished, forever, for me,
There grew in its prime a red Mulberry Tree.

How stalwart its form — what a wealth of green leaves!
Where the sunlight came sifting, like rain, through the eaves,
With a right royal canopy stretched overhead,
And the ruby-like berries strung on a gold thread,
Enticing the birds, and enticing to me,
As I swung through the air, 'neath the Mulberry Tree.

'T was cunningly fastened, that swing, on a bough,
And the rich-freighted branches brushed lightly my brow,
As up I rose higher than others might dare,
And tasted the joys of the birds in the air: —
While one little warbler, with throat full of glee,
Built its nest every spring in the Mulberry Tree.

Oh! sunshine that mocketh, whose light is so cold,
Where, where is the glory that crowned you of old?

Where hides the soft splendor that brightened the ways,
And dazzled the child, in those spell-woven days?
Where sings the sweet bird that once sang unto me,
From its zephyr-rocked nest in the Mulberry Tree?

Away with this thought! — let me dream like a child;
Let me bound o'er the meadow, with hair streaming wild!
Once more in the swing, and with nothing to fear,
The sun shining brightly, the heav'ns beaming clear;
And hark! 'tis the strain of a lost melody
From the bonnie brown bird in the Mulberry Tree.

Sing on! — is it true I e'er wandered from this?
That I've drunk of each sorrow — have tasted each bliss?
That the world, with its lures, with its lies and its art,
Has rolled a cold stone o'er the tomb of the heart?
Is it true, laughing meadow — oh, verdurous sea!
That a child swings no more 'neath the Mulberry Tree?

Sing on! — how it steals o'er each chord — through each vein,
And fills every sense with an exquisite pain;
Now whisp'ring with memory, now murm'ring of love,
Now lifting the soul to the star realms above;
Thus Hope, in the heart, sang once sweetly to me,
As the bonnie brown bird in the Mulberry Tree.

Sing on, gentle minstrel, as upward I spring
Through the element rare, in the rapturous swing!

Ah! yes, those are tones once familiar in years,
Ere the bolt was shot back from the gateway of tears!
How long — oh, how long, wilt thou sing thus to me,
Thou bonnie brown bird in the Mulberry Tree?

How long? It has ceased: — the hoarse drum and the throng
Have broken the thread of its Heaven-taught song:
The meadow has faded — the lilies have died;
The stream in its bed has been shrunken and dried;
And no child ever swings there in innocent glee,
Or hears a brown bird in the Mulberry Tree.

Apostrophe to the Sun.

PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN.

FIT type of One who rose with healing in His wings,
Thou glorious orb, great source of light and heat and earth,
The source of vital power to plant and beast and man,
Source of electric thrill, and magnet's mystic trend,
We hail thee, sent from heaven to bless thy offspring, earth!
Thy balmy breath calls forth her verdure's charming growth,
The odors and the hues that make the floral throng,
Entrance the mortal eye and please th' olfactory sense.
Thy beams reflect the pearls from dew-dropped floral cup,
Thy irised arch gives pledge that not by deluge-flood
Shall earth again be swept, to punish sinful man.

Thy strong attractive power holds to unvarying course
This circling earth, amid the starry host of heaven.
What wonder that, untaught by God's sweet sacred writ,
The Parsee's wondering soul does homage to thy light!
How happy we, informed by Biblic-gathered truth
That thy creative Lord is man's Eternal God;
And that, in love divine, He calls us "children dear";
Inviting each and all, at eventide and morn,
On prostrate knee, to ask that we may all receive
From Him who made the world, our Heavenly Father, kind,
Eternal life with Him when earth shall be no more!

Rainy Days at the Farm.

WILLIAM W. PFRIMMER.

FOR three whole days no sun has shone,
For three whole nights no star nor moon
Has struggled through the low-hung clouds;
A dismal gloom the world enshrouds.
Across the vale the mist-cloud drifts
With many torn and ragged rifts
That half conceal and half disclose
The plane trees where the river flows.
But now and then, with mutterings deep,
Like giants grumbling, half asleep,
A darker pall o'erspreads the plain;
Then comes the downpour of the rain.
The rill no longer laughing leaps
Down from its rocky ledge, and creeps

Beneath the old rail fence to play
In brambled ambush all the day;
But in its stead a raging tide,
Disdaining pleasures on each side,
In angry haste now seems to go
To join the sullen stream below.
No sound is heard o'er hill and dale
Save now and then a piping quail
Or partridge drumming in the wood,
Where once the heavy timber stood.
Low fly the swallow and the bat,
The mildew gathers 'neath the mat;
The tidy housewife, in despair,
Finds grimy footprints everywhere.
The farmer stands beside his gate
And views with looks disconsolate
His sodden fields of tangled grain,
Low beaten by the wind and rain,
Or sits within the silent room
A prey to discontent and gloom,
While at his feet the house dog lies,
A dreamy sadness in his eyes.
Time seems to go with lagging speed,
For rainy days are long indeed;
And longer still if they are blent
And mingled with discouragement.

But where the old barn gables rise
With moss-grown roofs toward leaden skies,
From just beneath, or down below,
For who can tell, or who may know,

There comes the muffled shout and din
Of joyous rioting within.
Ah, who can tell by what strange ways,
Or by what means on rainy days
The farmer boys all seem to know
To just which neighbor's barn to go?

There lowering skies and driving rain
May try their powers all in vain
To dampen spirits light and free,
Or check their boist'rous revelry.
There romping madcaps free from harm,
Protected by some unseen charm,
Climb to the lofty beams and leap
Down to the clover's scented heap;
Burrow like moles beneath the hay;
Race like squirrels from bin to bay;
Or play again those dear old games
The mention of whose very names
Wakes in my heart a vain regret,
A sense of loss, a something yet
That time can never quite efface,
That later joys cannot replace.
Play on, ye madcaps, free from care!
Let older hearts the burden bear;
For all too soon ye each must own
The sweetest pleasures you have known
Lie somewhere lost among the plays
In old farm barns on rainy days.

Indian Summer.

JOHN W. SHOCKLEY.

ONCE, yearly, as earth coasts the rim
Of wide celestial seas,
We hail the shores of Dreamland dim,
Whence many a summer breeze
With pensive memories, day and night,
Stirs all the autumn haze —
Dripping the leaves in calm delight
Through Indian Summer days.

Here, ere the white Caucasian sail
Flapped round Columbia's strand,
The Indian, dying, struck the trail
To Happy Hunting land;
And passed 'neath leafy arches far
With faithful dog and bow,
To where the Spirit Game-lands are
Beyond the sunset glow.

And, as he passed, he filled the wood
With hunting songs so fair,
They die not, but with ebb and flood,
Live aye unheard in air;
And through the pulse of kindred souls,
Recalling dog and gun,
While earth thro' painted leaf-fall rolls,
The sweet songs ever run.

And now beneath the hazy dome,
While trees their leaves drip down,
The hunter seeks his forest home,
Afar from field and town;
For he must sleep in cozy tent,
'Mid hills, by sylvan streams,
With many colored leaves besprent,
To dream his sweetest dreams.

For while the primal hunting man
Tents in the cultured brain
In groves of thought still trod by Pan,
And Dian lives again,
'T is sweet to list with dreaming ear
To dogs in woodlands deep,
Baying the trail of startled deer
As morn awakes from sleep.

Blest season, when each purple dawn
Shows thro' the leaf-stained air
The curtain of our sleep updrawn,
And one fair dream still there —
A hunter in the forest shade
'Neath Indian Summer's sun,
Chasing the deer o'er hill and glade
With faithful dog and gun.

The March Frosts.

EVALEEN STEIN.

(*By permission of Small, Maynard & Co.*)

THE little leaves that tip the trees
With palest greenery everywhere,
O bitter nights, that blight and freeze,
And hurtling winds and icy air,
Forbear! forbear!
Have you no tenderness for these,
Nor any care?

No pity for the buds that break
And fringe the maples, rosy red,
The starting apple-sprays, that make
A silver fretwork overhead?
When these are dead,
How shall the April for their sake
Be comforted?

Oh, all my heart is full of pain!
The hurt they feel is hurt to me!
The helpless little leaves! I fain
Would cherish them so tenderly,
It might not be
Such cruel grief should fall again
On any tree!

I would that I could gently fold,
Against my breast, for sheltering,
Each tiniest bud the peach boughs hold,
And every gracious bourgeoning
Of everything;
So fondling them, through frost and cold,
Until the spring!

The Marshes.

EVALEEN STEIN.

(*By permission of Small, Maynard & Co.*)

PALE, shimmering skies that lightly bear
Fine, filmy clouds that idly fare
In lazy wavering, wheresoe'er
The faint, uncertain breezes go;
And even so,
In airy motion down below,
Tall wild rice, wild rice everywhere!

From out the marshy wilderness,
With plumes and pennons numberless,
In endless lines its armies press;
The very river it besets,
And foils and frets,
With leaves like little bayonets
That pierce the light and glint and gleam
And glitter in the midmost stream;



EVALEEN STEIN.

And so besieged and closed about,
The captive waves lap in and out
Among the lacing stems, and creep
Through flowered grasses, and through deep
Translucent pools wherein they seem
To drowse and dream
In draughts of liquid light, and steep
In sunbeams, till, too spent to stir,
They sink into a golden sleep,
So held perpetual prisoner.

And over all there softly plays,
Through summer days,
A marvel of pale violet haze
That sheathes and wreathes and overlays
The thousand swaying plumes that rise
From all those silvery water-ways,
Wherein the drowsy river lies,
Content to clasp the gracious skies
That twinkle through its tangled maze,
And nestle in it lazywise.

And, now and then, a wild bird flies
From hidden haunts among the reeds;
Or, faintly heard, a bittern cries
Across the tasseled waterweeds;
Or, floating upward from the green
Young willow wands, with sunny sheen
On pearly breast, and wings outspread,
A white crane journeys overhead.

For leagues on leagues no sign is there
Of any snare
For human toil, nor grief, nor care;
The fields for bread lie otherwhere.
— Only the wild rice, straight and tall,
The wild rice waving over all.

Honeysuckles.

WILLIAM B. VICKERS.

STRETCHED idly in recumbent ease
Upon the green and velvet grass,
Through leaves of overarching trees,
I watch the fleecy cloudlets pass.

There to the right the roses blush,
And on the left are rich perfumes;
But sweetest incense seems to gush
From where the honeysuckle blooms.

And from its honey-laden breath —
Food for the fairy humming bird —
Remembrance springs as life from death,
And thoughts of other days are stirred.

Back to my youth my fancies flee;
I seem to hear glad voices swell,
And through half-closéd eyes to see
The honeysuckle by the well,

The farmhouse porch, the open door,
The garden walls, the orchard bars,
The welcome heard on earth no more,
But whispered to me from the stars —

All these, and more, I see and hear,
And pleasant dreams my sense enthralls,
While over and beyond me there
The honeysuckle's fragrance falls.

To the Ohio River.

MRS. BESSIE H. WOOLFORD.

THEY may talk of the Danube and castle-crowned Rhine,
Of the rivers that flow where the olive and vine
Rise up in fair France, or by Italy's sea;
Yet, than all famous streams thou art dearer to me,
In the darkness of night, or with sunlight a-quiver:
On-flowing forever, O beautiful river!

When the trees that God planted in Eden were young,
When the nations of Earth were one kindred and tongue,
Ere a leader arose to make Israel free,
Or the Nazarene wandered by fair Galilee,
Then, as now, thou wert flowing forever and ever,
Through ages of silence, O beautiful river!

Was no future foretold thee, no prophecy heard
In the sigh of the wind, or the song of the bird,
Of the cities that smile where thy bright waters gleam,
Like the beautiful visions we see when we dream,
Or in childhood's fresh morning when fancy floats free
As yon rose-bordered cloud that is mirrored in thee?

The song thou art singing with rhythmical flow,
Is the song thou wert singing long æons ago,
When thy waters welled sparkling and pure from their source,
And the finger of God marked thy bounds and thy course;
Still thine alders will bend, and thine aspen trees quiver,
O'er thy moon-flooded surface, thou beautiful river!

Flow on, bearing with thee the tide of the years,
Our joys and our sorrows, our smiles and our tears;
Flow on with unchanging, unchangeable motion, —
Like thee, we move on to Eternity's ocean; —
Till life shall be lost in the Life of the Giver,
Onward, flow onward, O beautiful river!

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Song of the Sea.

ROBERT H. BREWINGTON.

BESIDE the winding rock-bound shore
The white-capped breaker's ceaseless roll
Rings out an anthem evermore,
Wild music that enchants the soul.

O restless, wild, tumultuous wave,
Child of the dread unfathomed sea!
Thy voice, sepulchral as the grave,
Is full of deep-toned mystery.

Who taught thee how to chant the strain
Of weird, entrancing melody
That thrills my soul and whirls my brain?
Give answer, O thou restless sea!

Are these the voices of the past,
That far-off, dim, mysterious time,
That through life's corridors so vast
Sweep onward with a march sublime?

Perchance these sobbing, sighing tones
Are but the echoes of the gale
Whose fearful swell and piteous moans
Made stout hearts faint and cheeks grow pale.

Or is this wildly wailing sound
The voice of many myriad dead,
Who, sinking in the depths profound,
Found sepulcher on ocean bed?

Art silent still? O sounding sea,
Speak to this wondering heart of mine,
And tell me whence this voice may be,
If the dread secret may be thine. —

"O dull of ear, devoid of skill
To catch the meaning of the strain,
'T is His own voice whose accents fill
Eternal space, His wide domain.

"Nor yet in me is heard alone
That voice divine: its glories thrill
And murmur in each undertone
Of sighing breeze and tuneful rill."

The Edge of the Woods.

JETHRO C. CULMER.

HERE clover blooms and is the brown bee's theme —
A little brook slips down from its high well,
Tinkles upon the ripple like a bell,
And fails among the rushes like a dream.
The wilds are soft with many a misty gleam —
Some near vine sheds its fragrance, and a spell
Of hidden song falls ceaselessly, to quell
Morrows and yesterdays and thoughts extreme.

'T is good to be with mother earth apart —
To lie in her warm lap and hush my cry,

Seeing the rosebuds into color start —
To listen to her gentle lullaby
Of lowly things, and soothe my anxious heart
When its wild longings push against the sky.

In September.

JETHRO C. CULMER.

NOW sunburned Autumn comes among the hills,
Flouting the green conventions. She is strong —
The sumac reddens as she comes along,
And the wan marsh with fire of gold she fills.
The sun makes haste, and undue heat he spills
Into the noon, and lank grasshoppers throng
The rusty steeps. The locust sings his song
With growing stress — I know not what he wills.

From lowland corn fields, standing stark and pale,
With tattered shadows carpeting their ways,
I hear at intervals a lonely quail
Who makes his meaning clear in simple phrase —
He listens where the morning glories trail,
And calls amain throughout the startled maize.

The Red Bird in Winter.

JETHRO C. CULMER.

WHEN wintry woods are silent with the cold
And all the paths are deep with dazzling grit,
Some gracious mood of Fortune may permit
A weary-eyed snow-gazer to behold

The vivid red bird. He is blithe and bold,
Haunting the dreary elm tops, he will sit
Beside the dark green mistletoe, or flit
In ruddy flame athwart the frozen wold.

Some morning, when the glory of the sun
Falls upon groves of crystal, he will sing
A pæan of the universe, so fit
That all the shadowy purlieus shall be won
And dreams be born of fair realms, widening
From mortal coigne to verges infinite.

Evening Song.

MRS. IDA MAY DAVIS.

FAREWELL, sweet day;
Thy thoughts and mine in perfect tune
And rhyme have blent this day of June;
And ere the rapture of thy spell
Dissolves, I turn to thee and say,
Sweet day, farewell.

Farewell, sweet day;
For I would rather part from thee
With every chord in harmony
Than meet thee in the cold, gray light
Of morrow's morn. Thus, glad I say,
Sweet day, good night.

Affirmation.

ORPHEUS EVERTS.

SEE how the sunlight down the sloping side
Of yonder mountain, chased by flying shades,
Ripples and leaps like a receding tide,
Till lost below in shadows! 'T is thus fades
The light of earth. But far above the glades
Of earth expands high heaven — and see! swift light
Already climbs the archways of the skies,
And conscious clouds are blushing, glorified,
Transfigured by its touch! Soon will arise
The full-orbed moon, and many a star beside:
Bright beacons in the wide expanse of night,
Serene and beautiful! O heart! O eyes! —
Through which my soul now sees — no light that's born
e'er dies.

Garfield and Lincoln.

ORPHEUS EVERTS.

A NATION mourns! Its sorrowing flag is furled!
Nor faith, nor hope, nor love could save from death,
Nor tears, nor prayers, prolong the vital breath
Of him — the foremost man of all the world!
Why should death's shafts at such a mark be hurled?
Inscrutable thy ways, O Providence!
And high above man's plane of grov'ling sense
Where mortals crawl and question God's intent.

And still "God rules," and still "the Government
Lives on," — as when in yonder Capitol
Aforetime lay a murdered President.
Garfield and Lincoln! — names forever blent!
The brightest blazoned on Columbia's scroll,
Where "Washington" still glows with luster permanent.

Inspiration.

ELIZABETH E. FOULKE.

A THOUGHT has fallen from the skies;
Dim, saintly pure, above the throng
That toils unheeded 'mid earth's wrong,
It floats, unseen of mortal eyes,
Beyond our yearnings and our cries,
A wraith that would embody song,
Or glow in beauty rare and strong,
If cast in other guise.
Oh, thou of spirit grand and free,
Whose glance can pierce the blue,
Reveal the heavenly mystery,
For God's own thoughts that pulsate through
Infinitudes of azure sea,
Were powerless all, except for thee.

Easter Hymn.

ELIZABETH E. FOULKE.

LILIES that bloom for the Easter Day,
Soul of a plant from the miry clay;

"Look, little child," they seem to say,
"Your spirit shall bloom in some such way."

They take their strength from the darksome mold;
Their dream of hope from the sunlight's gold.
Within the heart of the lily's shrine
Was hid the plan of a flower divine.

Far in the distance of olden days
Lived One who moved in the earthly ways;
Yet staunch was He, and as pure as these, —
The stately lilies that stem the breeze.

And when, on an Easter long ago,
He rose from the things of earth below,
As a plant that in the soil had striven,
His soul bloomed free in the light of heaven.

And so may any whose lifted face
Sees still the radiance of His grace;
Who carries hid in his earthly shrine
A faithful image of One Divine.

A Sonnet.

EDWIN S. HOPKINS.

ALONG the fields that shimmer in the glare
Of noontide silence, lulled by droning bees,
The quivering aspens doze among the trees,
And in the meadows, sunburnt, brown, and bare,

Swept by the reaper's polished scimiter,
In shrill delight the loud grasshoppers tease
With jangling notes the grotesque cicadas
Whose drowsy cadence soothes the sultry air.
Urged idly onward by the frequent goad,
The panting yoke with tardy languor leaves
The dry, hot stubble for the dusty road,
And half-asleep, with clumsy patience heaves
From side to side the shrilly creaking load
Of summer sunshine bound in golden sheaves.

Grant.

BENJAMIN DAVENPORT HOUSE.

"Let us have peace!"

O MIGHTY captain! Thou whose name will go
Adown the ages while the years shall run,
And blazoned be the deeds that thou hast done
While fronting iron-nerved thy country's foe,
Sun-bright with ever golden glow,—
Oh, savior! who from war's red furnace won
Unscorched, the flag bequeathed by Washington, —
Thou hast a nation's love that passeth show.

O folded hands, that held war's bridle reins!
O tired heart! thou hast at last release
From all earth's fret and sense-enslaving pains.
Let every sound of mournful wailing cease
For thy white tent is pitched on restful plains,
Where thou hast found at length the longed-for peace.

Were it but True.

BENJAMIN DAVENPORT HOUSE.

AH! were the legend of Pygmalion true,
I think my hand would clench the chisel so
That all my soul would to my fingers flow,
Till they would bring my inmost thoughts to view,
As I should from the shapeless marble hew
A form that, like your own, should surely grow
So true, that 'neath my carving hand would show
My soul's ideal — the counterpart of you.

And not as stone should there unbreathing lie
A soulless shape wrought by the sculptor's knife;
For I would voice my soul with such a cry
That it should hear and rise, my breathing wife,
Breaking its sleep with love's awaking sigh,
When I had loved it into pulsing life.

Revealment.

BENJAMIN DAVENPORT HOUSE.

ONE day when winter all the landscape drest,
Within a barn's half-twilight gloom I heard
A chirp of summer sound, as though some bird,
More than a mere fairweather staying guest,
Had dared the north wind's cold anear the nest,
Where late its heart to happy song was stirred,
And past my gaze a frightened robin whirred,
The tint of summer sunsets on its breast.

And all the mows were wind-waved grass again,
And humming, honey-hunting bees were fed
Where bobolinks sing o'er their mad refrain,
In fields where clover's sweet perfume is shed;
And glowed again the ripened, golden grain,
Through that one little spot of summer's red.

An Irish Love Song.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

(*From "Songs of Liberty," The Century Co.*)

IN the years about twenty
(When kisses were plenty)
The love of an Irish lass fell to my fate —
So winsome and sightly,
So saucy and sprightly,
The priest was a prophet that christened her Kate.

Soft gray of the dawning,
Bright blue of the morning,
The sweet of her eye there was nothing to mate;
A nose like a fairy's,
A cheek like a cherry's,
And a smile — well, her smile was like — nothing but Kate.

To see her was passion,
To love her, the fashion;
What wonder my heart was unwilling to wait!
And, daring to love her,
I soon did discover
A Katharine masking in mischievous Kate.

No Katie unruly,
But Katharine, truly —
Fond, serious, patient, and even sedate;
With a glow in her gladness
That banishes sadness —
Yet stay! Should I credit the sunshine to *Kate?*

Love cannot outlive it,
Wealth cannot o'ergive it —
That saucy surrender she made at the gate.
Oh, Time, be but human,
Spare the girl in the woman!
You gave me my Katharine — leave me my Kate!

To ——.

WM. W. H. McCURDY.

IF I to-morrow should be lying dead,
My toils all ended and my journey sped,
And thou should'st come with tearful eyes to trace
Life's last emotions in my tranquil face,
Thou could'st not fail to find deep graven there
The patent record of a long despair,
'Gainst which through all the weary years I strove,
Since lost the priceless blessing of thy love.
If deeper still thy subtle glance should dart
And win the secret written on my heart,
Then should'st thou know, by that memorial taught,
To thee, alone, I gave my dying thought;

And that the love for thee on earth I bore
Survives, immortal, on the eternal shore.

A Sonnet.

FREEMAN E. MILLER.

THE sweetest lilies, with their lips of snow,
Are born in sunless valleys where the maze
Of backward nature lingers and the woe
Of wastes deserted rules the lonely ways;
The fairest roses of the summer throw
Their dainty fragrance on the balmy days,
Where dismal forests weave their tangled sprays
And shadows dark are dancing to and fro;
So in the hearts where deepest sorrows sleep,
The fondest dreams of human hope abound,
And from the souls of wildest anguish creep
The highest yearnings that with men are found,
While lives, that mourn in sadness most, are crowned
With kindest words for weary ones that weep.

Wherefore?

DANIEL L. PAINE.

ARE not five sparrows for two farthings sold?
Do not our hairs grow white and fall away?
Yet every hair and sparrow, we are told,
Is numbered and is noticed day by day.

Wherefore, if still they fall and still turn gray?
If songs be hushed and heart and brain grow cold?
If blight and darkness follow bloom and day,
And summer's greenness fade in winter's cold?
What is the notice to the sparrow dead?
What is the numbering of the gray hairs gone?
Shall sparrows live again? Shall bright locks burn
Again in golden glory round the head?
What to the numbered if they still fall on?
What to the numberer if they ne'er return?

Fragrance.

BENJAMIN S. PARKER.

A THRILL of something seeming half divine,
Ethereal essence, like the perfect thought
The poet knows of, but can ne'er design
A web of words wherein it may be caught; —
Intangible, and yet pervading all,
Bathing the senses in a nameless joy;
A globe of ecstasy that in its fall
From some remoter world, the rosy boy
Has caught and blown to us, in viewless spray,
To waft us gently to the dreamy shore
Whereon the roguish archer beareth sway;
And when 't is sweetest still we yearn for more,
E'en while the rhythmic pulses flow along
The happiest staves of summer's odor song.

Midnight Song of the Mocking Bird.

ROBERT E. PRETLOW.

SWEET! Mate! List to my call,
While on the topmost of boughs I am swaying.
"Love reigns, lord over all,"
Softly the night winds are saying.
Hushed are the voices that burdened the day,
Man is no longer his labor pursuing,
Mine, mine alone is the moon's tender ray,
Sweetest of seasons for wooing.

Wake! Wake! My darling, I sing to thee
Under the moonlight alone and apart.
List! List! O dear one, I bring to thee
All of the love of my heart.
Out from my tree top I see the moon shining
Down on the river all burnished like steel.
Dimples the water as if 'twere divining
The wealth of the rapture I feel.

Swift! Swift! The river is flowing,
Hurrying onward in musical glee.
Soft! Soft! The night winds are blowing
Laden with fragrance for thee.
Fair gleam the fields lying out to the west
Stretching as far as the star-studded skies.
But the brown of the nest, and the gray of thy breast,
Are lovelier far to my eyes.

Swing! Swing! Bright shine the stars above,
Warm and secure are the eggs in the nest.
Sing! Sing! How grows the mother love,
Darling, deep down in thy breast.
Softly, O softly, the night winds are dying,
Dream of the treasures the future shall bring.
Dream of the days when the fledglings be flying,
Happily dream as I sing.

Sleep! Sleep! Soft are my numbers,
Rest till the rosy dawn purple the sky.
Sleep! Sleep! Sweet be thy slumbers,
Rest till the morning is nigh.
Gently blow, softly flow, night wind and river,
Sing a low lullaby song to my love.
Sing while the dewy leaves over her quiver,
Softly play till the day shineth above.

Calling the Cows.

HERMAN RAVE.

I DON'T know why, I don't know how,
But surely, 't was no harm at all
To stop a minute from the plow
And listen to her milking call:
"Co — Boss — co!"
It sounded so
Across the yellow-tasseled corn!
Surely the man was never born
Who would not leave his team and come
To help her drive her cattle home:

The old folk lived across the hill,
But surely 't was no harm at all
To kiss her, while the fields were still,
A-list'ning to her milking call:
"Co — Boss — co!"
It sounded so,
It made the tardy robin start,
The squirrel bend the leaves apart
To see us two a-walking down
Toward the sleepy little town.

I don't know how, I don't know why,
But surely 't was no harm at all:
The stars were in the summer sky
Before the cattle reached their stall.
"Co — Boss — co!"
It rings on so.
The moon, from off her great white shield,
Has tossed her light into the field,
And still the whisp'ring echoes come
And follow us a-walking home.

A Country Scene.

ALONZO RICE.

ALTHOUGH the summer colors yet prevail,
There are forebodings of the winter's clime
In bracing winds that blow. A pearly rime
Has set its signature on post and rail,

And there the milkmaid, with her shining pail,
Has brushed the frost away in morning's prime;
On steel-blue wings, with eyes intent on crime,
A hawk through tangled brush pursues the quail.
The children to the district schoolhouse fare,
And linger where the grapes and haws invite;
Exploring boys, all swarthy-handed, bear
The walnut's tribute from the windy height,
While red sunbonnets that the maidens wear
Seem tiny fires the chilly fairies light.

To June.

RENOS H. RICHARDS.

FAIR June! Who loves her not, sweet summer child?
Of all the joys that close attend her train,
Who hopes not for himself some may remain?
At her advance the sun his welcome smiled
Across the misty morning. And the mild
Wind waked the sleeping birds, whose glad refrain
Proclaimed her coming o'er the waiting plain —
So loved is she, fair, sunny, summer child.

Oft have I seen her, standing 'midst the wheat,
With hair as golden as the billowy grain;
Or chasing butterflies with wingéd feet
That touched the noon-hot earth with light disdain,
To the clear, quiet pool adown the dell
Wherein she gazed till evening shadows fell.

Pan.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(*By permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.*)

THIS Pan is but an idle god, I guess,
Since all the fair midsummer of my dreams
He loiters listlessly by wooded streams,
Soaking the lush glooms up in laziness;
Or drowsing while the maiden-winds caress
Him prankishly, and powder him with gleams
Of sifted sunshine. And he ever seems
Drugged with a joy unutterable — unless
His low pipes whistle hints of it far out
Across the ripples to the dragon fly
That, like a wind-born blossom blown about,
Drops quiveringly down, as though to die —
Then lifts and wavers on, as if in doubt
Whether to fan his wings or fly without.

Genius.

OLIVE SANXAY.

ONCE, following his whim, an artist soul,
Disdaining camp and court and mart and gown,
And drear monotony of schools, flung down
His book and pen, and with elation stole

Out from the beaten way. Without control
He dipped from passionate Life's most gorgeous hues
To paint his impulse bright beyond excuse.
And following his whim, a sacred whole
Of human tragedy upon his canvas pale
He wrought with such fine skill where others fail,
That Fame reached down a loving hand and smiled.
So, following his whim, with fancy wild,
When Death stretched forth her hand, so cold, so dim,
He found a felon's grave awaiting him.

Heart Song.

EVALEEN STEIN.

(*By permission of Small, Maynard & Co.*)

AS one who holds a charmed witch-hazel rod,
And, as it veers, divines the hidden springs,
Whose whispered chimes and muffled murmurings
Had passed unheeded underneath the sod,
And as that spot where careless footsteps trod
Then sparkles into silver speech and sings
A liquid song that wakes to bourgeonings
The seeds embedded in the barren clod,
So, dearest heart, within my breast have you
Pierced to the hidden melodies, and freed
Its singing springs, and touched the buried seed
Of strange, bright buds whereof I never knew:
Sweet beyond words, and of such subtle power,
It seems my whole life breaking into flower.

Nirvana.

HOWARD S. TAYLOR.

CROSS-LEGGÉD, with his hands upon his knees,
With downcast gaze, heedless of change or chance,
He sits like Brahma turning dissonance
Into strange tunes of dreamy peace and ease.
War, flood, and fire, earthquakes and stormy seas,
Each three thereof and tragic circumstance
Are to his vision but as motes that dance
Along the sunbeams sifting through the trees.
He knows there is no death — but endless birth
Moving aloft through spiral lifts of life
To final mergence in the Uncreate:
Wherefore, too light of heart for idle mirth,
He shuts his soul to every sound of strife,
And sits serene like Brahma, pleased to wait.

The Wabash.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

(*By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

THERE is a river singing in between
Bright fringes of pawpaw and sycamore,
That stir to fragrant winds on either shore,
Where tall blue herons stretch lithe necks, and lean
Over clear currents flowing cool and thin,
Through the clean furrows of the pebbly floor.

My own glad river, though unclassic, still
Haunted of merry gods, whose pipings fill
With music all thy golden willow-brakes!
Above thee halcyon lifts his regal crest;
The tulip-tree flings thee its flower-flakes;
The tall flag over thee its lances shakes;
With every charm of beauty thou art blest,
O happiest river of the happy West!

The Songs we Sing.

MRS. OLLAH TOPH.

I HEAR the children singing at their play,
With lisping word and broken measure where
The fitful childish mem'ry slips. And there
Is music in it all. No other way
Were half so sweet, for underneath the lay
Of vague suggestion runs the perfect air
They mean to sing. So our poor songs may bear
Beneath their harsh discords and breaks, each day,
To God, some harmony His angels lean
To hear. And He, our Father, understands,
And binds the fragments up with tender hands,
Hearing, the while, the melody between.
But oh, among the broken tones we bring,
Sobs on the soul of songs we mean to sing!

Song.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

(*By permission, from "Ben Hur," published by Harper & Brothers.*)

WAKE not, but hear me, love!
Adrift, adrift on slumber's sea,
Thy spirit call to list to me.
Wake not, but hear me, love!
A gift from Sleep, the restful king,
All happy, happy dreams I bring.

Wake not, but hear me, love!
Of all the world of dreams 'tis thine
This once to choose the most divine.
So choose, and sleep, my love!
But ne'er again in choice be free
Unless, unless — thou dream'st of me.

Kapila.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

(*By permission, from "Ben-Hur," published by Harper & Brothers.*)

KAPILA, Kapila, so young and true,
I yearn for a glory like thine.
And hail thee from battle to ask anew,
Can ever thy valor be mine?

Kapila sat on his charger dun,
A hero never so grave;
"Who loveth all things, hath fear of none.
'T is love that maketh me brave.
A woman gave me her soul one day,
The soul of my soul to be alway;
Thence came my valor to me,
Go try it — try it — and see."

Kapila, Kapila, so old and gray,
The queen is calling for me,
But ere I go hence, I wish thou wouldst say,
How wisdom first came to thee.

Kapila stood in his temple door,
A priest in eremite guise;
"It did not come as men get their lore.
'T is faith that maketh me wise.
A woman gave me her heart one day
The heart of my heart to be alway;
Thence came my wisdom to me,
Go try it — try it — and see."

My Song.

MRS. SUSAN E. WALLACE.

WE lay in camp five dreary months,
When the war was at its worst;
No change from weary week to week,
The land was all accurst;

Our flag was down, and wet with blood,
Its stars hung dim at even;
'T was after Fredericksburg, and peace
Seemed further off than heaven.

One winter day a wandering bird
Perched on our cheerless tent;
And sang in timid, brooding notes
When evening light was spent.
The idle soldiers stopped their games,
And gazed as in a spell;
A tender look stole in the face
Of our sullen sentinel.

My homesick eyes were full of tears,
'T was like a joyful psalm;
Upon my bruised and bleeding heart
The music fell as balm.
A transient lay — the bird flew on —
Yet in that passing strain,
A hundred songs of love and peace
Mingled in glad refrain.

And Hope came back with healing wing;
Death's shadow turned to day;
From out my heart that melody
Has never died away.
And so, it may be, whisperings
That shape uncertain lays
May pass into some sorrowing soul,
And murmur change to praise.

Perchance a weary march be cheered
With sound of rhyming words,
Or children's voices make them sweet
As songs of summer birds,
For this I sing, not hope of fame;
Far is the enchanted gate
Whose golden hinges music turns
When bay-crowned singers wait.

From happy heights I dimly see;
Their symphonies I hear,
They faint like far-off bugle notes
Upon my eager ear,
And never breathe the magic words
That move the bar so strong;
Yet will I sing and dream some life
Is sweeter for my song.

Unuttered Poems.

W. DEWITT WALLACE.

TO all, at times, sweet fancy lendeth wings:
To some, strong pinions, brilliant-hued and swift,
To others, feeble ones that labor when they lift;
Sometimes, upleaping like a lark, there springs
Within each soul a joy that soars and sings.
Sometimes by sorrow's hand each heart is rift,
A dol'rous note through all its being rings.
Then blame not him who strives to breathe his thought
In passion's language, or in fancy's tongue:

Immortal song had oftentimes been wrought
If all could utter what their souls have sung.
Ah, yes! in each a poem sighs for birth,
Who plucks it forth an angel gives to earth.

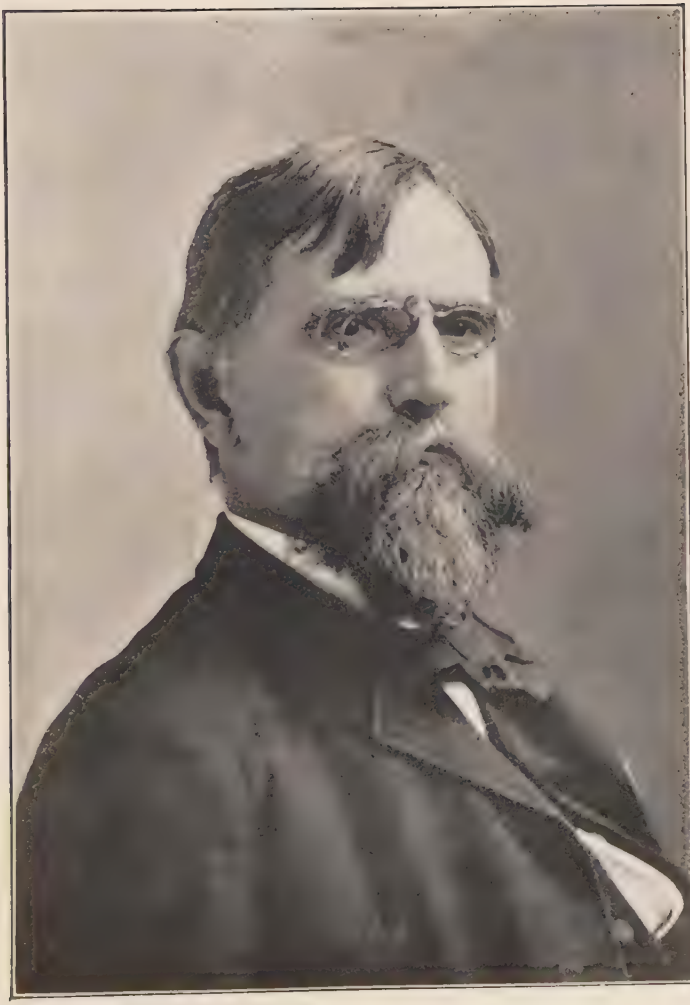
A Harvest Song.

LOUISA WICKERSHAM.

AWAKE, awake! there is joy to-day:
The harvest has come, and the ripened field
Shall its golden sheaves to the reapers yield,
As the sickle keen cuts its gleaming way
Through the serried ranks of the standing wheat,
In the noon-tide sun and the glowing heat
And the breezes soft, of the summer day.

Awake, awake! there is joy to-day:
The harvest has come, and the winnowed wheat
Shall fall in showers at the good man's feet,
As it rattles down on its shining way
To be gathered up 'mid the merry din,
And carried away to the farmer's bin
By the harvest men, on this summer day.

Awake, awake! there is joy to-day:
The autumn has come; the nut-laden trees
Shall yield their store at the call of the breeze,
And the merry lads and the maidens gay
Shall shout with glee as they hurry 'round,
To gather the nuts from the leaf-strewed ground,
In the frosty dawn of the autumn day.



GEN. LEW WALLACE.

Awake, awake! there is joy to-day:
The autumn has come, and the orchards wide,
The farmer's joy and the farmer's pride,
Shall his hopes and his labors now repay:
And the golden fruit of apple and pear,
Whose fragrance is filling the balmy air,
Shall gladden the home through the winter day.

Awake, awake! there is joy to-day:
Though the summer is gone, the harvest past,
Though the forests shake in the wintry blast,
And the earth lies wrapped in a cloak of gray;
Yet the troubled soul may repose in peace,
For seed-time and harvest will never cease;
The promise is true — there is joy alway.

IN DIALECT.

Some Way or 'Nother.

G. HENRI BOGART.

SAY, pard, that fellar over thar
Is really glad he's livin' —
Jist a wood-sawyer, but to care
The go-by he has given,
For if from pain, or if from sorrow,
A spark to warm his heart he'll borrow
In some way or 'nother.

One winter he'd rheumatics bad,
An' couldn't go out sawin',
An' grub was scarce, but he kep' glad,
An' laughed instid o' jawin' —
"It keeps me in from this rough weather;
We'll pull through, if we pull together,
In some way or 'nother."

An' w'en his only baby, Grace,
Tuk sick, an' laid thar dyin',
He rubbed his rough hand crost his face,
An' said right through his cryin',
"My baby's missin' heaps of sorrow;
I guess we'll meet ag'in to-morrow
In some way or 'nother."

He's got a helpful word an' look
  Fer every thing an' person;
His glad thoughts find a restin' nook,
  His black ones git scant nursin';
  The world's the better fer his livin',
  Fer happiness he's always givin'
    In some way or 'nother.

Autumn.

NOAH J. CLODFELTER.

THE frost hae stripped the forest bare
  An' strewed the earth wi' leaves,
An' ilka thing seems bow'd wi' care
  That trembles in the breeze.
The fie'ls a' powdered o'er wi' frost
  Which mak's them look sae drear,
As Nature's verdant tints are lost
  In sallow, brown an' sere.

The forest's feathered tenants flee
  To some mair temp'rate clime,
Where plenty smiles to glad the ee,
  An' Phœbus reigns sublime.
But O! how sad the woodlands seem,
  When a' is hushed an' still,
Except the wailin' win's that scream
  Wi' echoes loud an' shrill.

The relique o' the verdant year
Lies in its rus'ling bed,
An' ilka soun o' summer cheer
Is silent as the dead,
An' we are left to stem the blast
O' desolation wild,
Till a' the winter months hae passed,
An' Spring hae on us smil'd.

Yet Autumn dressed in a' her *goud*
Is beautiful to see,
When Ceres walketh, pleased an' proud,
Wi' harvests ripe an' free;
An' when its gleam hae passed away,
There's plenty smilin' roun',
To cheer us through the dreary day
An' mak' o'or sleep mair soun'.

We, longin', wait the comin' spring
To gladden heart an' ee,
When Nature spreads her verdant wing
On ilka branch an' tree.
When matin' warblers a' return
To greet the vernal morn,
An' sun-kissed ice-drops gently turn
To amber on the thorn.

An' if nae mair the summer suns
Shall glad my heart an' ee,
May plenty greet my cherished ones,
An' peace repose wi' me.

An' o'er my narrow hous' o' groun',
Let angry winters rave,
If, only, when the spring comes roun',
The flowers bloom on my grave.

The Heavy-sot Man.

(*By the Slim-like Man.*)

RICHARD LEW DAWSON.

I BEN a-thinkun over, fur's I kin understan',
The things 'at makes me woosht I wos a heavy-sot man,
An' have 'em call me *Fatty*, an' laugh at me an' say,
I mus' be livun purty high, an' ast how much I weigh,
An' when they wonder ef I'll run for Jestus in the fall,
Have some smart-eleck say 'at I'm too fat to run at all.

Now, when it's figgered out, 'tain't so fine as you'd suppose
To be a heavy-sot man an' pay more for yer clothes,
An' tear yer wilted collars off an' throw 'em in the gutter,
An' have yer shirts look like a wet rag 'round a roll o' butter,
An' set before a lookun glass to see to tie yer shoes,
An' then jist give it up an' cuss about the time ye lose.

But the heavy-sot man is jes' a jolly sort o' feller,
An' ager can't git holts on him to shake 'im green an' yeller;

He thinks the air is bracun when it's down to ten below,
An' breaks the ice to take a swim, an' wallers in the snow,
An' take 'im up and down, he's jes' as broad as he is long,
An' stan' 'im on 'is head he'll *fiddle*, zef they's nothun wrong!

I knowed a heavy-sot man 'ul knock ye out forst round,
An' 'nothern, he was president, an' weighed four hundred pound,
An' 'nothern was a preacher — holler all yer sins away!
An' yit — there's ole Abe Lincoln — he was slim-like, an' I lay
He's big enough for me! An' so I reckon my best plan
'S to thank the Lord I'm livun, like the heavy-sot man.

Owed to Turkey.

CHARLES DENNIS.

'TIS the day of thanksgiving; the feast is spread,
And all are silent while grace is said.
A dozen sit at the table there,
Each with a pleased, expectant air,
And baby a-top of the "dictionnaire."
There's a napkin tucked 'neath ev'ry chin;
The carving knife with the fork's brought in;
Now Turkey's dismemberment will begin.

As it lies 'fore the folk in its savory smoke,
'T is really and truly cook's master stroke;
A ruddy brown coat from its knees to its throat,
And, crossing its bosom, four slices of "shoat";
(Suggesting a drummer, and there, as them some fix,
Are carefully folded two very plump "drumsticks").

What emotions are stirred! It seems strangely absurd
To attempt to describe such a marvelous bird.
Not the Governor's staff in their gayest and best
Were ever by half so delightfully "dressed";
Gran'ma then and there the opinion expressed,
As she beamed through her glasses, and said in her best tone,
"It's a tender young fowl, as I know by the breast bone."

Oh, oh, the dressing! there was naught left to guessing;
'T was mamma herself had that task been caressing;
A cupful of this and two cupfuls of that —
For a yellow-skinned turkey, though tender and fat,
Resembles a wrestler prepared for the mat.
It may now be remarked, at this place in the page,
That, as if to atone for its frivolous age,
Its last exhalations were certainly sage.

Heart, gizzard, and liver, with juices a-quiver,
And cranberry sauce with acidulous shiver,
Making rose-tinted isles in a brown-gravy river!

Quick, quick, speed the knife! Spare the appetite's strife,
While paterfamilias carves for dear life,
Till the turkey is served, every morsel and speck —
"Old Towse" gets the bones and papa gets the neck.

Wher' the Ole Folks Is.

ALFRED ELLISON.

'JEVER notice how, when the house gits still,
An' yer feelin' sad an' lonesome, like you sometimes will,
'Pears as ef the faces uv yer boyhood days
Wus lookin' out upon you frum the backlog's blaze.
The flames leap in a hurry, — jest like you ust to do,
When a neighbor boy would whistle outside the door fer you.
An' you cain't help sayin': "Tell you what it is,
I want to go back wher' the ole folks is."

Ben a long time, an' it's ben a long road,
'At led me frum the door wher' the hollyhocks growed, —
Wher' mother stood an' watched me when I started on the trip,
With a sermon in her eye, an' a silence on her lip;
An' when I reached the woods 'at would shet out the view,
I looked back, an' ther' wus Pap a-stan'in' ther' too.
An' I've said ever' day, frum that day to this:
"I want to go back wher' the ole folks is."

I want to go back wher' the ole folks is!
I want to take Pap by that ole hand uv his.
I want to see mother, an' I want to say to 'er:
"Sing that ole song: Save me, Lord, an' keep me pure."
I want to see her sittin' an' a-knittin' in the shade
Uv the ole portico 'at my Pap built an' made.

* * * * * *

But they've both gone to mansions not built by hands uv his.
An' I want to go an' be wher' the ole folks is.

Bachelor's Hall.

(*In Imitation of the Irish.*)

JOHN FINLEY.

BACHELOR'S Hall! What a quare-looking place it is!
Kape me from sich all the days of me life!
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the ould bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his tay-kittle over the fire;
Soon it tips over — Saint Patrick! he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight with the Squire.

Then like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,
Awkward enough, see him knading his dough;
Troth! if the bread he could ate without swallowing,
How it would favor his palate, you know!

His dishcloth is missing — the pigs are devouring it —
In the pursuit he has battered his shin;
A plate wanted washing — Grimalkin is scouring it;
Tunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

His meal being over, the table's left setting so;
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can;
But hunger returns, then he's fuming and fretting so;
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Pots, dishes, pans, and sich grasy commodities,
Ashes and praty-skins kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Things that had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night then he goes to bed shiverin';
Niver the bit is the bed made at all;
He crapes like a terrapin under the kiverin':
Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall!

"Dig dem Dan'line Greens!"

(*Negro Dialect.*)

MARY HOCKETT FLANNER.

ON de fust wahm day in the uhly spring,
Dig dem, dig dem, —
W'en de robin's chuned his froat foh ter sing,
Dig dem dan'line greens!
W'en de peach tree blossoms bloomin' all 'roun'
Jes tek yoh knife an' sit on de groun'
Foh dig dem dan'line greens.

Yoh can fill yo' dishpan clah to de top,
Dig dem, dig dem,
No one gwine foh ter hollah "Stop!"
W'en yoh dig dem dan'line greens.
Tek all yoh want, de Lawd hain't po',
He doan' keep no lock on de dan'line do'
W'en yoh dig dem dan'line greens.

Oh! some watahmillions mighty sweet,—
Dig dem, dig dem,
Neveh yit had 's many 's I could eat,
Dig dem dan'line greens.
I lubs chicken dat roose jes right,
Easy foh ter catch on de darkes' night,
Dig dem dan'line greens.

But some watahmillions 's no good at all,
Dig dem, dig dem,
'N' mos' chickens squawks w'en yoh pays 'em er call—
So dig dem dan'line greens.
'N' bile em up wid er piece fat meat,
Hit 's de 'oneses' dinnah a niggah kin eat;
Oh, dig dem dan'line greens!

To James Whitcomb Riley.

WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.

SOMETIME when you are thinkin' of the "days 'at ust to be,"
With a kind o' wore-out fancy and a hart that akes to see

The gray hairs comin' thicker, with the noontide of the day
A-fadin' to the sunset and the dawn not far away —
Mayhap you'll pause a minute, and look a ninstant where
The shine o' pleasure ust to be, but see it isn't there.

But yore imagination, then, will picture what has bin,
And you will rome out on the farm, and woller on the green,
Jist as ye did afore ye saw the city er the sea,
In the olden, golden sunshine of the "days 'at ust to be,"
Afore ye romed Bohemia in serch o' recompense,
At "six words for a quarter" dabbled on the highway fence.

It kan't be long, Jim Riley, 'fore ye've got to leave the toil
Ov this short life to mingle with the elements o' soil —
But ye'll make the old earth richer than she ever was before,
By the songs ye sung her children in the happy days o' yore,
And she'll sing yore old-time ditties with a gladness full and free
Of the olden, golden glory of the "days 'at ust to be."

The Difference.

S. W. GILLILAN.

WHEN I said I'd go away
An' maybe stay for years,
Mother she set down an' cried
Reg'lar heart-broke tears.
Pap felt bad, but wouldn't 'a' cried
F'r a thousand dollars;
When he feels the worst he jest
Bats 'is eyes an' swallers.

When I come t' pack my trunk
'T was th' same thing over;
I wuz feelin' purty peart,
Thought I'd be in clover
When I struck a city job —
Beat farm work all holler;
Mother cried, but pap he'd jest
Blink 'is eyes an' swaller.

Night afore I started, I
Heerd somebody prowlin'
In my room, an' there wuz ma
Cryin', an' pap growlin':
"Come, come now, an' go t' bed."
Then she sort o' hollered
"God bless Will!" but pap he jest
Blinked 'is eyes an' swallered.

Mornin' I wuz due t' go
Folks all gethered 'round me,
Somepin' stickin' in my throat
Sorter stunned an' downed me;
Mother's arms clung to my neck
'S if she'd like to follered
Ev'rywhere I went; but pap —
He jest blinked an' swallered.

Polly-Pods.

SILAS B. McMANUS.

OUT in my fiel' of clover, which I'm savin' fur the seed,
Amongst the brown heads standin' is that awk'ard, gawky weed;
An' I laf, altho' I oughtn't, when I see it growin' there,
A-crowdin' out the clover, like es ef it owned a share
Of the medder an' its profits, an' wus welcome es could be;
An' I knowed I'd leave it peaceful to nod 'n' grin at me.
It's like a strappin' tomboy, with its manners all left out,
An' useful jes' for nothin' 'n' han'some jes' fer stout;
But I leave it there — a beggar — only that it drinks the best
Of the dew and eats the vittles that should go to feed the rest.
I hain't the heart to hurt it, fer the "Polly" of its name
Keeps it tender in my feelin's, fer my gal had jest the same.

I see her in the medder like she wus in them ole days
'Fore the angels coaxed her frum me, — an' they must hed winnin' ways,
Fer I know my Polly loved me, an' nothin' here below
Could hev made her leave me cryin', like my heart would break, you know. —
I could see her now er standin', ef the tears ud keep away;
Yes, I nigh a'most can see her as she wus one summer day,
A-loiterin' through the medder 'n' a-steppin' here an' there
To pull the dead-ripe polly-pods and sow the smilin' air
With the brown seeds an' the feathers; an' they'd float off like a dream
Er a bubble es wus sleepin' on some idle, lazy stream;
Then she'd watch 'em goin' up'ard in a kind o' wishful way, —
But what my gal were thinkin' uf, I kent, of course, jest say;
But when one night the angels my little pee-wee took,
Her face wus sweet with smilin', that same sweetly yearnin' look
She had that day in summer when she blowed the polly-pods,
An' filled her arms with clover an' the lim's of golden-rods;
An' so I leave 'em growin', 'n' I reckon that they make
My little Polly nearer, 'n' I love 'm fur her sake.

The Flicker on the Fence.

SILAS B. McMANUS.

BETWEEN the songs an' silences of the flicker on the fence,
A-singing his old-fashioned tune, full of meanin' and of sense,
I fall into a musin' spell sometimes of other days,
When things was mostly different, leastwise in many ways;
An' I hev a lon'some feelin', and a longin' fer them times,
Which somehow fits exactly with the yellerhammer's chimes.
There's a kind of grace hangs over them, them days of other years,
As makes a sighin' fer them next the best to weepin' tears.

I'd like ter see the cradlers go wadin' through the grain,
With ther sleeves rolled up an' 'spenders off, and sweatin' like the rain.
It's an old man's foolish notion, but I'd like right well ter hear
The sound of scythes a-whettin', ringin' out so sharp an' clear,
An' see the men a-settin' down ter eat ther for'noon snack
Of doughnuts, an' ter freshen up on home-made apple-jack.

There was hurryin' then, an' hayin' an' harvestin' them days
Was somethin' like — but good old times, they very seldom stays.

Now, the reaper, like some circus, comes a-prancin' in the lot,
With more airs and fancy fixin's, and like enough as not,
Afore it's time fer dinner, — no odds how hot the sun, —
That machine will turn its tail and quit, and harvestin' is done!
There's no bushin' of the cradlers — no snack at nine o'clock;
Fer the first you know the thing is done, and the wheat is in the shock.
I listen ter the clangin' till I hain't got eny sense,
An' the only thing old-fashioned there 's the flicker on the fence.

An' hayin' hain't no better — it's done nigh 'bout ez soon —
With no hurryin', ner no frettin', ner grindin' scythes at noon;
Or rushin' out from dinner before it's one o'clock,
Fer fear the rain will ketch the hay before it's in the cock.
There 's no mowin' 'round a feller, an' makin' him feel mean,
Or pitchin' on the load so fast that the pitcher can't be seen.

There's a ca'm now 'bout the hayin' — that machine, all
striped and red,
Just makes it look like most of us mout nigh as well be
dead:
A hitchin' up — a little ile — a mod'rate hayin' sun, —
A patent rake and loader, an' hayin' 's good as done.
And corn plantin's like it mostly, and fer me there seems
no need,
Unless it's fiddlin' after it, a-stickin' punkin-seed;
Fer the planter's hifalutin', and don't take no stock, you
see,
In things like punkins, as have grown old-fashioned, just
like me.

The boys air off ter college, and the gals are paintin'
ware,
Or a-playin' the pianner, or a-"outin'" off somewhere;
An' I feel so kind o' lon'some with the new things
round about,
An' am like the taller candle, waitin' fer ter be snuffed
out.
I look around to find a sign that I hain't lost my sense,
An' get my bearin's when I hear the flicker on the
fence.

"Pap's come back ter Indiany."

WILLIAM W. PFRIMMER.

PAP'S come back ter Indiany!
— Guess he's come back, now, ter stay.
— Don't remember jest how meny

Times it is he's been away.
—Moved ter Illenoy in 'fifty—
Maybe late as 'fifty-two;
Settled down in Massac County,
Kentry then was kind o' new;
Ager 'peared to hold persession,
Long with chiggers, ticks, an' fleas,
But pap's grit, an' he stuck to it,
Till he, sort o' by degrees,
Larned the custom o' the kentry
(Which is still the same down there)
O' takin' quinine mixed with whiskey,
'Stead o' sayin' mornin' prayer;
—Stayed there till the spring o' 'sixty
(Sesesh talk was purty hot);
What with pore luck an' with trouble,
Pap he jest got up an' got
Back ag'in ter Indiany.
Then he kind o' sort o' 'lowed
If they had ter be a racket
He was goin' with the crowd;
So he went an' tuck his chances
Till along in 'sixty-four;
Then he up an' reinlisted,
Said he'd try it three years more.
—Like ter got his everlastin'
Down in Georgy; recollect
How a letter frum a doctor
Sed we needn't ter expect
Ter see him back in Indiany.
Pap he thought the chances thin,



SILAS B. McMANUS.

But he tuck another notion, —
Arter while came back ag'in.
— Went out West along in 'eighty;
But we children didn't go,
So I guess he sort o' felt like
Part o' him warn't there, ye know.
Me an' Lizzie kep' a-coaxin';
George he kind o' sided in
(Knowin' jest how things was driftin'),
Till we got him back ag'in.
Back ag'in ter Indiany!
— Begins ter show the wear an' tear
O' his sixty years an' over,
In his whiskers an' his hair.
Lines aroun' the eyes are deeper,
Figger's little out o' plumb;
But it's pap! an' ye jest bet ye,
We are mighty glad he's come!

"Stirrin' Off."

J. S. REED.

JEST 'bout this time o' season,
In these Feb'uary thaws,
When the little lam's is a-cavortin'
An' bleatin' fur the'r mas,
'N' the "stockers" in the straw pile
With 'at awful mangy cough —
Sich as these is all fergotten
When it comes to stirrin' off.

When the sugar camp is open,
'N' the kittles in a row,
'N' the front'ns jest a-whoopin'
'N' the back'ns bilin' slow;
Arter all the worter's gathered
'N' kivered in the troff,
'N' the syrup's clared an' settled,
Then we'll soon be stirrin' off.

Recullect the worter drappin'
In the troff so still 'n' cl'ar,
'N' we'd hunker down 'n' drink it,
Still a-drappin' in our ha'r.
Recullect yit how it tasted,
Sorter soothin'-like 'n' sweet —
Ef a feller jest could buy it
You could tap me fur a treat.

Offen neighbor boys 'ud help us
Bilin' worter all night thro' —
Oh, the aigs thet we 'ud pilfer
'D make us think of Easter too.
'N' the chickens — what a slaughter!
Quick as wink the'r heads we'd doff;
Yit the pleasure wasn't nothin'
'Longside sugar stirrin' off.

When the syrup 'mences "puttin',"
'N' makin' yaller doodle hills,
Pap'd git his cup an' worter
'N' drap into it waxy pills,

'N' rap the "gob" agin the vessel
So's 't ain't too hard n'r soff;
Then we all prepare fur bizness,
Fur it's purty nigh stirrin' off.

Ev'ry feller with th'r paddle,
Whittled out o' hickory sap,
Gath'rs 'roun' the sugar furnace,
Keepin' ev'ry eye on pap
'Til he takes it from the kittle
'N' puts it in the coolin' troff;
We'd eat 'ntil it 'mences grainin'—
Then we're plum dun stirrin' off.

Nothin' to Say.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(*By permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.*)

NOTHIN' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!—
Gyrls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am, and here you air; and yer mother—where is she?

You look lots like yer mother: purty much same in size;
And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes;

Like her, too, about *livin'* here, — because *she* couldn't stay :
It'll 'most seem like you was dead — like her! — but I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible — writ yer name acrost the page —
And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyuarded 'em, but ef yer goin' away —
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rikollect her, I reckon! No; you wasn't a year old then!
And now yer — how old air you? W'y, child, not "*twenty*"! When?
And yer next birthday's in Aprile? and you want to git married that day?
. . . I wisht yer mother was livin'! — but — I hain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there — *I'll* bresh it off — turn 'round —
(Her mother was jes' twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

The Theng.[1]

DR. W. H. TAYLOR.

I THESS tell *you* — gentle-*men!*
Ef airry a one of *you* hed ben
Long with me
Soce you could see!
'At is — ef you *could* see — a-tall,
More'n thu thattair back wall!
Less the night
Hed ben more light.

The moon looked all drawed up, an' green,
Not much bigger'n a butter-bean!
The groun' wair wet an' slick as soap!
My critter wair go-un a p-yeart-like lope;
Some dad-blame dawg sot up a howl;
An', out en the bresh, some ornerry owl
Thess *kep* a-beller'n — 'f I'd hed a steck,
I'd love to a-broke hits ornerry neck!

Thess en the daytime, unner-stan,
I'm thess as vi-gerce as any man!
But a cloud thess come acrost the sky.
Thess *then* my critter commenced to shy!
I felt so cu-erce I thought I'd seng!
Thess, thess *then!* I seed the THENG!

[1] "*The Theng*," was a name frequently given by the early settlers of Indiana from certain sections of the south for any mysterious apparition, the origin of which they did not understand.

My beece see hit fust, un thar she stuck!
Thess squatted, un trimmeld, un thess, thess shuck!
I wouldn't look towards the buryin' groun'!
But my head thess turned hitseff aroun'!
I thess be tee-toe-tially, thess dawg-*gone*,
Ef thar wawnt the THENG, *with grave clothes on!*

Look lack? Well! — when I seed HIT
I thess laid whurp, an licketty split!
I thess went a-bilun down the lane!
A-holdin' on to my critter's mane,
Spectin', uvver jump she fotch,
Thess, thess *then's* whur I'd git cotch!

How tall? Men! that's purty rough!
But I say, right *h-yur* — hit wair tall enough
To thess make airry feller *h-yur* thess feel
As cold as a waige, an' limber's a eel!
You don't suppose 'at a feller'd breng
His mayzhern pole! — an mayzher the THENG!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Two Views.

MRS. MARIE L. ANDREWS.

"THE moments are sweet," she said, "all sweet;
The earth is glad and the skies are blue,
And I've learned my lesson of love all through,
While pansies and violets grow at my feet."

"The moments are sad," she said, "all sad;
My heart is heavy, the heavens are gray,
As I watch a harvester at his hay, —
Ah, me! were the skies and the earth ever glad?"

The Old Church.

MRS. ALBION FELLOWS BACON.

CLOSE to the road it stood, among the trees,
The old bare church, with windows small and high
And open doors that gave, on meeting-day,
A welcome to the careless passer-by.

Its straight, uncushioned seats, how hard they seemed,
What penance-doing form they always wore
To little heads that could not reach the text,
And little feet that could not reach the floor.

What wonder that we hailed with strong delight
The buzzing wasp, slow sailing down the aisle,
Or, sunk in sin, beguiled the constant fly
From weary heads, to make our neighbors smile.

How softly from the churchyard came the breeze
That stirred the cedar boughs with scented wings,
And gently fanned the sleeper's heated brow,
Or fluttered Grandma Barlow's bonnet strings.

With half-shut eyes, across the pulpit bent,
The preacher droned in soothing tones about
Some theme, that, like the narrow windows high,
Took in the sky, but left terrestrials out.

Good, worthy man, his work on earth is done,
His place is lost, the old church passed away;
And with them, when they went, there must have gone
That sweet, bright calm, my childhood's Sabbath day.

In Quiet Hours.

MRS. MARGARET HOLMES BATES.

IN quiet hours, when hind'ring snares
Are cast aside, the spirit fares
Far up the way where grief and pain
Are felt no more, nor loss nor gain,
And life is sweet with answered prayers.

The soul her banquet then prepares;
With friend and foe alike she shares;
No selfish thought the heart may stain
In quiet hours.

Thus freed awhile from sordid cares,
What heights sublime the spirit dares!
Then gentle strangers cross the plain,
The shelter of our tents to gain:
We talk with angels unawares
In quiet hours.

Only a Dream.

MRS. MARGARET HOLMES BATES.

'T WAS only a dream — that the shadows lifted,
That the grief and burden of life had fled;
'T was only a dream — that the sunshine sifted
Through swaying vine leaves above my head.

The clouds hang low, and are dark as ever;
The earth lies wrapt in a shroud of gray;
The winds sweep round me; ah, never, never,
Shall my soul rejoice in a brighter day.

Yet, though my dream was fair and fleeting,
As fair and fleeting as morning dew,
From the land of promise it gave me greeting,
And haply, hereafter, our dreams come true.

Poetry.

HORACE P. BIDDLE.

AH, who shall tell me what thou art,
Divine, mysterious power,
That hovers round the gentle heart
As fragrance round the flower,

That like the soft ethereal bow
Flashes its heavenly light,
On all created things below
And makes the world so bright?

The spirit of the beautiful,
In all things free and good,
That gushes from a mighty soul
Too full to check the flood.

Quatrains.

HORACE P. BIDDLE.

Music.

MUSIC is liquid poetry
Whose soft and genial flow
Reaches the heart's deep mystery
Where language cannot go.

Beauty.

Beauty that to earth is given
Bloometh but a day:
Virtue like the star of heaven
Passeth not away.

Her Beauty.

Her beauty burst upon my sight
  Like morn awaking from the night,
Or like a flower upon the wild
  All desolate until it smiled.

If I were the Light of the Brightest Star.

MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

IF I were the light of the brightest star
  That burns in the zenith now,
I would tremble down from my home afar,
  To kiss thy radiant brow.
If I were the breath of a fragrant flower,
  With viewless wing and free,
I would steal away from the fairest bower
  And live, love, but for thee.

If I were the soul of bewitching song,
  With a moving, melting tone,
I would float from the gay and thoughtless throng
  And soothe thy soul alone.
If I were a charm by fairy wrought,
  I would bind thee with a sign;
And never again should a gloomy thought
  O'ershadow thy spirit's shrine.

If I were a memory, past alloy,
  I would linger where thou art;
If I were a thought of abiding joy,
  I would nestle in thy heart.

If I were a hope, with the magic light
That makes the future fair,
I would make thy path on the earth as bright
As the paths of angels are.

My Teachers and Hearers.

(From a poem read before The Western Association of Writers in 1890.)

MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

I LEARNED to sing in Nature's solitudes,
Among the free wild birds and antlered deer;
In the primeval forest and the rude
Log cabin of the western pioneer.

My hearers were the men of horny hands,
Untaught in classic school, unlearned of art, —
Knights errant they, who rescued these broad lands
From waste to field and forum, church and mart.

They came and laid the forest giants low,
As brave of heart and true to their design
As those who wrested from the paynim foe
The holy Sepulcher of Palestine.

They had not heard, along their rugged ways,
The songs the masters sung in other times,
Knew naught of Shakespeare's work, or Byron's lays,
Yet listened kindly to my simple rhymes.

They loved the whisper of the leaves, the breeze,
The rune of rivulets, the trill of birds,
And my poor songs were echoes caught from these,
Voices of Nature set to rhythmic words.

If, in my mission to the fair new land,
I served the needs and interests of the day,
And only wrote my name upon the sand
That time's relentless waves shall wash away —

If I have failed to reach my highest aim,
To make the circle of my life complete,
I tried to do the work for which I came,
Walking a thorny way with wounded feet;

And I may learn, in some fair world to be,
Beyond all suffering, sacrifice, and pain,
That I have sowed some goodly seed, may see
My lifelong labor was not all in vain.

And when I lay my broken harp aside,
And leave behind the dusty robe I wore,
Trusting in God, wherever I may bide,
I hope to sing forever, evermore.

Paddle your own Canoe.

MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

VOYAGER upon life's sea, to yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be, paddle your own canoe!

Never, though the winds may rave, falter nor look back;
But upon the darkest wave leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm, stem the rudest gale,
Brave of heart and strong of arm, you will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark, keep an aim in view;
And toward the beacon mark paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on to the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone to return no more,
Then let not an hour's delay cheat you of your due;
But, while it is called to-day, paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denies you wealth, lofty state, and power,
Honest fame and hardy health are a better dower.
But if these will not suffice, golden gain pursue;
And, to gain the glittering prize, paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame from the hand of fate;
Would you write a deathless name with the good and great;
Would you bless your fellow-men, heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong, in the world's free fight,
With a spirit brave and strong, battle for the right;
And to break the chains that bind many to the few —
To enfranchise slavish mind — paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won, nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done, will repay the cost.
Leave to heaven, in humble trust, all you will to do;
But, if you'd succeed, you must paddle your own canoe.

Youth and Age.

ETHEL BOWMAN.

GLAD as the joy that throbs in laughing June,
Sweet as the song of hope the throstle sings,
Brave as the falcon soaring on quick wings,
Is Youth, loved Youth, who passes all too soon,
His eyes are bright, his gay lips lilt a tune,
He craves to be e'er in the heart of things;
Intense, impassioned, mind and soul he flings
Into life's fray, and struggle counts a boon.
In proud self-confidence he vows to gain, somehow,
Each sought-for good. He hears sad wailing cries
Where hopeless ones sink in Despond's dread slough,
Yet, unafraid, he plans some high emprise,
And dreams what laurel wreaths shall crown his brow,
And gazes futureward with eager eyes.

Untroubled as the sea when storms are o'er,
Bless'd as a benediction, heaven-sent,
Serenely happy in his calm content,
Is Age, who comes and does not leave us more.
Most great his dear-bought wisdom, sweet his store
Of tender mem'ries of dear days long spent;
The hard-learned lessons, glad with bitter blent,

Seem now most precious of life's treasured lore.
And what though proud hopes died in embryo?
And what though eyes were ofttimes blind with tears?
'T was life, and just to live is good, and so
The loving, hoping, striving — each appears
Full worth the price; and Age, with head bowed low
And thankful heart, looks back o'er shining years.

The Lost Hope.

MRS. LOUISE V. BOYD.

I.

IT is lost, the sweet hope that was mine, till it taught me
To believe that it formed of my being a part;
Till my cheek could but glow, and my eye but take luster
From the flame it had lit on the hearth of the heart.

II.

'T was my sun through the day and the star of my night-time;
But alas! when I knew not, it suddenly fled,
And its light is no longer a crown for the living,
And, oh! bitterer sorrow! 't is not with the dead.

III.

Oh! no; had it died with the voice of a loved one,
Or chilled with some brow in the grave's gloomy prison,
Some angel of light by the sepulcher doorway
Might kindly point upward and say, "It is risen."

IV.

But now, in the glory and brightness of noonday
I but feel that some shadow my spirit has crossed,
And at midnight, from dreams of the hope that once cheered me
I awake with the cry on my lips, "It is lost!"

V.

Though sometimes, even yet, to my desolate bosom,
Its memory, a phantom-like wandering ray,
Comes, sweet as a flower scent borne by the breezes,
And soft as an echo just dying away;

VI.

Yet 't is lost, and more sad than the star sisters grieving
When a Pleiad was missed from the heavenly host,
Is each sister hope's sigh, by despair overshadowed,
Since I say of the bright one, "'T is lost! it is lost!"

The Immortality of the Soul.

ALBERT FLETCHER BRIDGES.

AT evening's hour of solitude, when man
Is wont to gaze entranced upon the stars,
Shining eternal in the vaulted sky,
And smile to think that, when their light is dim,
He yet shall live — there comes the cheerless thought
That his fond hope of immortality
Perhaps is baseless, and at best a dream.

And on the morrow's dawn, when busy care
Intrudes, and chains his mind to grosser things,
The thought is with him still.

The swift years pass,
In flight unnoticed leveling hills and vales
That were earth's glory in her vanished youth,
And nature's hint of immortality.
Centuries come and go, time's corridors
No longer echoing to their muffled tread,
And from their dark and voiceless tomb returns,
Though importuned, no answering word or sign;
What time the everlasting mountain, hoary
With the snow-fall of ages long forgot,
Wearing upon its rugged brow, deep-notched,
The royal signet of eternity,
Soon, level with the lowly plain, shall rear
No more its pillared form, God's monument.
Why, then, should he, frail, trembling child of dust,
When suns have run their race, and starry skies
Are robed in ebon darkness, and winged Time
Has dropped his glass and scythe, as disenthroned
And scepterless he lies amid the wreck
That marked his lordly reign — why should he
Hope to live? Man's works die with puny hands
That made them. God's material worlds endure
Their day and are no more. Annulling fate's
Decree, can he alone live on, when all
Beside have perished, in some new, far world,
More bright and beautiful than this, the home
Of angels and of God?

A voice within,
That reason cannot still, says: Man
Shall live forever! It is dust returns to dust.
The soul that beats its wings, a prisoned bird,
Against the barriers of its clay-built cell,
Is not of earth. Its far-off home, once seen
By exiled seer, is God's own paradise.
There, when prison doors give way, and narrow
Walls lie heaped in moldering ruins, fetterless
And free, its snow-white plumage it shall bathe
In sea of crystal near the great white throne,
And from the midst of life's celestial tree,
When time is o'er and all its works forgot,
Its songs of praise rejoicing it shall sing,
Its long-lost, ancient liberty restored.

In His Name.

MRS. M. SEARS BROOKS.

WITHIN a desert reaching far and wide,
I stood, and saw a mighty caravan,
Whose tortuous path I could but dimly scan,
Pass on, and on, a surging human tide.

The sun looked down with sickly, yellow glare,
Upon the millions toiling by the way,
And mothers wept, and turned aside to pray,
Whilst some blasphemed and cursed the mothers' prayer.

And some went mad with raging, burning thirst, —
So near the mirage seemed, with cooling streams,
Whose rippling flow forever mocked their dreams,
And left them famished, helpless, and accursed.

Lo! at my hand a tiny, sparkling rill!
I thought to hoard it for my own loved boy. —
God took him — saying, "Henceforth, this your joy,
To bear the cup of water, cure life's ill!

"Sit not at home in stolid, calm content,
Whilst hearts break over sons who do not die,
And daughters lost, whose unavailing cry
Rends the fair veil of God's high firmament.

"Let those who at their ease would still deride
Thy cup of water, offered in His Name,
Bestowed to save some suffering soul from shame, —
Remember! Him, they also crucified."

Vanquished.

MRS. M. SEARS BROOKS.

There are green valleys in Thrace. — *Gladiator.*

GIRD on thy strength, my soul! the contest waits!
Alone, and single-handed, front the fates!
Go, hear the thousand plaudits of the throng
For him who smites thee with some cruel wrong:
Look vainly round, some vestal's pity crave,
Yet find no mercy there, only thy grave.

While gathering mists suggest some faint surprise
Of jasper sea and walls of paradise,
  Rise! thou, my soul! while life is ebbing fast,
  Whilst hope, ambition, love, fade in the past.
From life's arena fly! Yield up thy place,
For dreams in valleys green as those of Thrace.

Unawares.

MRS. ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

(*By permission, from the Atlantic Monthly.*)

A SONG welled up in the singer's heart
  (Like a song in the throat of a bird),
And loud he sang, and far it rang, —
  For his heart was strangely stirred;
And he sang for the very joy of song,
  With no thought of one who heard.

Within the listener's wayward soul
  A heavenly patience grew.
He fared on his way with a benison
  On the singer, who never knew
How the careless song of an idle hour
  Had shaped a life anew.

On a Fly-leaf of Shakespeare.

CLARENCE A. BUSKIRK.

WHAT rare bee-bread was that which Shakespeare's lips
Fed on, and whose Olympic nectar drips
Forever on his page!

Surpassing sweets the fancies garnered then,
To run in honied raptures from his pen,
Such sweets as fancy garners not again
For poet, wit, or sage.

Often his kindling sentence starts a flame
Of swift delight, and thoughts, which erst were tame
And torpid in our hearts,
Leap into iridescence; oft a word
Comes to us like the wood-notes of a bird,
And hints supernal music never heard
That nevermore departs.

In Happy Plight.

EMMA N. CARLETON.

WHEN earthly visions round me close,
Thou art my mistress, beauteous Prose; —
But when heaven's touch is on mine eye,
I dream I serve thee, — Poesy.

Portrait of a Lady.

EMMA N. CARLETON.

'TIS like her, but she does not smile —
I look into her eyes,
And linger, dreaming all the while
Sweet greeting may arise.

'T is like her, but she does not speak —
Ah, sweetheart — lack-a-day!
Fie on the art that tints the cheek,
And steals the soul away.

Failure.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

(*From "Armry" — a long poem.*)

ARMRY, with eyes fixed on the horizon line
Or some strange plane of vision, without pause
Struck on a minor key and chanted, Failure.

"I came strong-armed to my fate, my fate:
I picked up the world as a child at play
Will pick up an apple, and this I ate;
And I flung the core away.

"With its exquisite juice on my lips, my lips,
I sprang to the sky and harnessed the Bear
And the star-horned Bull, and drove them with whips
Through the spaces everywhere.

"The Southern Cross on my breast, my breast,
With a strand of Berenice's hair I hung;
And I lay in the Pleiades' laps to rest
While systems around me swung.

"All of these glories were mine, were mine!
But my soul slipped from me — my soul, my guide!
Oh, I had the gross, but I lost the divine!
That's failure! So I died."

My Secret.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

IF you knew my secret you would not believe it;
If you knew my secret you would laugh at me.
Once I was a tree! — How my life did leave it,
That I cannot tell at all: — but once I was a tree!

Wide I spread my branches with all the leaves a-shaking.
Oh, but it was mighty to wrestle with a storm!
Deep I struck my roots, and feared not any quaking;
There I hid my heart's best blood to save and keep it warm.

Still I want to ripple with the rhythmic motion!
Still I strike my roots so deep they never can be moved!
Oh, I want to sing my song the angels taught the ocean,
And the ocean taught the forest: for the forest was beloved.

Give me room to grow in; let me shelter creatures,
Let the autumn strike me golden, let the winter strip!
I forget that flesh has given me human features;
Still the dryad spirit is laughing on my lip!

For I was a tree; with hillsides for my pillows;
I was once a tree, glad in rushing rains!
Oh, I want to sing the songs that angels taught the billows!
When I see my forest kin the sap leaps in my veins!

Tongue, not Spirit.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

O GOD, when I blasphemed Thee then, and then,
And dared Thee fiercely, saying, "Who art Thou?
Do Thy dread worst: — Thy torments shall not cow
My soul to servile prayer with other men!"

When I forgot Thy dew of tenderness
That oft has filled me as a brimming cup;
The sense of Thee which draws my spirit up;
The faith in Thee which heals my worst distress —

O God, Whose love is all in all to me,
Didst Thou from worlds and systems turn an eye
And see this atom in repentance lie
For offering such violence to Thee?

And like a patient mother as Thou art,
Say — "This poor soul will reach a riper age;
And cease to rend itself with helpless rage;
And sometime feel the beating of My heart.

"It was his tongue, not spirit, that reviled.
Had he forsaken brothers in their need,
Then had My image been blasphemed indeed!
I will excuse the wailing of a child!"

Through Life.

MRS. EMILY THORNTON CHARLES.

ENTERING life, we come fearfully
Into the new and unknown;
Trembling and terrified, tearfully
Lifting life's burden alone;
Braving its danger more cheerfully
When we the stronger have grown.

Still, like old Earth, so receivingly
Taking the bad and the good,
Taking, or choosing, believingly
Ever the best, as we could;
Sadly repenting, then grievingly
Striving to do as we should.

Long may we wander, transgressingly,
Ingrates whom passions enslave;
Haughtily, proudly, rejectingly,

Scorning the mercy God gave;
Nor looking to Him who protectingly
His arm forth stretches to save.

Thoughtlessly, carelessly, musingly,
Playing at life's checkered game;
Ever the tally-sheet losingly
Scoreth a list to our name;
Bravely doth Conscience accusingly
Waken our senses to shame.

Looking to Conscience inquiringly,
Thoughtlessness seemeth a sin;
Working and striving untiringly,
So must the battle begin.
Faith, hope, and love will inspiringly
Teach us how life we may win.

May we our duty do darefully,
Strengthening careworn, oppressed;
Threading our way ever carefully
Through snares, to the home of the blest;
Hopefully, cheerfully, prayerfully,
Finding in heaven a rest.

Her Poem.

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

"I WILL sing," thus said a poet;
"I will sing a lay for love."
Meekly were her dark eyes lifted
To the quiet stars above;

Then there came a dear, good angel,
And her white wings o'er her pressed,
Turning to a low, sweet music
Every pulse within her breast.

Then, with dreamy eyes and misty,
And with red lips, half apart,
Wove she into words and stanzas
The emotions of her heart.
"Go!" she said, "thou little poem,
Go abroad like Noah's dove, —
Breathe to every heart a blessing,
Bring me love! Oh, bring me love!"

Lightly went the little poem,
Gladly on its mission sweet,
Like a wave of wondrous beauty,
Singing at the sailor's feet,
Like a green tree in the desert,
Like a cooling water brook,
Like a lily by a river,
Like a violet in a nook.

Oh! like all things bright and joyous,
Was that simple, earnest lay,
And of love a plenteous harvest
Shed about the poet's way.
Knelt she then, in golden twilight,
With the dews upon her hair,
And, with tearful eyes, to heaven
Breathed her thankfulness in prayer.

"If a pilgrim hath been shadowed
By a tree that I have nursed;
If a cup of clear, cold water
I have raised to lips athirst;
If I've planted one sweet flower
By an else too barren way;
If I've whispered in the midnight
One sweet word to tell of day;

"If in one poor bleeding bosom
I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of heaven have filled;
If I've made, for life's hard battle,
One faint heart grow brave and strong;—
Then, my God, I thank Thee, bless Thee,
For the precious boon of song."

Life.

JETHRO C. CULMER.

LO, it is night, and yonder is the moon—
The hilltops rise and smile;
And the deep vale lies black across the land.
There is no sound or song—
Naught moving, save the slowly changing light,
And now an errant star, wild riding down
The far-off field of blue, in urgent quest.
O my vain soul! have peace—
The world alone is mine, and I would grow
As a tall tree into the heavenward air,

Knitting my roots more deeply in the earth
While day abounds and sunshine warms the world;
Or, when the darkness and the blast come on,
Stand high against the battling storm, and know
The mighty joy of bravery —
For there are life and death, and life is mine,
And death seems far away — a sacred thing.

Memory's Banquet.

WILL CUMBACK.

I AM banqueting to-night —
Not with wassail and with wine,
Not with eating and with drinking,
At a bacchanalian shrine;
For in my lonely chamber
Where the shadows and the light
Are quaintly crossed and checkered —
There I'm banqueting to-night.

In the hush and in the stillness
Of the quiet midnight hour,
I said to memory, "Bring me
The best you have in store;"
And the feast was spread before me,
And the present took her flight,
While the past and I made merry
With our banqueting to-night.

All sorrows were forbidden,
No grief allowed to share;
Ingratitude and broken faith
Were not permitted there;
And hate and haters were shut out
And driven from my sight,
For memory had her orders
For the banqueting to-night.

All the sunshine hope had promised,
And the joys that lasted long —
All the love that filled my soul
With happiness and song,
Sat at the board and cheered me,
Making life a great delight,
As I drank the cup of memory
In my banqueting to-night.

And the comfort and the kindness
That loving hearts have given,
Making life to me the prelude
Of the higher joys of heaven;
The rich old wine, the vintage
Of the years that took their flight,
But left behind their sweetness,
On which I banquet here to-night.

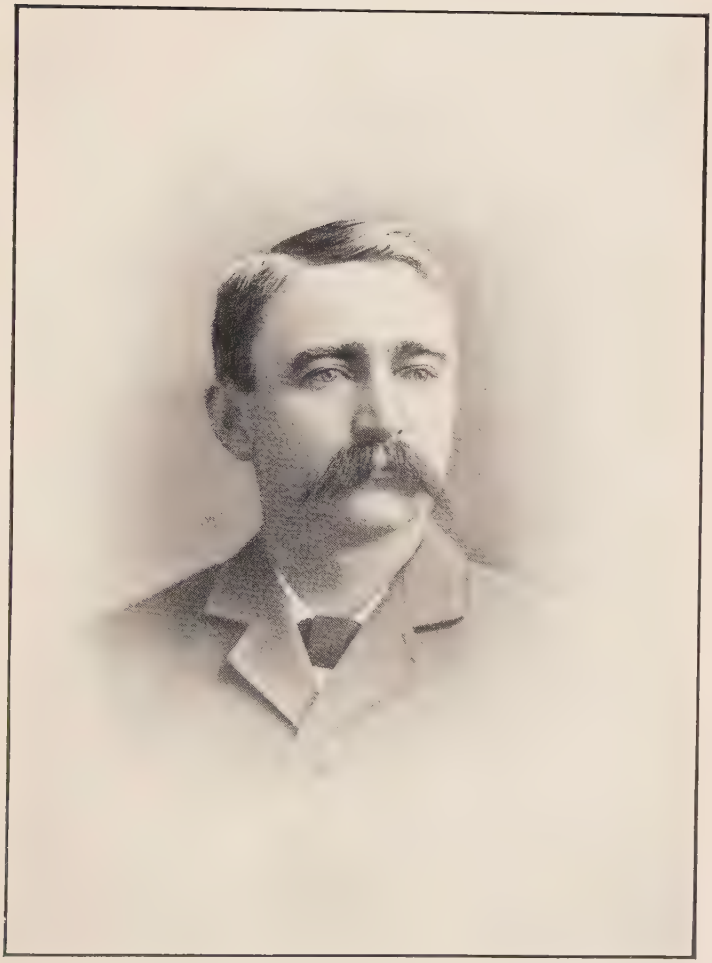
Song of Steam.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein:
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel,
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.



WILLIAM W. PFRIMMER.

Ha! ha! they found me out at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
O then ye saw a wondrous change,
On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurra! Hurra! The waters o'er
The mountain's steep decline;
Time — space — have yielded to my power;
The world — the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine!

The ocean pales where'er I sweep —
I hear my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth of the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The mind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play;
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.

I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put in print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

The Bard.

MRS. IDA MAY DAVIS.

HE sang no joyful lay — but chanted prayer,
That out beyond the drear to-day, somewhere,
Hope's roses might be budding in disguise
To burst upon the morn in sweet surprise.

Thus from his dream of love and trust he sang,
And thro' the world's great heart the music rang.

The people listen as they pass his way,
And smile unto each other as they say,
"With flowers we'll crown him, gold and red."
And then — remember not the words they said,
Until the mystic claim of silent breath
Has won him life's unfading wreath.

And when they saw his face they softly said,
"We'll deck him now with rue, for he is dead,
And sing his songs in honor of his name."
I thought in sorrow of the thing called fame,
That holds from hearts the love for which they wait,
And lays the flowers at their feet, too late.

Why kiss the pallid lips that cannot speak?
The slender thread of life at best is weak.
Wait not until the lamp is burning low —
Wait not for winter skies and Alpine snow —
I would that friends wreath not my icy brow,
If you have roses for me, bring them now.

Fountains of Song.

RICHARD LEW DAWSON.

WOULD you then sing
With such rare music that the world shall pause
And lift you to a throne of warm applause?

And would you bring
The mind of man to cherish higher things,
And know the soothing touch of beauty's wings?

In joy depart
Beyond the town and breathe the pure, crisp air,
And note the splendor which the heavens wear;
Inspire the heart
With all the peace and charm of Nature's green,
Nor let one dart of sorrow shoot between.

But if you think
That life is tasteless, colorless, and bare,
Go down and drink of misery and care,
And on the brink
Of agony look over into hell,
And all the woes of life and death foretell.

No need to soar
Into the dark and deep confines of space,
But only read your friend's or neighbor's face,
An open door
That shows fantastic shapes of sun or storm,
Music or wailing, colors cold or warm.

Then fondly turn
And tune the sweet and mellow harp of home.
Above your dear ones build the fancy's dome,
In words that burn;
Light up the ages with your country's praise,
And with her glory set the world ablaze.

Expand your soul
Within the boundless, odorous sea of love,
And as his sweet and mighty waves above
Caressing roll,
Seek no escape, but hear the strain he sings,
Till *your* song with its richest meaning rings.

For love is all!
And when his gleaming tide shall overwhelm
And draw you into his enchanted realm,
On you shall fall
The keen prophetic vision, and a sign
That men shall know, and call your gift divine!

The Haunting Face.

RICHARD LEW DAWSON.

LOVE has come again to bless me
And to lead me from the gloom,
And her lovely eyes possess me
With a sweeter second bloom;
Yet with visions of to-morrow
Comes the face of yesterday,
And a sadness and a sorrow
That I cannot put away.

When I thought my life was tainted,
And that love had come and gone,
Rose a royal sun that painted
All my sky with rosy dawn;

Yet the face where love has faded
From the shadows gazes yet,
And my happiness is shaded
By remembrance and regret.

Oh! I think of golden tresses
Gently resting on my breast,
And the years of love's caresses,
Busy years so tried and blest;
Of the songs we sang together
Thro' the summer evenings long,
While nor storm nor winter weather
Stemmed the current of our song;

Of the precious hopes that bound us,
And the joys and griefs we knew;
Of the little group around us
With their charm so strange and new,
How we fondly watched their growing,
And their pretty words and ways,
Asking where their feet were going
In the mystic future days.

Yet the parting word is spoken
By the cold lips of a wife,
And the dear home circle broken,
Tho' it was my all of life.
Love has come again to bless me —
Yet my heavy thoughts will stray,
And I cannot dispossess me
Of the dream of yesterday.

Sad the life is of a woman
Stranded on a loveless shore,
And my heart, for it is human,
Is with deepest pity sore,
And in spite of balms is bleeding
For the loved, unloving eyes
That so hopeless gaze, unheeding,
Where her dreary future lies.

Loved and lost, a hope I cherish,
For you still are bright and true:
Tho' your love was born to perish
There are better things for you;
Give me then the calmer feeling,
Let me hold you as a friend,
And the blessed balm of healing
Shall upon our lives descend.

Burial of the Beautiful.

JOHN B. DILLON.

WHERE shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh,
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure, clear drops of its rising sprays
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays —
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well —

In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair;
Bury her there — bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest,
In purity, over the sleeper's breast;
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Breathing notes of deep, undying love;
Where no column proud in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping forever blest;
Where wandering perii love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there — bury her there!

Blind.

MRS. MAY W. DONNAN.

REBELLIOUS were the tears she shed,
When first they told her she was blind.
"Oh, God, if I were only dead!
The way with piercing thorns is lined." —
A road so dark she feared to tread,
When first they told her she was blind.

But clear had grown the inner sight,
When last they told her she was blind;
"Lord, all that comes to me is right;

Thy love makes smooth the path I find!"
Lo! all before her glowed with light,
When last they told her she was blind.

Give back, O Conquering Time!

MRS. AMANDA L. R. DUFOUR.

GIVE back, O conquering Time, the years
Chained captive to thy chariot wheels,
That erst were bright with Hope and Truth,
The vernal years of Light and Youth,
Untaught by Sorrow's lessons ruth,
Unscourged by phantom fears.

Give back, unchanged, those halcyon days,
Give back the tender, earnest faith,
That saw beyond life's sunset bars
Temples whose pearl domes touched the stars,
Kissed e'en the lurid crest of Mars,
Proud beacons to God's praise!

Give back the paradise of Thought,
Whose wingéd words bore Eden's hue,
Save when inspired silence reigned,
By such rapt eloquence enchained,
That sound or language had profaned,
Or utter madness wrought.

Once more unseal those crystal streams,
Of late to scoriac rivers turned:
Their tantalizing waves of stone

The thirsting spirit with a moan
Essays to drink, till with a groan
Sinks in nepenthe dreams.

Again celestial blooms unfold,
Whose cultured beauties challenged Fame,
To find in orient clime or bower
Odors of such theurgic power,
That heaven seemed prisoned in one hour,
Whose bliss could ne'er be told.

Give back the charms that Psyche wore,
The aurate splendor of Love's dawn,
When every height was purple crowned,
O'er which no tempest ever frowned,
But where soft echoes would rebound,
Just flown through Eden's door.

Ungird the fiery cestus care,
Corroding all the inner life,
Until it sees, and feels, and hears
Naught but the moan of dying years,
Naught but their griefs and strifes and tears,
Without one hope or prayer.

'T is vain. Inexorable Time
No footsteps ever will retrace,
No moment ever disinters.
Across the Stygian flood there whirrs
No backward wing, or ever stirs
Its waves to mortal rhyme.

Alas! 't is worse than vain, 't is sin
To mourn the pleasures past and dead:
Whate'er the cross the present bears,
Whate'er its burdens, pains, or cares,
They're to the trusting soul but stairs,
God's mount of joy to win.

Better Late than Never.

SIDNEY DYER.

LIFE is a race where some succeed
While others are beginning;
'T is luck sometimes, at others, speed,
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind,
'T is better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 't is well;
But never trip your neighbor;
'T is noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor;
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'T is better late than never.

The Poet.

ELIJAH EVAN EDWARDS.

(*From "Blifkins and the Bard."*)

THOUGH he may claim no palace gay and gilded,
To no soft couch his weary limbs be given;
Yet in the sunlit clouds his home is builded,
And curtained with the tapestry of heaven.

The elements do love, the wild winds woo him,
With words that duller senses may not hear;
Billows and breezes chant their anthems to him,
And breathe their sweetest secrets in his ear.

He dreams amidst the gorgeous clouds of even,
Its kingly halls for him their gates unfold,
He feeds upon the vital air of heaven,
He drinks the sunset's flashing wine of gold.

Wherever mountains rear their summits hoary,
Wherever quiet vales in beauty sleep,
Wherever brimming lakes reflect the glory
Of sun or stars in their abysses deep;

Wherever cattle graze the sunlit meadows,
Or through dim forests wild deer love to roam;
Where'er the sunlight smiles, or gloam the shadows,
Wherever beauty bides, he makes his home.

Thrust him in prison, it becomes a palace;
His coarse brown bread, a dainty rich and rare;
His poor, mean drinking cup, a golden chalice;
His chain, an ornament a king might wear.

However rude his lot, however lowly,
He makes it paradise, and evermore
Basks in the sunlight, pure, serene, and holy,
Lark-like, his highest joy to sing and soar.

Azrael.

ORPHEUS EVERTS.

NO matter what the tie that binds
The human heart to earthly things,
No pitying tear the Angel blinds,
Who hovers near on dusky wings.
The Angel who, with damp, cold breath,
Dissolves all ties — the Angel, Death!

I saw a mother, young and fair,
A first-born babe hold to her breast.
I said, "Ah, surely, Time will spare
A tie so strong, so pure, so blest."
I looked again. In blank despair
The mother sat! No child was there!

I saw a youth and maiden stand
Beneath full-blooming orchard boughs.
'T was early spring, and hand in hand,
With lips to lips they sealed love's vows.

But when the orchard blossoms fell
The maiden mourned her loss as well.

I saw a woman proudly gaze,
  Self-worshiping, on mirrored charms.
Superb she seemed, above all praise,
  Scornful of time and Death's alarms.
I looked again. The glass betrayed
Her form in burial robes arrayed.

I saw a man who, day by day,
  Had toiling climbed a mountain height,
And stood alone where glittering lay
  The ore that charmed his eager sight.
With greedy hands he grasped the ore,
But stumbling, fell to rise no more.

Nor maiden's love, nor mother's tears,
  Nor beauty's charms, nor glare of gold,
Can stay the wings of flying years,
  Nor tyrant Time bribe to withhold
The Angel who, with damp, cold breath,
Dissolves all ties — the Angel, Death.

1880.

Fantasia.

ORPHEUS EVERTS.

WOULD he awake were I to kiss him now? —
  Were I to stoop and taste his perfumed breath —
That silent witness telling life from death —
And press my aspiration on his brow?

Should he awake and open wide his eyes,
  Would not his soul outflashing smite my own,
  As smote the sunlight Egypt's fabled stone,
And all the air vibrate with glad surprise?

Or should his hands untaught, instinctive, move
  And touch the cords so strained within my breast,
  Would not those strings by his pure hands caressed,
Flood all my soul with music born of love?

I wonder what his thoughts are: if his dreams
  May not be memories of whence he came—
  That fade from birth, as fades the moon's pale flame
Before the sun's all-conquering burnished beams!

How strange to him life's language: harsh its words;
  His tender lips have not yet learned to frame
  Love's shibboleth; disarming with a name
The sentinels that guard Love's waterfords.

How sweet the task; how sacred, too, the trust;
  To watch his growth and guide his wayward feet!
  O life! O world! where heaven and hell so meet!
Must he, too, suffer, learning love from lust?

O sacred Image!—though with veil withdrawn
  Long have I gazed, my eyes have not profaned;
  And still I worship! . . . But the moon hath waned,
And morning fleet pursues the flying dawn.

(To the Mother.)

The secret currents of our lives have met
And mingled: — in him henceforth as one to flow,
However deep or silent. This we know.
What more? Ah me! so blind! we know not yet!

Advertisement for a Wife.

JOHN FINLEY.

YE fair ones attend! I've an offer to make ye;
In Hymen's soft bands I am anxious to live;
"For better, for worse," a companion I'll take me,
Provided she fills the description I give.

I neither expect nor can hope for perfection,
For that never yet was a bachelor's lot;
But choosing a wife, I would make a selection
Which many in my situation would not.

I'd have — let me see — no, I'd not have a beauty,
For beautiful women are apt to be vain;
Yet, with a small share I would think it a duty
To take her, be thankful, and never complain.

Her form must be good, without art to constrain it,
And rather above than below middle size;
A something — (it puzzles my brain to explain it),
Like eloquent language, must flow from her eyes.

She must be well-bred, or I could not respect her,
Good-natured and modest, but not over coy;
Her mind well informed — 'tis the purified nectar
That sweetens the cup of hymeneal joy.

Her home she must love and domestic employment,
Have practical knowledge of household affairs;
And make it a part of her highest enjoyment
To soften my troubles and lighten my cares.

Her age I would have at the least to be twenty,
But not to exceed twenty-five at the most;
And girls of that age being everywhere plenty,
I hope to get one of the numerous host.

No fortune I ask, for I've no predilection
For glitter and show, or the pomp of high life;
I wish to be bound by the cords of affection:
And now I have drawn you a sketch of a wife.

Whoever possesses the said requisitions,
And fain would be bound with the conjugal band,
Will please to step forward — she has the conditions;
"Inquire of the printer;" I'm always at hand.

Clouds.

WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

YES, the smiling clouds are angels,
Angels of the air;
On the path from earth to heaven,
Peri bright and fair.

They are messengers of plenty,
Raining happy harvests down;
Now they gild the skies of sunset,
Now the hoary hills they crown.
Forms fantastic, visions rare,
Flit and hover ever in the air.

Now they vaunt the pride of armies,
Marching with the gale;
Now they breathe in rainy darkness
Sorrow's plaintive tale;
Now they come, the moon's attendants,
Following the steps of love;
Now they speak in gloomy thunders,
Direful wrath of gods above.
Human passions, dark and fair,
Pictured by the angels of the air.

Yonder is a cloudy palace,
Just a minute old —
Roof of pearl and walls of silver,
Pillars bright with gold;
Now it is a mighty mountain,
Towering tall and grim and high;
Now, like forms of shadowy dreamland,
All go flitting, flitting by.
Lights of joy and shades of care,
Chasing one another through the air.

Colors rich in cloudy beauty
To the earth are given,

But the brightest hues are cherished
For the eye of heaven.
Like those angels of the sunlight,
Is the heart of one I love;
Dear she is to all around her,
Dearer yet to One above.
Sweet to us, yet passing fair
To that keen Eye that searchest everywhere.

Sapphics.

WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

"There had Æneas perished, King of men,
Had not Jove's daughter, Venus, quick perceived
His peril imminent." — COWPER'S *Iliad*, V. 360.

WET with white foam-flakes, and with dew of morning,
Breathing forth desire from their eager nostrils,
Stand the steeds, fire-eyed, and with feet impatient,
Aching for combat.

All around were hosts of the stern Achaians,
All around were hosts of the valiant Trojans,
While above were gathered the gods of heaven,
Silence was on them.

Silence deep and dread as when clouds of heaven
Roll together, pause for the fiery combat,
Pause, ere red flames flash, and the crash of thunders
Shivers the darkness.

So the great gods, having Olympian dwellings,
Pause a space to rest for the red encounter,
So the heroes haughtily charioted
Stay for a season.

Rings the loud lash! Wild as the waves of ocean
Leap those flaming steeds, as a hungry tiger,
Crouched long time in rushes and grass in silence,
Leaps on his victim.

Now Æneas, flushed with the dawn of battle,
Joyful speeds to cope with the brave Tydides;
Him he spied afar in his might rejoicing,
Smiting the Trojans.

Then the heroes, shouting a noise of battle,
Joined in conflict. High from the earth Tydides
Raised a great rock, hurled it against the Trojan,
Smote him with darkness.

Now Æneas, fallen to earth, had perished,
Save that Venus, darling of Jove, espied him.
She in white arms gently her dear son lifting,
Bore him from battle.

Foam-born mother! so unto us descending,
Worn with toil, and labor, and dust of battle,
Bear us up on white arms of love, and grant us
Rest on thy bosom.

Counting the Cost.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

TO make one little golden grain
Requires the sunshine and the rain,
The hoarded richness of the sod —
And God.

To form and tint one lovely flower
That lives to bless for one short hour
Doth need the skies, the clouds above —
And Love.

To make one life that's white and good,
Fit for this human brotherhood,
Demands the toil of weary years —
And tears.

Purity.

SAMUEL B. GOOKINS.

"Unto the pure all things are pure, but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure." — PAUL TO TITUS.

IN the lone silence of the woodland dell,
Unseen by man, by busy feet untrod,
Where the deep fountains of the forest dwell
(Like pearls in amber set) in mossy sod,
The timid fallow comes to slake his thirst.
Reflected from the tiny lake, he sees
A form of beauty's own, — the clear, dark eye,

The taper ears, the graceful curvéd neck,
Incipient antlers, promise of his power.
Stooping to test the moss-enameled fount,
The mirrored image, from the crystal depth,
Hastens to meet him at the flowery brink,
And there salutes him with a dainty kiss.
(Hist! drop no pebble! lest it fright the deer,
And circling wavelets wash the picture out.)

But if some monster of the forest wild,
The shaggy bison or the vengeful boar,
With filthy wallowings hath fouled the spring,
No form of beauty meets the deer's soft eye,
And from the noisome pool he turns away.

So when the Lord of Life with loving gaze
Explores the deep recesses of the soul,
If purified by His all-cleansing grace;
If charity has purged it of its mire;
If faith, through which the unseen is beheld,
Hath wrought by love and purified the heart,—
Then all the lineaments of the form Divine
Are seen reflected from the pearly depths,
And He rejoiceth, like as doth the groom
When soul-lit grace adorns the new-found bride.

But, if within the precincts of the soul
Its great, malignant enemy hath crept;
If divers gods have got possession there;
If hateful lust and covetous desire,
If vain contempt for that atoning blood,

Which cancels sin and clarifies the soul,
Have fouled it with their vile imaginings,
No form of heavenly grace is mirrored forth
To meet the tender, sweet, and loving gaze;
Sadly He turns, and with Divine disgust
Leaves the foul spirit to its chosen lust.

Apostrophe to Milton.

JONATHAN W. GORDON.

BARD of my soul, thy hallowed song sublime
Uplifts my feebler strain, and rises high;
The vast variety and depth of thought,
That flow commingled in thy matchless verse,
Anew and deep I drink — drink from the fount
Prepared of God, rich to the mental taste,
But tasted not before I drank with thee,
O bard of deathless fame! Now by thy wing
Directed, I through climes unknown am borne,
And guided to the spring whence song bursts forth.
Thence let me drink! to taste and drink not deep,
O powers immortal! may I ever scorn;
Still choosing rather to be naught than aught
Inferior to the bard whose genius vast,
And venturous as vast, of chaos, death
And night, with voice untrembling, sang.

The Interpreter.

LEE O. HARRIS.

A THOUGHT sped through the land,
On swift and airy wing,
And none could grasp or understand
The bright inconstant thing.
Some said, "It is of pleasure born,"
And some, "'T is child of pain."
"'T is joyous as a summer morn;"
"'T is sad as midnight rain."
"Who will interpret it?" they cried,
"This airy thing that mocks us so?"
"Alas!" they each to each replied,
"We feel, but do not know."

Then Music took her shell
And blew so sweet a strain,
The Thought was prisoned by the spell,
And bound as with a chain.
"Behold!" they cried, "the charm is found:
Bring gems and gold to her
Who holdeth in melodious sound
The Thought's interpreter."
And all the people ran with speed
Their richest offerings to bestow —
"Alas!" they cried, "the sounds recede;
We hear, but do not know."

Then God-like Sculpture smote
The rock before his face,
And on its polished surface wrote
In lines of living grace.

"The mystery is here," they said,
"The Thought is carved in stone;"
And came with bared and bended head,
Like vassals to a throne.
"Well hath the sculptor won the prize,"
They cried. — "But still it mocks us so!
There hangs a veil before our eyes —
We see, but do not know."

Then Painting next essayed
To catch the flitting thing,
And on his magic canvas spread
All hues that tint the spring.
And men were eager to behold,
And Rumor mouthed his name,
And willing thousands brought their gold
To fill his crown of fame.
But as they gazed they, sighing, said,
"Alas! must it be ever so?
The Thought is uninterpreted,
For still we do not know."

An humble poet wrought
Beside his sick child's bed,
And all men read, and lo! the Thought
At last interpreted!
Its sweetness gladdened all the land,
And cheered the heart like wine.
The poet kissed the poor, dead hand,
That stung his lips with brine;

And on his lonely way he sighed,
For men went by him with a smile.
"What hath the poet earned?" they cried,
"*We knew it all the while.*"

Flotsam.

MRS. IRENE BOYNTON HAWLEY.

BEHOLD the débris on the river's breast,
Dimpling the eddies of its limpid floor;
Some freak of current severs from the rest
A fated log and strands it on the shore,
A garniture of moss and mold to don,
While the bright wave in gladness dances on.

But Nature, ever just, requital saves
From the rich garners of her varied store.
That anchor'd drift, abandoned of the waves,
Becomes a poem on that lonely shore,
Fashioned by elfin elements grotesque,
Into an object, lovely, picturesque.

To grace its sides the odd brown fungi lend
Their shapes and color, and green mosses drape
Its rugged form, while fern fronds curl and bend
Within its shadow, and shy insects make
Their curious homes, and from rude light secrete
Their timid selves, within its cool retreat.

Within its clefts are grasses that but need
Moisture to nourish waving plumy crests;
Here saucy songsters gorge their ravenous greed,
And rifle barky floss to line their nests.
At this quaint shrine artists their dreams inspire,
And lovers loiter, fanning fancy's fire.

Now — might I dare comparison to make
Between that river flotsam and my life,
Thwarted ambition still might comfort take
In its restricted plane, perhaps as rife
With chances similar, the soul to dress
With moss of love and fronds of usefulness.

If I might hope an alchemy divine
Could transmute dews of grief and suns of pain,
To that sweet verdure and that foliage fine
That hides decay, and covers age and stain,
If seeds of spiritual graces but abide
In drifts of fate — I would be satisfied.

Patience, my soul! and vain desires, be still!
Draw wisely from surrounding atmospheres
The aliment of peace and grace — distill
A chrism of blessing from thy vase of tears.
Take from the hand of life the full cup sent,
And quaff its wave, a sacred sacrament!

Religion and Doctrine.

JOHN HAY.

HE stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him.
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat there and begged beside the way —
For he was blind.
And I am he;
For I was blind, but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore:
A prophet, on the Sabbath day,
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride.
Their sneers at Jesus and His band,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he
Who once was blind, and now I see.

They all were doctors of renown,
The great men of the famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,
Beneath their wide phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath day;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew and not the Sanhedrim.

Form Worship.

ENOS B. HEINEY.

THERE was a saint, — so runs a legend old, —
A holy man of God, who, day by day,
Toiled for the flock within his little fold,
And led his people in the narrow way.

Although they did not fairly understand
His words of wisdom and his fervent prayers,
They loved and reverenced him through all the land
And sought his counsel when o'erwhelmed with cares.

It came to pass one night that as he dreamed
He saw a glorious vision in the skies:
Three bars of sunlight round about him beamed,
And written on them, just before his eyes,
Were all the truths of God, so long concealed
From human wisdom — truths for which his soul
For years had yearned in vain were now revealed.
He read, and waking wrote them on a scroll.

Next night a message came: "O saint, prepare
To teach the world the truths which thou hast read."
Three days he spent in fasting and in prayer;
Then calling all his people to him, said:
"Brethren, I go away, but leave with you
The precious truths of God revealed to me
And written on this parchment — read it through;
Live by it, brethren, it will make you free."

For many years this saint, this holy man,
Journeyed and taught nor rested day nor night,
And thousands who had been beneath the ban
Of ignorance and doubt, received the light.
At last, with faltering step and palsied hand
Which told of earthly labors nearly done.
He turned his face again unto the land
Where all his deeds of mercy were begun.

It came to pass that, as he neared the place,
He saw the people prostrate in the dust
Before an altar. Joy illumed his face.
He said: "My people worship God the Just."
He nearer drew. Upon the altar lay
The roll of parchment still securely sealed.
His flock had worshiped it from day to day,
But searched it not for truths within revealed.

Alter Ego.

BENJAMIN DAVENPORT HOUSE.

IF my freed soul were of its sins forgiven,
And Azrael, at its side, escorting flew,
To guide it straightway to the realm of heaven,
I should compel his flight with it to you.

And pausing there, refuse his further leading,
And he from thence alone his flight should wend,
For I would prove to him, through love's strong pleading,
That I had reached my journey's utmost end.

And lingering there, perhaps without your knowing,
Until your eyes should close in life's eclipse,
My kiss, when yours to find my soul was going,
Should meet it at the portals of your lips.

A Cynic.

HORACE F. HUBBARD.

I HEARD one say: He knows not how to sing
The song that moves the simple heart,
And makes its cares still some of joy to bring
To him who acts an humble part.

Ah me! I trust there is not all of truth
In what I hear the cynic say,
Whose love of hate and hate of love, in sooth,
Would thwart the robin's roundelay.

For in a simple heart he has no faith,
Yet of it prates with vainest pride;
And every word that from his lips he saith
In depth of heart he would deride.

He'd tell me that the far-off purple haze
I see upon the mountain side,
In dreamy, halcyon Indian-summer days,
If I draw near will not abide.

He hears no music in the children's play,
Nor in the mother's cradle song;
He sees no tender picture in the way
The sweet babe smiles its robes among.



ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

The cry of wild bird startled from its nest,
As roams he through the woods at will,
Awakes no other thought within his breast
Than this: the fleeing bird to kill.

But haply he may yet some sunny day,
As to a greater Power he yields,
Feel how, like Falstaff, he has missed the way,
And, dying, babble of green fields.

At a Tenement Window.

MRS. ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

SOMETIMES my needle stops with half-drawn thread
(Not often though, — each moment's waste means bread,
And missing stitches leave the little mouths unfed).
I look down on the dingy court below:
A tuft of grass is all it has to show, —
A broken pump, where thirsty children go.
Above, there shines a bit of sky so small
That it might be a passing bluebird's wing.
One tree leans up against the high brick wall,
And there the sparrows twitter of the spring,
Until they waken in my heart a cry
Of hunger, that no bread can satisfy.

Always before, when Maytime took her way
Across the fields, I followed close. To-day

I can but dream of all her bright array.
My work drops down. Across the sill I lean,
And long, with bitter longing, for unseen
Rain-freshened paths, where budding woods grow green.
The water trickles from the pump below
Upon the stones. With eyes half shut, I hear
It falling in a pool where rushes grow,
And feel a cooling presence drawing near.
And now the sparrows chirp again. No, hark! —
A singing as of some far meadow lark.

It is the same old miracle applied
Unto myself, that on the mountain-side
The few small loaves and fishes multiplied.
Behold how strange and sweet the mystery!
The birds, the broken pump, the gnarléd tree,
Have brought the fullness of the spring to me.
For in the leaves that rustle by the wall
All forest finds a tongue, and so that grass
Can, with its struggling tuft of green, recall
Wide bloom-filled meadows where the cattle pass.
How it can be but dimly I divine,
These crumbs, God-given, make the whole loaf mine.

"The Way of the World."

MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

THERE are beautiful songs that we never sing,
And names that are never spoken;
There are treasures guarded with jealous care,

And kept as a sacred token;
There are faded flowers, and letters dim
With tears that have rained above them
For the fickle words and the faithless hearts
That taught us how to love them.

There are sighs that come in our joyous hours
To chasten our dreams of gladness,
And tears that spring to our aching eyes
In moments of thoughtful sadness;
For the blithest bird that sings in spring
Will flit with the waning summer,
And lips that we kissed in fondest love
Will smile on the first newcomer.

Over the breast where lilies rest
In white hands, stilled forever,
The roses of June will nod and blow,
Unheeding the hearts that sever;
And lips that quiver in silent grief,
All words of hope refusing,
Will lightly turn to the fleeting joys
That perish with the using.

Summer blossoms and winter snows,
Love and its sweet elysian,
Hope, like a siren dim and fair,
Quickening our fainting vision;
Drooping spirit and failing pulse,
Where untold memories hover;
Eyelids touched with the seal of death —
And the fitful dream is over.

Men Told Me, Lord.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

MEN told me, Lord, it was a vale of tears
Where Thou hadst placed me, wickedness and woe
My twain companions whereso I might go;
That I through ten and three-score weary years
Should stumble on, beset by pains and fears,
Fierce conflict round me, passions hot within,
Enjoyment brief and fatal but in sin.

When all was ended then should I demand
Full compensation from Thine austere hand;
For 't is Thy pleasure, all temptation past,
To be not just but generous at last.

Lord, here am I, my three-score years and ten
All counted to the full; I've fought Thy fight,
Crossed Thy dark valleys, scaled Thy rocks' harsh height,
Borne all Thy burdens Thou dost lay on men
With hand unsparing, three-score years and ten.
Before Thee now I make my claim, O Lord!
What shall I pray Thee as a meet reward?

I ask for nothing. Let the balance fall!
All that I am or know or may confess
But swells the weight of mine indebtedness;
Burdens and sorrows stand transfigured all;
Thy hand's rude buffet turns to a caress,

For Love, with all the rest, Thou gavest me here,
And Love is Heaven's very atmosphere.
Lo! I have dwelt with Thee, Lord. Let me die.
I could no more through all Eternity.

To the Genius of the West.

ISAAC H. JULIAN.

O GENIUS of "my own, my native land"!
Majestic, glorious presence of my dreams,
I own the impulse of thy guiding hand,
I hail the light upon thy brow that gleams
Dear and familiar as the sun's first beams!
For thou didst smile upon my life's first dawn;
A child, lone-wandering by thy quiet streams,
Far from the vain and noisy crowd withdrawn,
Thy partial glance didst mark and seal me as thy own.

Thou bad'st me tune with joy my rustic reed,
While smiling love and fancy led the strain;
And first my willing voice, as thou decreed,
Essayed to sing the glories of thy reign.
Since, wandering wide out o'er thy broad domain,
Thy presence still has cheered me on my way,
And, 'mid those vaster scenes, didst thou again
Inspire a higher and a sadder lay
Than that of sportive love, to crown my manhood's day.

A lay of truth, inscribed unto my kind,
Their joys and griefs, their liberties and wrongs;

The spirit that would every chain unbind,
  By thee invoked, inspired my later songs
With stern rebukes of lying pens and tongues.
  O, still be with me, Genius of the West,
And grant the boon for which my spirit longs —
  To weave the verse which thou shalt deem the best,
Ere 'neath my native soil I sink to rest!

Karma.

ISAAC KINLEY.

'TIS what there is in nature wrought;
  'T is what our own deep thinking brings;
'T is the consistency of thought,
  And the consistency of things.

Of what of earth-life that we know;
  Of things of good or ill repute,
Of all there be of high or low,
  It is the blossom and the fruit.

The wind that bloweth where it lists,
  The ocean with its ceaseless roll;
What contradicts and what consists;
  'T is the beginning and the goal.

'T is cause and sequence, — endless chain; —
  A river with a ceaseless flow; —
'T is life and death, 't is brawn and brain;
  'T is all we feel and all we know.

Doubt.

MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

DOUBT, thou ever watchful angel,
Once I would not look on thee;
Hated the uplifted finger
Thou didst point and shake at me.
Deeds that shone in blazing glory
Thou wouldst throw thy veil upon,
And transform the grandest story
With thy probing tongue anon.

But through years of groping blindly
Thou hast been my faithful friend,
Prompting me to somewhat higher,
Standing by me in the end.
Still with cautious eyes upon me,
Eyes that say, "Dare not, nor do
Aught thy whole heart does not sanction;
To thy inmost soul be true."

Two Plowmen.

MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

PLOW on, O noble worker, pierce the soil,
Turn, rend, and air it in the glowing sun.
The choicest fruit and flowers come of thy toil.
What if thy shares through beds of roses run,

Or fright a brood of birdlings from their nest,
Or rout the field mice in their quiet play?
The fullness of the earth's responsive breast
To hungry men is of more worth than they.

Plow on, O fearless thinker! furrow deep
The soil o'ergrown with error; cut false roots,
Pull out, pile up, and burn them in a heap.
Albeit there have grown rank plants with shoots
Of promisė; foolish faith, with folded wing,
Beneath their shelter may have found a rest;
Yet from the severed crust the truth shall spring,
And all the nations of the earth be blest.

The Vain Kite.

MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

THE day was beautiful and bright;
There rose a buoyant, bracing breeze,
That upward bore a brilliant kite
Above the housetops and the trees.
His red wings, like a flame of fire,
Were gayly spread aloft and wide,
And steadily rose higher, higher;
Till, dizzy grown and swelled with pride,
He downward cast a scornful look.
"O how superior am I
To all below! The envious brook
And field shall see me reach the sky.

"The trees and birds, the groveling things,
How dull and foolishly content
With rustling leaves, and restless wings,
Their uneventful days are spent."
He shook his head and wagged his tail,
And heavenward steered with stately grace,
As if he had the world for sale,
And could with ease all air embrace.
But suddenly — alas! alack!
The string that held his Honor broke;
Then down to earth, with crippled back,
He fell among the common folk.

The Piper's Lay.

HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.

THE piper piped a mellow lay,
Then drank a health of me;
He called the pixies from their play,
And from the hive the bee.
All the men on hill and plain
Stood by and heard him sing;
He charmed the maids with his refrain,
And swallows on the wing.

The purple hills in summer's breeze
Took up his pipe and played;
Along the green and level leas
He spread an early shade.

The answered owl sat mute and blind
Upon his homelike tree,
The night-jars could no answer find
To break his piper's glee.

I smiling sat and heard his lays;
He sang in idle quest;
He passed through green and winding ways
Where gleaners stopped to rest.
The lonely hills and quiet stars
Extol the piper's lay,
And down along the river bars
The echoes die away.

A Mystery.

ALBERT W. MACY.

I SAW the funeral train go by,
I heard the tolling soft and slow;
My heart was sad, I knew not why,
For this was many years ago.

Around her grave a sorrowing band
A solemn dirge sang sweet and low;
But why, I could not understand,
For this was many years ago.

Deep in the earth they laid her there,
And left her when they turned to go.
Cruel! But would she, could she care?
'T was many, many years ago.

The round of life has brought to me
My share of earthly weal and woe;
And still 't is all a mystery,
Though this was many years ago.

A Fancy.

MRS. ZERILDA McCOY.

I LAUNCHED a dream upon the mist-crowned bay,
Whose pulses beat
Against the shores of dawn. Upon the gray hills, silver sweet,
The echoes rang, and swift the glad winds rushed to meet
The bright-lipped, shoreward-pressing tide of day.

I called to Love, "Awake! awake!
Too long has sleep
Pressed kisses on thine eyelids. Rise and shake
Thy long locks wet with dew. Behold where sweep
The banners of my dream upon the deep.

"Come! Take the helm! My heart is there,
Within my dream;
Pale, golden-throated lilies bending o'er, fair
Roses clasping round. 'T is thine to guard, to bear,
Where'er the day's ethereal waves shall gleam."

Love took the helm. And soft and slow,
Now seen, now gone,

As floats a star where pale mists come and go,
As glides the moon where clouds transparent flow,
Through changing foam-winged spray, my dream moved on.

On! where the billows of the noonday rise
With golden crest!
More pure, more soft, Love's wondrous, lucid eyes,
More clear the outline of my dream upon the skies,
More sweet the breath that lulled my heart to rest.

Far, far and bright, the waters of the west,
Along the shore
Of night extend. Upon their passion-heaving breast
My dream is rocked. Within their clasping arms caressed,
Sinks, circling slow, and sinks to rise no more.

But when from cold, gray skies the clouds hang low,
And sad winds blow;
I hear low voices singing fitfully and slow,
"Dreams last but for a day — they fade when day is done;
And Love, as frail as they, dies with the dying sun;
And hearts that trust,
With them are wrecked, and molder into dust."

The Search for Truth.

WILLIAM W. H. McCURDY.

LONG have men sought the world around
To find out Truth, yet have but found
The path that leadeth to her bound.

"Lo! here is Truth," the people cry,
And with "Hosannas!" rend the sky;
Their "Truth" turns out a painted lie.

In churches old, in halls of state;
In seats where wise men long have sate,
Among the high, the good, the great;

My wandering feet have hopeful trod
To find out Truth, the child of God,
Yet have not found her blest abode.

"Here!" cries the Jew, in tones of pride,
"With Moses's law does Truth abide!"
But Jesus set their Truth aside.

Through grand cathedrals, gray and old,
While kingdoms fell and centuries rolled,
For ages has the tale been told,

Thro' columned aisle, 'neath vaulted dome,
While countless myriads go and come,
That "Truth remains alone with Rome."

But Luther's voice, resounding wide,
Above the papal thunders cried
In stern rebuke of Roman pride.

Then came, in after-times, a throng,
With zeal as fervent, faith as strong,
Denouncing Luther's way as wrong.

How through the ages, dim and vast,
Has come each stout iconoclast,
To break the clay of eras past!

The truth that all receive to-day,
To-morrow, searched by reason's ray,
A naked falsehood, flies away.

And still, through centuries of doubt,
Truth's ways have seemed "past finding out,"
So thickly set with toils about.

Alas! what hope for you and me
From error's snares to struggle free,
When wisest doctors disagree.

For Falsehood comes in cunning guise,
Deceives alike the weak and wise,
So much like Truth she greets our eyes.

Life.

MRS. JOSEPHINE W. MELLETTE.

A LITTLE time to curl her pretty hair;
Some moments more to place a bonnet straight,
And haste to "Mrs. Grundy's" "swell affair" —
How very sad should she arrive too late!
But is it life, that sacred, deathless dream,
To idly drift upon an idle stream?

The Great Discoverer.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo, the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'rl, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on, sail on, and on.'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'rl, say,
If we wight not but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on.'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone;
Now speak, brave Adm'rl, speak and say."
He said: "Sail on, sail on, and on."

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
He curls his lip; he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite.
Brave Adm'rl, say but one good word,
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword,
"Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on."

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, the night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew; a starlit flag unfurled.
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its greatest lesson, "On and on."

The Mothers of Men.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not —
'T was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With a sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart —
Of a woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part —
Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh! these battles they last so long —
From babyhood to the grave —

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town —
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then, silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise!
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came —
The kingliest warrior born!

St. Brandan's Isle.

MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

IN the olden days they dreamed of an isle
Where the blooming flowers and the sunset's smile
Their sorrows forever might beguile.

Where tropical blossoms and waving palms
And gentle zephyrs and restful calms
Made life like a volume of holy psalms.

Where pain, nor sorrow, nor toil, nor care,
Ever filled with their moanings the peaceful air;
But "Praise to the Lord!" was their only prayer.

Where never a mildew, a frost, or blight,
Poisoned the air of the pleasant night;
But all was joyance and soft delight.

Where thornless roses grew on the plain,
And love brought pleasure instead of pain,
Soothing the soul like summer rain!

They had seen this isle as it seemed to float
Farther away from their eager boat;
They had heard sweet music, note on note,

Which seemed to invite to its fragrant shore;
But the eve would fall, and the night pass o'er,
And they never could find it — any more!

Oh, Isle of St. Brandan! Still we see,
Afar through the future's mystery,
A land as beautiful, fair and free!

Still do we chase it from life's fair dawn,
Till the evening shades come silently on;
Then we waken, and look, and behold! 't is gone.

The artist paints it with hues of flame;
The poet sings it, and dreams of fame,
And the statesman seeks it to find a name.

Yet all, when nearing it, lose its light;
It vanishes into the silent night,
And leaves them desolate, starless quite.

Ah, Father in Heaven! what can it mean?
Must the unseen be always more than the seen?
May we never pierce the mysterious screen

Which hides us forever from what we seek?
Which leaveth us weary, faint, and weak,
With words in our hearts we never can speak?

With hopes we may never, never tell,
And longings we never may curb or quell
Till we reach the land where the spirits dwell?

Oh, Isle of St. Brandan! thy palms arise,
In this moment of doubt to my aching eyes;
And their sweet grace blends with the sunset skies.

And I long for thee with thy tropic charms,
With thine orange groves and thy firefly swarms,
As I long for the darling fled from my arms!

The Test of Faith.

WILLIAM P. NEEDHAM.

GOD hides Himself behind a wall of night,
And Faith alone can see Him in the gloom,
Or, thrilling, catch the far-off, dearer light
Of home beyond the night, beyond the tomb.

But Faith is weak, and needeth food and air,
And lingers 'round the dear familiar place
It loves the best — a palace, great and fair;
And enters in with tender, holy grace.

Within, the precious lamps are burning low,
The blinds are down, the music dull and cold,
And angry men are rushing to and fro,
And pride and hate and cant are waking bold.

Dear Faith, on tiptoe, softly steals away,
And mourns and whispers in her weary flight,
And murmurs all the dreary, livelong day:
"God hides Himself behind a wall of night."

Shadow Lines.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

WHAT time the brooding dark around you falls,
Save only as the lamp's shade-softened light
Burns through it, but without dispelling quite —
Trembling along the dim and shadowy walls —
What fleeting spirit of the evening calls —
What songs come stealing to you through the night
Along the vistas of brave fancy's flight —
What story steals from old Romance's halls?

I cannot fathom what these things to you
May bring, nor what sad thoughts to you belong;
Nor know I whether rosemary or rue
Awaits you here or there; the path is long
And some things must be false and some be true,
And sad strains must be woven in the song.

The Horns.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

(*By permission, from the Century Magazine.*)

MY soul for joy had died what time
The violin rang out alone,
And requiem bells in solemn chime
Grieved through the viol's moan.

But harp and 'cello led me on
Through maze of tender harmonies,
Beyond the hour, beyond the dawn,
Beyond the utmost seas.

Till through that realm by music bound,
Like a bold blast of freshening air,
Sudden, I heard the trumpets sound
With harsh and militant blare.

Then, as to Joshua's trumpet call,
Seven days repeated, Jericho
Yielded its stern, reluctant wall,
So were such dreams brought low;

And, their poor ruin quickly spurned,
Into fierce conflict I was hurled,
Where fields and cities brightly burned,
And battle shook the world.

Unmapped.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

WHOSE hand shall limn the final chart,
Complete, with every stream that flows,
With pathways which the bold of heart
Have trampled through the Polar snows?

Perchance to-morrow's sun will shine
On outposts by some desolate shore,
Where man's advancing picket line
Must pause and camp forevermore.



MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

E'en now the wide-strewn island host
  Within the map's net has been drawn,
And soon no mere adventurer's boast
  Shall lure the tropic traveler on.

But when the maps are finished quite,
  And all the stranger world is known,
Shall still abide th' illusive light
  On coasts where Fancy's winds are blown.

And fearless eyes for long may strain,
  And steady hands may guide the helm,
But none can ever hope to gain
  The farthest shore of Fancy's realm.

Autobiography of the Republic.

JOHN C. OCHILTREE.

HYMN OF NATIVITY.

The Era of Superstition.

I MUSED, I mused,
  In the deep solitudes —
Well-befitting my moods —
On the storm and the calm; on the mist and the snow;
  On the sinister light
  In the cloud; on the night
With its mystical pall; on the day with its glow.

The Era of Discovery.

I rose, I rose,
Like a dream of the Past,
From the Occident vast,
'Mid the spaces shut in by the unplowed sea;
Brave men from the North
And the East came forth,
And their faith and the stars led them hither to me!

The Era of War.

I strove, I strove,
And the smoke of the guns
And the blood of my sons
Were the cloud and the shower that nourished my streams;
From that red mist the bars
Of a bow set in stars
Made prophetic the hope men had cherished in dreams.

The Era of Enlightenment.

I saw, I saw,
In the fullness of time
All the meaning sublime
In the coming of ships from the Orient Sea.
And the bow with its bars,
Set in manifold stars,
Was the sign that God wills that all men shall be free!

Da Capo.

DANIEL L. PAINE.

SHE sat at the old piano,
Her fingers, thin and pale,
Ran over the yellow keyboard
The chords of the minor scale.

Her hands were withered and shrunken,
Her form with age was bent;
They seemed twin spirits in look and tone,
Herself and the instrument.

For the instrument, quaint and olden,
With its single tremulant strings,
Was little more than a spirit,
And its tone seemed a whirr of wings.

And she — the keen chisel of sorrow,
And the cruel burin of care,
Had cut in her dear old features
Deep furrows here and there.

Till all that was gross and earthy
Had been chipped and smoothed away,
And disclosed the patient angel
Behind its thin mask of clay.

She paused; and with upturned features
And reminiscent eyes,
Was translated in one brief moment
Back to young life's Paradise.

And the lovely spirit of childhood,
So trusting, and pure, and sweet,
Came back and glorified her
From beaming forehead to feet.

Then she swept the keys, and the music
Of vanished years leapt out,
Each note was a patter of merry feet
And a gleeful childish shout.

And fingers dimpled and rosy
Tripped o'er the enchanted keys,
And the music was fresh as young laughter,
Or the warble of birds in the trees.

No strain from the old tone-masters,
No burst of harmony grand,
Sprang from the old piano
At the touch of that magic hand.

But the simple airs of her girlhood
Rippled in melody sweet,
As in days when her sky was all sunshine,
And the hours were as happy as fleet;

And sparkled the light that vanished
From eyes long dried of tears,
And twinkled feet to her music
That have moldered in dust for years.

And, as we watched and listened,
She seemed to our moistened eyes
Already beyond the portals
That open toward the skies.

Nor seemed it longer a marvel
That, when in the morning gray,
The disciples came to the tomb of the Lord
To bear the body away,

They found but his cast-off garment,
With its odor of aloes and myrrh,
And the stone rolled away from the open door
Of an empty sepulcher.

At Elberon.

DANIEL L. PAINE.

(President Garfield, died September 19, 1881.)

IF through the portals opening toward the light
E'er walked a man in armor clean and bright,
That man, untrammeled, outward passed last night
From Elberon.

Firm-lipped, clear-eyed, clean-souled, he met his fate,
Leaving behind no rancor and no hate,
And strode, high-browed, undaunted, through the gate
At Elberon.

In deeds resplendent, and in honor bright,
In high example shining as the light,
He lives immortal, he who died last night
At Elberon.

"Hail and Farewell."

BENJAMIN S. PARKER.

"HAIL and farewell!" We meet and part,
Even with the greeting on our lips;
As those who from some busy mart
See all their wealth go out in ships,
That never come again to shore,
So fade our days to rise no more.

Our threescore years are but a span;
We scarcely trill an idle song,
Before the funeral army's van
Passes with muffled drums along;
And sadly then the doleful bell
Moans to the palsied ear, "Farewell."

"Hail and farewell!" The stars go down;
The billows of the rosy dawn
Are breaking on the idle town,
And night's weird armies, far withdrawn,
Fade like gaunt specters down the west,
And hope is strong and love is best.

Yes, hope is strong in newer souls,
And love is best for those who stay;
No more my ship at anchor rolls,
And yours is sailing fast away.
I lose you, for the ocean's swell
Breaks now between us, "Hail, farewell!"

The lamp goes out, the embers die,
Pale Dian tips her silver keel
In some far-hidden reach of sky,
While night and darkness round us steal,
And sorrow sits on every sail;
We cry "Farewell!" but whisper "Hail!"

Beyond the ocean, where the palms
Arise beside the jocund streams,
And love rehearses all his psalms,
And youth renews his happy dreams,
If I may wait your coming sail,
How blessed then the cheerful "Hail!"

The Empty Nest.

BENJAMIN S. PARKER.

I HOLD within the hollow of my hand
A little nest of twigs and wool entwined
By some wee mother that has fled the land,
And left but storm and winter winds behind.

Child of the Summer, she to Summer gave
Her happy singing offspring, and behold!
They flit with Summer over land and wave,
And warble in her atmosphere of gold.

I hold within the casket of my soul
The empty nest where many hopes were born,
That fled beyond my eager youth's control,
And left me lonely, sorrowing and forlorn.

Children of Youth, with Youth they ever fly,
But never fold their wings in any cage;
Divinely sing in boyhood's happy sky,
But flee from the chill atmosphere of age.

The Little Tunker Bonnet.

BENJAMIN S. PARKER.

(*By permission, from the Century Magazine.*)

A MAIDEN came driving a sleek black mare
Into the town, into the town;
And the light wind lifted her raven hair
In innocent ringlets falling down,
Like the cadence of a sonnet,
To the neck of her fleecy, lead-colored gown,
From under the puckered, silken crown
Of her little Tunker bonnet.

She'd a red-rose lip and an eye of brown,
And dimples rare, and dimples rare;
But the lassies laughed as she rode in town,
For the graceful gown that she wore with care
Had never a flounce upon it;
And they made remarks on her rustic air,
And wondered what country hulk would dare
Make love to that "queer old bonnet."

O merry town girls, you do not know
Acres are wide, acres are wide;
And wheat and corn fields lying a-row
Are the Tunker's wealth and the Tunker's pride;
And the farm and the houses on it;
The cow for milk, and the horse to ride,
Are gift and dower for the bonny bride
That weareth the Tunker bonnet.

But the merchant beau at the dry-goods store
Welcomed her in, welcomed her in;
And the sweet little face with smiles ran o'er
As the cunning purse of crocodile skin,
With the clicking clasp upon it,
She drew at each purchase, and from within
Coaxed arguments that were there to win
Sure grace for the Tunker bonnet.

Then she mounted her buggy and drove away
Through meadows sweet, through meadows sweet;
Where her graybeard father raked the hay
By the Tunker church where the turnpikes meet,

The church with no steeple on it.
Said the merchant, musing, " Her style is neat :
I'll join the Tunkers, raise beard and wheat,
And win that little bonnet."

Behind the Returns.

EDWIN E. PARKER.

ALAS! I know not what I know.
I stand and gaze, within the dark,
And feel the restless river's flow,
And idly strive to guide my bark,
Despite the winds of joy, or woe,
That fiercely 'round about me blow.

I've searched for light amid the lore
That crowns the scholar's brow with fame,
And found each myst'ry varnished o'er
With some long, scientific name,
And cried, " Eureka, this the door!
I'll wander in the night no more."

But 't is a door that leads nowhere,
A hingeless vagary of thought —
Another name, perchance, for air,
As if for names our spirits sought;
Thus ancient knowledge is re-wrought
To teach us that we know not aught.

The savage sees the things we see,
And trembles at an Unknown Power.
We name them, and at once are free
Of doubt and fear from that proud hour;
And yet we know no more than he
About their subtile mystery.

Oh! tell me why yon bonfire burns,
And why it brightly warms and beams.
Pray tell me why the spirit yearns —
Explain the mystery of dreams —
Oh! help my longing, which discerns
A something, back of the returns.

The Mower in Ohio.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

THE bees in the clover are making honey, and I
am making my hay;
The air is fresh, I seem to draw a young man's breath
to-day.

The bees and I are alone in the grass; the air is so
very still
I hear the dam, so loud, that shines beyond the sullen
mill.

Yes, the air is so still that I hear almost the sounds I
cannot hear —
That, when no other sound is plain, ring in my empty
ear:

The chime of striking scythes, the fall of the heavy
swaths they sweep —
They ring about me, resting, when I waver half asleep;

So still I am not sure if a cloud, low down, unseen there
be,
Or if something brings a rumor home of the cannon so
far from me:

Far away in Virginia where Joseph and Grant, I know,
Will tell them what I meant when first I had my mow-
ers go!

Joseph he is my eldest one, the only boy of my three
Whose shadow can darken my door again, and lighten
my heart for me.

Joseph he is my eldest — how his scythe was striking
ahead!
William was better at shorter heats, but Jo in the long
run led.

William he was my youngest; John, between them, I
somehow see,
When my eyes are shut, with a little board at his head
in Tennessee.

But William came home one morning early, from Get-
tysburg, last July
(The mowing was over already, although the only
mower was I):

William, my captain, came home for good to his mother, and I'll be bound
We were proud and cried to see the flag that wrapt his coffin around;

For a company from the town came up ten miles with music and gun:
It seem'd his country claim'd him then — as well as his mother — her son.

But Joseph is yonder with Grant to-day, a thousand miles or near,
And only the bees are abroad at work with me in the clover here.

Was it a murmur of thunder I heard that humm'd again in the air?
Yet, maybe, the cannon are sounding now their "Onward to Richmond" there.

But under the beech by the orchard, at noon, I sat an hour it would seem —
It may be I slept a minute, too, or waver'd into a dream.

For I saw my boys, across the field, by the flashes as they went,
Tramping a steady tramp as of old, with the strength in their arms unspent;

Tramping a steady tramp, they moved like soldiers
that march to the beat
Of music that seems, a part of themselves, to rise and
fall with their feet;

Tramping a steady tramp, they came with flashes of
silver that shone,
Every step, from their scythes that rang as if they
needed the stone —

(The field is wide and heavy with grass) — and coming
toward me they beam'd
With a shine of light in their faces at once, and —
surely I must have dream'd!

For I sat alone in the clover-field, the bees were work-
ing ahead.
There were three in my vision — remember, old man:
and what if Joseph were dead?

But I hope that he and Grant (the flag above them
both to boot)
Will go into Richmond together, no matter which is
ahead or afoot!

Meantime alone at the mowing here — an old man
somewhat gray —
I must stay at home as long as I can, making myself
the hay.

And so another round — the quail in the orchard whistles blithe —
But first I'll drink at the spring below, and whet again my scythe.

Content.

ROBERT E. PRETLOW.

WHEN Spring comes laughing with her lap of flowers
In answer to the south wind's loving call,
Till beauty springs where'er her footsteps fall,
And fragrance fills the freshly greening bowers,
While whirr of wings with notes of birds are blent,
I am content.

When drowsy hum of bees upon the wing
Fills all the spaces of the afternoon,
When mocking birds, half wakened by the moon
Lull the still midnight with the rune they sing,
Or summer suns fill noontide's firmament,
I am content.

When summer glory fadeth from the days,
And hazy mornings, filled with dread and fear,
Come down the misty pathway of the year,
And mirth and music long have gone their ways,
And blooming buds by blighting winds are spent,
I am content.

Though Winter, riding from the northern pole,
Guide his mad steed 'mid all our joys a-bloom,
And chill them, quick, within a snowy tomb,
I will not sigh above his deadly dole.
E'en from the death of joy new joys are lent,
I am content.

When friends abound, or loves prove all untrue,
When winds of fortune blow from every coast,
Or troops of troubles press me, host on host,
Be skies of ashen gray or purest blue,
While tender grace of Heaven is yet unspent,
I am content.

Ends of a Reverie.

ROBERT E. PRETLOW.

AND he was John, and I was Isabel!
Ah, well do I remember, long ago,
How sweet upon our ears the music fell
Of whispering leaves, the while our words were low.

* * * * * *

I love him still! though love has lost its bliss.
But should I wish for him the utmost hell,
My tongue could speak no harsher curse than this:—
"Would I were John and he were Isabel."

Life is so Fleet.

MRS. M. M. REDMAN.

LIFE is so fleet!
So many things to learn we see,
So much we would achieve must be
Left incomplete.

Life is so fleet!
It seems that we might better bear
Our cares and sorrows and our fair
Dear dreams' defeat.

Life is so fleet!
A day of sunshine and of rain:
Then other souls will, in the main,
Our lives repeat.

Life is so fleet!
O weary ones, of this take heed,
Full soon comes that for which ye plead,
That rest so sweet.

The Poet-zone.

PETER FISHE REED.

TOILING in the night-time,
Toiling by the light
Of the taper, on the paper,
Through the weary night;

All along the landmarks,
Through the great unknown,
There the eager poet wanders
With his soul alone,
Reaching, writing, heart inditing,
Weary waiting for the lighting
Of the poet-zone.

Down among the karl-kings
Of the humid earth,
Where the fountain of the mountain
Had its primal birth;
Up among the star-lights,
Glinting in the blue,
Roving through the rainbows
Of supernal dew,
Seeking treasure for his measure, —
Seeking evanescent pleasure —
In the poet-zone.

Raving, in his wild unrest,
With delicious pain,
Embryotic thought, erotic,
Rushes through his brain;
And the taunting soul-guide,
Wayward cicerone,
Toles the tireless spirit where
Pierian pearls are strewn,
To the ages of the sages,
Of the antiquated pages
Of the poet-zone.

Striving for the soul-thought
  Burning on his brow,
Barely breathing, rarely wreathing,
  Rhyme and rhythm flow;
And with hurried heart-beats,
  Rolling one by one,
Weaves the mystic monologues
  In a monotone;
Culling any of the many
Beauties of the miscellany
  Of the poet-zone.

The Harp of Gold.

JOHN S. REID.

I.

WHEN June and Love were young and fair,
  And roses bloomed in Eden's bower,
And zephyrs toy'd with Eva's hair
At evening's soft and witching hour,
Said Love to Time, "Come, let us rove,
And pass through life the hours away;
My dart and bow I'll test and prove,
While you the muses' harp shall play."

II.

So Time agreed; like knight of old,
Young Love assumed the martial guise,

And folded up his wings of gold
Rich with ten thousand gorgeous dyes:
And Time stepped forth with harp and lute,
Like minstrel old, or palmer gray,
And whilst the one his bow would shoot,
The other, harp or lute would play.

III.

And oft they sang in princely bower,
And played to many a Lady fair;
And Love would climb the highest tower
The heart of youth to pierce or snare.
And thus through many a clime they strayed,
Till many a year had past and gone;
Young Love like chief in mail arrayed,
And Time like minstrel old and lone.

IV.

But Time grew weary of the song
As age stole gently o'er his brow;
Whilst Love was still as gay and young
As when he donned the mail and bow,
And full of mirth, and hope, and joy,
He oft for hours would roam away
Like some young truant, wayward boy,
Regardless of the passing day.

V.

And thus each one began to feel
That youth and age no more were one.

For Love, thus armed and cased in steel,
Could wound, and yet be hurt by none;
While Time the harp's entrancing string
And golden wires would softly sound,
His heart refused the song to sing,
Which please the friends that Love surround.

VI.

One day on Scio's sea-blue isle,
When gently mourned the Ægean wave,
Where dove-eyed Sappho's passion smile
Awoke to Love, the young and brave,
Old Time began to muse and dream
Of Eden's bower and Eva's love,
And saw afar life's crystal stream,
And wished again no more to rove.

VII.

And dreamer-like he softly stole
Where beauteous Sappho sweetly sung,
And took his harp of burnished gold,
Which round her neck he gently hung.
And whilst her rosy fingers swept
The glowing chords in raptures sweet,
Young Love returned, and slyly crept
And blushing lay at Sappho's feet.

VIII.

And while she sang her melting lay,
And Luna's beams so sweetly shone,

Old Time, unheeded, stole away,
And Love and Sappho left alone.
Since then the Lover's harp no more
Is borne by bards or minstrels old;
But maidens fair on Scio's shore
Alone can sound that harp of gold.

IX.

Yet oft when evening shrouds the lea,
And zephyrs float on lambent wing,
The music of the Ægean Sea
With Sappho's harp is heard to sing.
O! softly sounds in cadence sweet
The murmur of the sea's blue wave,
While loving hearts responsive beat
And mourn at Sappho's lonely grave.

X.

But softer, sweeter breathes the lyre
By old Potomac's regal stream,
And warmer glows the muses' fire,
And brighter is the poet's dream,
And richer swells the choral strain
From lips attuned to beauty's lay:
And Time resumes his harp again,
Nor tries from Love to steal away.

A Star and a Wish.

RENOS H. RICHARDS.

I.

LO, in the darkened east I see
A star, large, bright, and many-rayed.
A kindly beam it throws to me.
I feign it whispers cheeringly,
"To-night I watch; be not dismayed.

"Through the still vigils of the night
My course I'll keep, firm, straight, and true.
Nor can the lowering heaven quite
Envelop with its mists the light
Of guiding gleams I send to you."

II.

This wish the star in me has placed —
May the full record of my life,
By no rash, erring deed defaced,
But with beneficence well graced,
Strengthen the weak in Life's hard strife.

Dante.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

A MAN in Florence walked with downcast face
Smileless as bronze! He went apart and stood
Under the olive trees. The happy brood

Of dancing children shuddered from the place!
He muttered words, and then began to trace
The story of the infernal neighborhood
Virgil had shown him underneath the wood
Where men are damned for endless time and space.

The greatest of our bards American
Unto our harsher English rhythm has set
The Comedy Divine — and it is well;
Britain's Essayist has portrayed the man
With his so matchless energy — and yet
I like him not, because he sang of Hell!

Ecce Homo.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

BEHOLD the Man! The cry of Pilate rings
Forever. In the halls and porch of Time
The mandate echoes. Every age and clime
Hears the profound apostrophe. The wings
Of morning bear it, and the evening swings
The message in a censer. The sublime
Cry, *Ecce Homo*, throbbing like a rhyme,
Beats and repeats to all earth's serfs and kings.

Who is the wondrous man we shall behold?
The Christ? The Socrates? Nay, nay, not one —
But him who does his duty as he can!
Hindu or Greek, Hebrew or Chaldee old,
Teuton or Kelt, humanity's lone son
Of toil and tears — in him behold the man!



JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

The Crowning.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

WHO shall be crowned with a crown? I said,
While the young year sat in her fields of clover;
And the breezes sighed and the moon rose red,
Flushing the clouds as they floated over.
The gathering youth and the eager bands
From the meadow lands
Are coming now
To cheer the race with applauding hands,
And to put a wreath on the victor's brow.
Shall THE ARTIST be crowned? He is swift and fair,
And his brow is flushed in the summer air;
He hath made the bosom of bronze to sob,
And the marble heart to thrill and throb!
So let him be crowned
While the hills resound
With wild applause and melodious song
For the artist king in the midst of the throng!
No! said a voice from the fields of air;
Till the pencil shall lift the crouching slave
And the marble weep for the fallen brave,
The forehead of art no crown shall wear.

Who shall be crowned? I quietly said,
In the open ear of the summer even,
While the planets yellow and the planets red
Looked back through the western gates of heaven;

The throng will gather to-morrow day
By the great highway
To crown their king
With the laurel wreath and the ivy spray,
As all of the singers sing.
Shall THE HERO be crowned? He's a man of blood,
With a waving plume, and a burnished hood,
And a merciless eye, and an iron heel,
And a mighty arm, and a sword of steel;
He shall be crowned
Wherever he's found,
And the king of all times and all ages be
From the tropical isles to the Northern Sea!
No! said a voice from the ether far,
The laurel wreath and the ivy spray
Shall be woven no more for aye and aye
For that terrible Man of War!

Who shall be crowned? I solemnly said,
In the still, cool night of the pale September,
While the Milky Way hung over my head
With its stars of gold and its path of amber;
The pageant comes and the scene is set,
And the crowds all fret
Around the ring,
And a fair hand holds the coronet
For the brow of the coming king!
Shall THE SAGE be crowned? He is very old
And his pulse is low and his breast is cold;
But the fire still shines from the altar far,
And his eye darts forth like a quenchless star:

For the Stone he hath found
He shall now be crowned,
As the king of all realms in the times to come
From the wild man's tent to the fisherman's home!
No! was the echo that fell from the air;
The Tree of Knowledge hath borne a fruit
With a pulp of ashes and core of soot
That is death to the eater, and the end despair!

Who shall be crowned? I wearily said,
For my heart was sore and my brain was sober,
As I turned through the shadows with heavy tread
To the somber woods of the dun October:
The crowning is here, or will be soon —
By to-morrow noon
They will choose a king!
And already the ivy of Ercildoune
For his coronet is a-gathering.
Shall THE POET be crowned? He was monarch long
In the grand old days of heroic song;
And the wild winds rush through the harp-strings still,
And the melodies sweep and the echoes thrill!
Be his hands unbound
And his brow be crowned
With a chaplet fresh and a loud acclaim
For the harper's harp and the singer's name!
No! said a voice through the shadows dim;
Till the citadel and the towers of Wrong
Shall reel for the singer and reel for his song,
There shall be no crown for his harp or him!

Who shall be crowned? I doubtingly said,
In the glittering night of the chill December;
The fruits are gathered, the leaves are all dead,
And the fire of hope but a single ember!
When the sun shall rise on the world again
By the homes of men,
They will gather and bring
From the ancient walls the ivy, and then
They will crown with a crown their king.
Shall THE MAN be crowned? It is he, it is he
Who hath broken the chain and made us free!
He hath smitten the despot's face with a blow,
And the blood of the slave no more shall flow
While a man is found
To be wreathed and crowned!
And the cowering race shall arise and fling
Its manacles down at the feet of the king!
Aye! was the murmur that rose and ran
Around the rim of the solemn night;
And the morrow shall break with a holier light
When we meet and crown THE MAN.

Who Knows?

HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

WHO knows but that the clouds across the sky,
Foreboding rain,
May be dispelled before the day goes by,
Nor come again?

Who knows but that the heart bowed down with care,
And worldly grief,
May soon see fortune smiling bright and fair,
And find relief?

Who knows but that some generous act of men,
Long since forgot,
Remembered be ten-fold repaid just when
Expected not?

Who knows but that the smallest coin, the mite,
To beggar given,
May be the seed to grow; cause, given right,
A place in Heaven?

Who knows but that the battle fought and lost,
Re-fought, may be
To-morrow changed to give the conquered host
A victory?

Who knows but that the ship amid the gales,
A-leak, storm-tossed,
May yet reach haven with its wind-rent sails,
And not be lost?

* * * * * *

He knows, oh, man! He knows, and He alone
Can all this tell,
And if for help you look toward His throne
With faith, 't is well.

Charles Lamb.

A. E. SINKS.

CLEAR head and earnest heart in him
Were one to serve his friends;
And if beneath an ample brim
His solemn face at times was grim,
His humor made amends.

They loved him best who knew him best —
Those Temple guests of old,
(In calm historic graves they rest!)
But all their praise has not expressed
The Man his works unfold.

In him did wit and wisdom dwell,
Each Attic in degree;
And if sometimes his censure fell
On those he knew and loved full well,
Its justice all could see.

The clouds that crossed his soul serene,
The crosses in him pent,
Were not by others felt or seen;
The kindly eyes and quiet mien
To others gladness lent.

Unguessed the love his boyhood knew;
His sorrows found no tongue;
His myrtle round the somber yew
With tender bloom in silence grew,
And to the branches clung.

He framed with pompous words no rhyme
To blazon private grief
Upon the brazen scroll of time,
But bound, in manhood's strength and prime,
A pleasure-giving sheaf.

What words are there with which to paint
This man without disguise?
Dressed in a threadbare coat and quaint,
And less a sinner than a saint,
I seem to see him rise.

No haloed lights around him play,
His voice is not a psalm;
But hallowed are his locks of gray,
And smiles that o'er his features play
Through shadows of the palm.

We see not here the inward strife,
The solemn questionings
Which vext his soul with yearnings rife;
The outward current of his life
No troubled secret brings.

Enough — the vision fades. We trust
That in the world above,
Freed from the stains of human dust,
He finds with spirits great and just,
The fellowship of love.

Venice.

A. E. SINKS.

THERE is a glorious city far away,
In a lone sea of dark imposing gloom
Whose sad waves murmur mournfully at play
Around its faded palaces and through
The arches of its walls, antique and gray;
Where the soul's specter dreams will rise to view
In thoughts forgotten since a foregone day;
And life be filled with deep emotions, new
To the mind's world as love's first mad caress,
Or visions of queen maidens who — more fair
Than Iran's houris clad in odorous dress —
Lie languidly upon their couches there,
While low-sung songs of sin and happiness
Float upward through the drowsy moonlight air.

The Blacksmith.

HUBBARD M. SMITH.

WITH an arm of might,
At the dawn of light,
The blacksmith hies to his shop away;
To labor till
The whip-poor-will
At ev'ning sings his vesper lay.

The bellows blow,
And the coals soon glow,

Like the dazzling rays of the morning sun;
The huge sledge swings,
And the anvil rings,
For the daily task is now begun.

The sparks as bright
As the meteor's light
From the vivid metal swiftly fly;
Whilst wreaths of smoke
From the burning coke
In curling columns rise on high.

List! list! the peal,
As on the steel
The hammers swiftly fall with might,
Like clashing swords
When army hordes
Contending meet in deadly fight.

Though on his brow
The sweat stands now,
He heeds it not, but toils away,
Since God has said
Man's daily bread
By labor shall be gained each day.

No specters grim
Appear to him
At night, to mar his sweet repose;
For in his mind
Blessed peace is shrined,
And on his cheek health's hue e'er glows.

As thus he toils,
Life's sad turmoils
Are things to him as light as air;
For no thoughts rest
Within his breast
But those which hope and love bring there.

Dead Blossoms.

SOLOMON P. STODDARD.

IN the songful days of June,
When the birds are all atune,
And the honey feast is coming
For the humming-bird and bee;
Of all the trees that grow,
Or with vernal blossoms blow,
The sweetest and the saddest
Is the lilac tree.

For tho' purple is the bloom
That its crisping leaves assume,
Like the glint on lofty mountains,
Far beyond the pleasant sea;
Yet its freshness but deceives,
For amid its shining leaves
There is always a dead blossom
On the lilac tree.

And so it is with all
That, in things both great and small,
Of our lives a distant gleaming

In our dreaming we may see;
For when the heart is gladdest,
Oh, there's something in it saddest,
Like the blossom and the blight
On the lilac tree.

When some cold December's blast
Kills the lilac tree at last,
And my heart so worn with sighing,
Wails its dying minor key;
Perchance some memory keen
May recall the bloom and green
Where now only blights are seen
On the lilac tree.

A Child of the Universe.

JULIET V. STRAUSS.

REGRET not human friendships gone,
Oh, heart of mine! Go, singing on!
For one who sings a song shall hear
Its echoes answering, sweet and clear,
From the deep haunts whence Nature sends
Her loving greetings to her friends.
What though the world's dark side I see?
The face of Nature smiles on me
From woodlands darkling to the west,
From hills in gray mist garments drest,
From hollows where clear waters flow
With murmurs tremulous and low,

Past the old places where my feet
Followed in days of childhood sweet,
Seeking, with wood-craft all untaught,
What gifts the early spring had brought.
What though no human heart is near,
No voice to soothe, to call me dear,
The silence thunders in my ears
With messages none other hears?
The dark pines whisper tenderly;
They nod — they wave their hands to me!
The night calls to me, and the rain;
The snowflakes 'gainst my window pane
Are white-winged carrier birds that bear
Me greetings from the upper air.
The wind walks with me, talking low,
Or follows after, where I go.
Sometimes he runs in playful freak
To press cold kisses on my cheek,
Or catch my tresses' loosened strands
Or blows brown leaves to kiss my hands.
And sometimes in my lonely room
The sunlight falls athwart the gloom —
I smile, because all silently
A friend looks in and smiles at me.

Hidden Fires.

JULIET V. STRAUSS.

SO strong within my bosom burned
The sacred flame of poesy,
Cold, world-wise faces from me turned,
Though some looked back and pitied me!

So, then, lest men should see that flame
Alight on lip and cheek and eye,
I banked my fires, and covered them
Because I could not let them die.

Then eagerly I sought for those
Whose hearts burned incense like my own,
For friends to whom I might disclose
The altar where my offering shone.

I could not bear to live and die
From human fellowship apart;
But while I sought society,
The hidden flames consumed my heart.

Now, since this rare poetic age
Has dawned, men seek the hidden shrine
Wherein there glowed in other days
The fervor of that flame divine,

And cry, "Show us what men did spurn!"
I make some smiling, light reply —
Lest they should glimpse the burned-out urn
Wherein a few white ashes lie!

Hesperides.

MRS. MARTINA SWAFFORD.

WE read of a marvelous island fair,
A charming story and quaintly told,
And a wonderful garden lying there,
Whose trees bear apples of yellow gold.
It is said if you sail away, away,
On the pulsing seas to the shining west
Steadily on, you will come some day,
With favoring breeze to the island blest.

But eye of mortal has never seen
The mythic isle of the western seas,
With its garden bright in the flashing sheen
Of golden fruit on the magic trees;
You may gaze, and gaze, where the cloudlands pile
Their sunset gold, till your eyes are dim,
You never will sight the Hesper isle
Though you sail to the ocean's farthest rim.

There's a wider sea in its ebb and flow,
And ever its shifting waves are curled
Round ships that sail and the ships below—
The sea of Life, and it laps the world;
And bright as a gem in this circling sea,
On a happy isle, 'neath tropic skies,
When the crimson current is swift and free,
A garden of golden fruitage lies.

But once, in sailing the wide sea o'er,
We sight this beautiful wonder-land,
The garden of *Youth*, with its precious store;
Once only our feet will touch the strand
Where the rosiest curtains ever drape
The windows of Day with a shining mist,
Where the bloom is still on the purple grape,
The blush on the peach the sun god kissed.

But one brief day in the garden is ours,
To have and hold till the sun goes down;
To eat of the fruit and pluck the flowers,
And gather the clustering nuts of brown:
And the hours go by on wingéd feet;
Ah! never were hours so dear as these,
Where the golden fruit that we pluck and eat
Is sweet as honey from Hybla's bees.

Then the sun slips over the western wall;
The gold fades out of the twilight sky,
And darkly the evening shadows fall;
Our day is now with the things gone by;
And our boat is ready to sail, alas!
For down by the shore the boatman calls,
And so with lingering steps we pass
Forever outside the enchanted walls.

Mid-life.

HENRY W. TAYLOR.

MY brother, let me feel thy palm,
Hard pressed against my own;
In this first battle with the world,
We are not overthrown.
We lie upon our arms to-night,
Miles front of where we lay,
And wait with eager confidence
The coming of the day.

We've counted up the meager spoil
Of this hard-foughten field;
Some banners, guns, and fortresses,
Fate is compelled to yield.
We pause to bury, too, our dead,
Our best-loved dead that fell,
Our hearts their only monuments, —
They'll sleep, no doubt, as well.

My brother! E'er the morning star
Above the east hills shine,
We shall have belted on our swords
And formed again our line.
To-morrow is a fateful day;
Which way will go the strife?
It is the final battle eve
Before the night of life.

What then? Could we go, satisfied,
Into the shadow land,
If on the battle's further edge,
We stayed our conquering hand?
My brother, let me feel thy palm
Hard pressed against my own;
Go we together to the fight,
We cannot be o'erthrown.

The Hyksos.

HENRY W. TAYLOR.

MY heart stirs fluttering in my breast
At the first south-blown clouds of spring,
And moves me to a strange unrest
The whistle of a wild duck's wing.
The first warm glance the sun doth fling
Lifts the pale grasses where they lie,
And to my ear the west winds bring
The prairie chicken's lonesome cry.

And following each its several bent,
The free winds rustling come and go;
They fan my brow with discontent,
They drive wild restless waves that grow
Upon my calm life's placid flow,
And sudden floods resistless pour
Where grassy banks, down sloping low,
The swelling stream restrain no more.

I would be gone I know not where!
I would some nobler thought might thrill
My soul than yet! Down from the bare
Cropped pastures of thy old-time hill,
Dwelling in tents that fold at will,
Brown Shepherd Sire! descends from thee
This legacy of habit. Still,
The Nomad's spirit stirs in me.

Paradise.

HOWARD S. TAYLOR.

WE took the fruit from the strange god who came to us;
Ate of the fruit that doth make a man wise;
Ate with heart-hunger — and who shall lay blame to us?
— Who that hath eaten and opened his eyes?
Yea, though the eating were woe to the eater,
Yet did we take it and welcome the rod,
For it gave us a rapture a thousand times sweeter
Than everything else in the garden of God!

(*Ah, could the sentries at Eden's strait portal,*
The great, surly Cherubim, angry and mute,
Could they know our delight they would long to be mortal
And barter their swords for a taste of the fruit.)

Exiled to liberty — glad to be banished —
Still do we eat of the mystical tree!
— A dear recollection of days that have vanished,
A song or a dream of the days yet to be!

Wreathed with wild asters and plumed with gay grasses,
Thrilled with the passion of meadow and wood,
Tracking the footprints of Pan where he passes,
Lo, we are gods knowing evil and good!

The Crusader's Tomb.

JOHN N. TAYLOR.

I.

HIS warfare is done and he rests from his toil,
Where the winds nightly moan through the transept and aisle,
Where his warders stand grim in the long-gathered gloom,
Where his hatchments are dim as they hang o'er his tomb,
And the soft, silvery moon on his helmeted head
Rests like a dream of a day that is dead.

II.

A day when exultant he rode to the field,
The cross of his faith gleaming red on his shield,
And saw rolling on like the flood of the sea,
The turbanéd hosts of the wild Osmanli;
Their myriad wild cry loud uprising afar
Like the locust's descent on the plains of Chinaar,
The gleam of their steel as it right and left flies
Like the streamers that reel on his own northern skies.

III.

Oh! fierce was the joy then that shook his proud breast,
As their visors they closed, flung their lances at rest!
A whirlwind of steel they swept down on the foe,
While the infidel ranks fell apart at the blow,
And they stayed not their hands till the sands they had strown
With turbans like poppies the simoon has blown;
Till the Saracens flying, and scattering flight,
On the rim of the desert were lost to their sight.

IV.

But his warfare is done, and he rests from his toil
Where the winds nightly moan through the transept and aisle,
Where his warders stand grim in the long-gathered gloom,
Where his hatchments are dim as they hang o'er his tomb,
And the soft, silvery moon on his helmeted head
Rests like a dream of a day that is dead.

The Tender and True.

JOHN N. TAYLOR.

HIS bugle is silent, his steed is awa',
And oft howls his dog at the door of the ha';
The stag crouches lang 'mang the reeds on the shore,
For the blithe horn o' Ronald will rouse him no more;

His proud heart it brak, and he fled frae his hame,
To fall 'mid the foe on the field o' his fame,
With her name on his cauld lips, wha sairly will rue
That she knew not the worth of the tender and true.

His heart it was light, and his spirit as free
As the west wind that pipes to the swell o' the sea;
The strength o' his youth like the oak in its pride,
That chants to the blue o' the Ben-Lomond side.
But the coronach cries o'er the gallant and brave
Whose life has gone out in the gloom o' the grave,
Whose bright locks are wet in the dank and the dew
That weeps in her stead o'er the tender and true.

She's fair as a lily in the weet of the morn,
The red o' her cheek like the rose on its thorn;
With her lang, gowden hair, and the glint o' her ee,
Like the blue o' the harebell that blows on the lea.
But her heart it was false and her words aye were guile,
And she toyed with the love she had won with her smile;
Now sairly she's sighin' and lang will she rue
That she wounded the heart that was tender and true.

There'll be tears in her blue een when low in the west
The sun glimmers red o'er the Ben-Lomond crest;
She'll sob and she'll weep in the flush o' the morn,
To hear the far wind o' the wild bugle horn.
With the roses she'll fade, with the lilies that fa'
In the sough o' the wind round the now dreary ha'.
Ah! bitterly greetin', lang, lang will she rue
That she brak the proud heart that was tender and true.

Epicurus.

MINNETTA T. TAYLOR.

HE sang a song he did not know;
He wove a web of knotted threads;
He dreamed of rivers murmuring low,
Of asphodel and flowery beds,
And thought that mortal lives below
Some share of heavenly bliss might show.

They say, in grave, censorious mood,
He taught that Pleasure was a god;
He smiled at evil, scorned the good,
And cared not so his level road
Wound ever through some pleasant wood,
Or sunny plain where asters stood.

But I, I deem the censure wrong:
I think of him as one who made
A melody, whose liquid song
Through endless, varying cadence played;
Then gave his time and labor long
To teach it to the general throng.

And catching up the chords, in sooth,
They sang them harshly, jangling on;
But spite of all the teacher's ruth,
Heard not the words till they were gone,
Nor ever guessed that faith and truth
Are better things than strength and youth.

That in the mighty triune one
  Of blended body, mind, and soul,
The spirit power reigns king alone,
  Holds perfect peace in its control,
And looking downward from life's throne,
Calls even joy's best gifts its own.

They whom he taught knew not, but gave
  The soul to be the body's thrall;
And leading mind a crouching slave,
  Made sensual pleasure lord of all,
And said, "These years are all we have,
There is no joy beyond the grave."

And so men speak of him to rail,
  To say, "Ah, sin! he wronged the world,
He made the cheek of virtue pale!"
  But pity him! he backward hurled
The heavy folds of Isis' veil,
To see the truth, and then — to fail.

The Campagna.

MINNETTA T. TAYLOR.

THEY bought the pleasant, fertile plain,
  The golden plain, the plain of Rome,
Its olives, fields of waving grain,
  Its broad canals by many a home.

They bought it, and the city smiled,
Or went unheeding on its way,
By greed and pomp and strength beguiled,
The idle pageant of a day.

So fell the shadow of the lords,
A little shadow, made at noon;
But force lay back of wingéd words,
The shadow grew and darkened soon.

Unwise to feed so many men,
Who needs must eat ere they could toil;
So much of grain returned again
To those mere tillers of the soil.

The owners made the plain a mead,
A grassy ocean swelling green,
Whereon their wealthy flocks might feed,
With here and there a herdsman seen.

The masters and the herdsmen died;
The land was bound in phantom chain,
It still belonged to absent pride,
It festered in the heaven's rain.

The good soil murmured in the night,
Uncared for; it rebelled by day;
The nettles of an evil spite
Choked up each winding waterway.

The human heritage of hope
Was changed, at last, to useless care;
The open country's flowery scope
Became a narrow, fixed despair.



MINNETTA THEODORA TAYLOR.

And now it is a desert place,
A vast, gray, empty, hungry death,
That stares at Rome with threatening face,
And poisons her with fever breath.

The vulture loves the desert pale;
He stoops and listens to the sea,
If he may hear the self-same tale
Told, O America, of thee.

The Trombone.

TUCKER WOODSON TAYLOR.

O THE wild, wizard way of the trombone!
The mightily palm-thrown,
Mellowy, calm-blown,
Billowy, willowy trombone!
Look at it bobbing
And all the time throbbing
And thrilling with tones
That no other horn owns!
When the trombonist learns
All its "to's and returns;"
When he finds the full swing
Of the difficult thing,
And can make it resound and redound,
Without running it into the ground;
When he gets ev'ry sound, at a single bound,
That in the gamut can be found,
And more, too,
Running through

With a kind of gliding,
Soothing, appetizing,
Gently tantalizing
Sort of sliding,
So confiding;
When he rushes to and fro
Like a comet full of woe,
With ferocious chiding,
Up, up, down, down,
With a flush and a frown,
Then retires to a dignified, far-off abiding, —
How surely he sways!
How grandly he plays!
O this fascinating trumpet,
With its changefulness of curve,
And its vacillating master,
With his endlessness of nerve —
With his motto, "Blow, blow, blow and never tire" —
Are a couple full of wonder —
For philosophers to ponder —
That make music-loving multitudes admire!
Now you go!
How you go!
Back it!
Rack it!
Crack it!
Rock it!
Sock it!
Shock it!
Shake it!
Make it!
Quake it!

Wakes its wild echoes far out, so far out,
And so strangely resounds all about, all about!
Pull it in
To your chin!
Then away with it yonder, to stay, to stay!
O oh ??????????????????????????
O ho ??
O ho ??
O hey !!!!

Old Ben to his Violin.

MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

IS it dark there in the corner,
My dear old violin?
Thy strings are broken, and my heart;
Thy tunes were of my soul a part.
Good-by, old violin!

How oft we dropt from grave to gay,
Thou sweet old violin;
Beneath fair skies, with one who sleeps
Where low the weeping willow weeps,
I tuned thee, violin!

I — I was young! My heart was June,
Rememb'rest, violin?
You told no tales when Love and I
Went wooing 'neath a summer sky,
Dear, faithful violin!

Could'st thou not wake from out the sleep
Oblivion of years?
Perhaps one tune would make me weep
Where mem'ry's sacred tryst I keep
With sobs too deep for tears.

Roll, roll away the burial stone
This hour, old violin!
Of love departed, hope all gone,
Bring back the stars which nightly shone,
Once tuneful violin!

Atalanta.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

(*By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

WHEN spring grows old, and sleepy winds
Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love, in green, cool groves,
Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

She throws a kiss and bids me run,
In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
And at the end, I know, is death.

But joyfully I bare my limbs,
Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew thrill
The vigor of Hippomenes.

Oh, race of love! we all have run
Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
For life or death or anything!

Diana.

(*The Goddess of the Chase.*)

MAURICE THOMPSON.

(*By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

SHE had a bow of yellow horn
Like the old moon at early morn.

She had three arrows strong and good,
Steel set in feathered cornel wood.

Like purest pearl her left breast shone
Above her kirtle's emerald zone;

Her right was bound in silk well knit,
Lest her bowstring should sever it.

Ripe lips she had and clear gray eyes,
And hair, pure gold, blown hoyden-wise

Across her face, like shining mist
That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.

Her limbs! how matched and round and fine!
How free like song! how strong like wine!

And timed to music wild and sweet,
How swift her silver-sandaled feet!

Single of heart and strong of hand,
Windlike she wandered through the land.

No man (or king or lord or churl)
Dared whisper love to that fair girl.

And woe to him who came upon
Her, nude, at bath, like Acteon!

So dire his fate, that one who heard
The flutter of a bathing bird,

What time he crossed a breezy wood,
Felt sudden quickening of his blood;

Cast one swift look, then ran away
Far through the green, thick groves of May;

Afeared, lest down the wind of spring
He'd hear an arrow whispering.

The Quest.

MRS. OLLAH TOPH.

My soul went up into the mountain-top.

* * * * * *

AND the dream of my life rose up and said:
"Soul, with what have you clothed yourself, that you
Of gross creation come into the place
Reserved for gods and dreams? How found you path
Where only angels tread — angels and I
Whose brothers angels are? Oh, Soul, answer."

But then, tho' words of varied meaning stirred
Within my heart, as stirs a child beneath
The mother-life waiting the hour of birth,
I could not bring them forth, but silent stood.

Where gods do dwell the air is rarefied.
I put my hand unto my throat and felt
The blood bound up as though 'twould leap the flesh.
Not here my place, but in the vale below.
And yet I thought the dream had called me hence,
Had wrapped itself about my heart and sung
To me, long nights, of these Olympian heights.
And now these vexing questions that my lips
Refused an answer to! God, that a dream
Should lead man into such a fruitless quest!

The dream drew close — so close my soul was lost
In its delicious haze. And then there grew
Out of the mighty silence, music, sweet
As when the interchange of thought and love
Makes harmony for all the universe.
All things were blent into that rare concord
Of sound; the voice of bird and beast and man,
All music — echoes of the infinite.
The great world, singing as it swung its round,
Rang forth one chord of nature's symphony.

And thinking of the morning stars, myself
Became a melody incarnated;
Each aspiration, each desire a tone

So sweet it seemed the longing realized.
Each thought toward higher things and purer life
Made manifest in cadenced joy; each deed
Of righteousness incorporated there
This purpose of my destiny: to live
So that upon the mountain brow I might
Be worthy to make music for the world.

* * * * * *

My soul went up into the mountain-top.

* * * * * *

And the dream of my life rose up and said:
"Soul, do you understand?" and I said, "Yea,
Dear dream, the vale is consecrated now.
I go the way I came, and wait that day
When I shall dwell with gods and dreams and know
This truth: that perfect song expression hath
In humblest work no tone so poor but counts.
Yea, dream, I understand, and thou, my quest,
Art not a fruitless one since thou hast ope'd
My blinded eyes to knowledge of myself."

* * * * * *

And my soul was alone in the mountain-top.

My Valentine.

WILLIAM B. VICKERS.

TURN back, oh, time, thy tempest flight,
The busy day, the restless night,
The years that slip so swiftly past,
The centuries that cannot last,
And let a healing touch of thine
Renew the youth of Valentine.

Roused from his mediæval sleep,
I know the good old saint would weep
To see the uses base and low
That time has brought his memory to,
But bright through all the ages shine
The virtues of St. Valentine.

Love loses nothing of its worth,
And beauty bides upon the earth,
The same to-day as when of old,
With sweetest song the lover bold,
Decked like a bridegroom rare and fine,
Came forth to greet his Valentine.

His Valentine? Ah, well-a-day!
She dawned upon him like the May,
In distant isles whose radiance
Reflects the morning's brightest glance,
But not less fair and brightly shine
The graces of my Valentine.

I do not rave about her eyes,
Nor laud her beauty to the skies,
But she is beautiful to me,
And in her love-lit eyes I see
A liquid light like ruby wine,
The soul of my sweet Valentine.

She is not grave, nor gay, nor yet
Doth pride its seal upon her set,
Else I had never won her love,
To prize all earthly gifts above,
But gentle graces all combine
In her, my precious Valentine.

Her speech the voice of wisdom is,
And golden are her silences,
Her smiles are set to music sweet,
Her love is like the waves that beat
Upon the shore in ceaseless line,
And so I love my Valentine.

Faith.

LUTHER DANA WATERMAN.

ALL things are perfect to their perfect end;
From perfect cause imperfect cannot come.
Whatever has not harmony is false.
There is a truth will harmonize all things:
It ever tends to show the sweet accord
That joins all things together in their aims.

The false is always but a part of truth.
Man's earthly eye can only partly see,
And discord sees; but to his spirit-eye
Some discords blend to concord; and so faith
Sweeps on from part to whole and sees
The glorious aim that unisons all things.

Philosophy and Poetry.

LUTHER DANA WATERMAN.

PHILOSOPHY and numbers and high poetry
Are not mere phantoms of a mortal soul,
Brief emanations of the life-lit clay.
They are the radii of the infinite,
And mark the limits of the human soul:
They measure well the power divine in man.
When dies the man from matter's grosser form,
And grows the soul too strong for chemistry,
And takes the purpose from its organed mold,
And all the life-pulse earthward ebbs again,
Then man shall lose no knowledge that he wins,
And only find it less in knowing more;
And know it better as he knows the more;
Finding each truth a part of Nature's whole.

An Autumn Reverie.

MRS. HATTIE M. WESTCOTT.

THE autumn leaves are falling, the summer days have fled,
Each faded leaf recalling some summer long since dead.
The wind sweeps o'er the stubble and down the valley road,
And life is full of trouble and heavier grows its load.

If lilies and if roses would only never fade,
If violets and daisies forever with us stayed,
If emerald vale and meadow would wear eternal green,
Ah, never would a shadow come o'er the summer scene.

If life were always changeless and love forever true,
If hope for each newcomer, and joy we only knew,
If never any sorrow came o'er the human heart,
There'd never be a morrow when friends would need to part.

Beyond us and above us we hear an echo fall,
It reaches those who love us in palace or in hall,
It sings the song of ages that were and are to be,
And opens wide the pages that some may never see.

We listen and we linger, and still the days go by;
We watch the Sybil's finger beneath a darkening sky, —
We hear the whispered warning, but still we do not heed
The lesson, night or morning, tho' hearts may break or bleed.

Oh, sunshine in the meadow this pleasant afternoon,
Why is it that the shadow must follow on so soon?
Why is it that the blossoms, the white, the blue, the red,
Are falling on earth's bosom, their fragile beauty fled?

A type, alas, of mortals who come on earth to bloom,
Then pass between the portals that open to the tomb.
Life hath its meed of gladness, but ah, so brief its stay,
It leaves behind it sadness that never goes away.

Distrust — Faith.

MRS. L. MAY WHEELER.

WHY look at the Sun with a frown?
Why fret at the hot breath of day?
Why fume at the dust of the town
And scowl at the breezes at play?
The Sun is the God of the day,
The day is the kingdom of light,
The dust is a gleam with its ray,
Your breath but a speck of its might.

Why look for a thorn with the rose?
Why search for a poison with bloom?
Why wake from a couch of repose,
If the morn but heralds a gloom?
The rose is a kiss from the Sun,
The bloom is but tracings of light,
And Sleep is God's dream-life begun,
To eyes that see only the right.

Why ever take friend to thy heart?
Why ever clasp love to thy breast?
Why be of this world e'en a part,
If faith have no lot in thy quest?
'T was love, in the first morning beam,
That sang with the stars in the blue,
And faith's the foreshadowing dream
Of love everlastingly true.

Illusions.

MRS. L. MAY WHEELER.

A GLEAM, like a star 'mid heaven's blue,
Swells and unfolds in a bubble's hue.
A breath or a life fares on its way,
Long-traveled or brief, it seems but a day.

A flash, and lo! the bubble is gone;
A flutter, and life's last breath is drawn;
The bubble's illusion was tinted fair:
The life, is *it* but a swirl of air?

The Magic Pitcher.

MRS. ELIZABETH CONWELL WILLSON.

I KNOW an ancient story of a maid
Who broke her golden pitcher at the well,
And wept therefor; when came a voice, that said,
"Peace, sorrowing child; behold the magic spell

Wherewith I make thy loss a certain gain!"
Then through her tears she saw a shape of light
Before her; and a lily, wet with rain
Or dew, was in his hands — all snowy white.

Then stood the maiden hushed in sweet surprise,
And with her clasped hands held her heart-throbs down,
Beneath the wondrous brightness of his eyes,
Whose smile seemed to enwreathe her like a crown.
He raised no wand; he gave no strange commands;
But touched her eyes with tender touch and light,
With charmed lips kissed apart her folded hands,
And laid therein the lily, snowy white.

Then, as the south wind breathes in summer lands,
He breathed upon the lily-bloom; and lo!
Its curling leaves expanded in her hands,
And shaped a magic pitcher white as snow,
Gemmed with the living jewels of the dew,
And brimmed with overflows of running light.
Then came the voice, the mystic voice she knew:
"Drink of the lily waters, pure and bright,

Thou little maiden by the well," it said,
"And give to all who thirst, the waters cool;
So shall thy grieving heart be comforted;
So shall thy pitcher evermore be full!"
Then, as the sunlight fades in twilight wood,
He faded in the magic of the spell;
While, mute with joy, the little maiden stood,
Clasping her magic pitcher by the well.

The Village Graveyard.

MRS. ELIZABETH CONWELL WILLSON.

THE beacon on the cliff is dead;
And, drifted from its altar-height,
Fall broken embers warm and red,
Like blood slow dropping through the night;

And in the upland wood close by,
The dark is strewn with arrowy gleams;
And fragments of the moonlight lie
Across night's fitful hush like dreams.

There, where the unrestful night wind grieves,
And wanders with unechoing tread,
Through pathless shadow, — where the leaves
Of the dead year lie chill and dead, —

Is builded many an antique hall,
And cloister roofed with marble bars,
With living cressets on the wall —
The glow-worm's torch, the fire-fly's stars, —

Within whose shut doors dwell alone
Pale, prisoned nun and hermit guest,
That utter neither wail nor moan,
But ever keep a breathless rest.

An Ode to Sleep.

NEWTON A. TRUEBLOOD.

O SLEEP! thou blessed friend to man,
For which sad hearts so often pray,
Continue human life to scan,
And make the night of sorrow day.

The sleep that falls on baby's face
When laid upon its mother's breast,
Locked safe within her fond embrace,
A picture seems of perfect rest.

The sleep that closes childhood's eyes,
And makes the dimpled cheeks more fair,
Oft ends in kisses of surprise
On rosy lips and curling hair.

The sleep that blesses maiden coy,
When love dawns on her tender heart,
Brings dreams of bliss without alloy, —
Two wedded souls no more to part.

The sleep that covers manhood's brow,
Gives strength unto his stalwart form,
Maintains his step behind the plow,
Or keeps his anvil bright and warm.

The sleep that rests on aged hands,
And heads bowed down with years of care,
Brings scenes to view of happy lands,
Where clouds no more obscure the air.

The sleep of death, that comes to all,
Which God Himself has kindly given,
To many proves a welcome call,
And ends, we fondly hope, in heaven.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Albert Charlton Andrews was born at Connersville, Indiana, February 1, 1878. His mother, Mrs. Marie Louise Andrews, for many years known as one of the brightest women in the West, superintended his early schooling at the Indianapolis Classical School until her death. His education was continued in private schools until he entered De Pauw University, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in 1898. Mr. Andrews has contributed both prose and verse to the periodicals of this country. In November, 1898, he went to Paris to study the French language, and is well known in Latin Quarter for readings of his own works and verse translations.

Mrs. Marie Louise Andrews was the daughter of Dr. Benjamin and Mrs. Louise A. Newland. She was born at Bedford, Indiana, October 31, 1849, and was educated at "St. Mary's of the Woods" and "The Hungerford Institute" of Adams, New York. She was married to Albert M. Andrews of Connersville, Indiana, in May, 1875. She was one of the founders of the Western Association of Writers, and for three years its secretary, and made for herself many friends among literary and semi-literary people. Though she wrote much excellent prose and verse, but little of her work has been preserved. She died February 7, 1891, leaving one son, Albert Charlton Andrews, to inherit her genius.

Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon. (See Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston, p. 438.)

Mrs. Rebecca G. Ball, wife of Cyrus Ball, of La Fayette, Indiana, was born in Philadelphia, but has been a resident of Indiana since 1838. She has written a number of pleasant poems for the newspapers of her city, and other publications.

Granville Mellen Ballard was born at Westport, Oldham County, Kentucky, March 30, 1833. He enjoyed excellent opportunities for

education in his boyhood, and was graduated from the scientific department of the Indiana Asbury (now De Pauw) University in 1851. He was for a number of years a teacher in the State Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Indianapolis.

Mr. Ballard was, in his earlier years, a frequent contributor of verse to periodicals, and also won quite a reputation as the author of popular songs, some of which still retain their hold upon the public. His contributions of late years have been fewer in number, but richer in thought and expression. One of his longer poems, "The Ballad of Gnarlwood Tree," has, for the scene of its story of aboriginal love, the wild forests that flourished where Indianapolis now stands, and will always remain a valued contribution to Indiana's early history and song.

Mrs. M. E. Banta, daughter of James and Elizabeth Riddle, was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, March 27, 1834. In 1852 she married, in Covington, Kentucky, a young Mississippian, J. J. Perrin, who died in 1853. In 1856 she was again married to D. D. Banta, who afterward became a noted lawyer and jurist of Johnson County, and, later, dean of the Law School of Indiana University.

Mrs. Banta has written much excellent verse. A volume of her poems, "Songs of Home," the only collection of her literary work, was published by her eldest son.

Mrs. Margaret Holmes Bates was born in Fremont, Ohio, October 6, 1844, and removed thence to Rochester, Indiana, in 1858, where she completed her school education, and, early in life, exhibited those powers which have led to her literary successes.

She was married to Charles Austin Bates, of Indianapolis, in 1865, and for twenty-five years made that city her home. Most of her poems and her first successful romances, "Manitou," and "The Chamber over the Gate," were written there.

Mrs. Bates, though possessed of fine poetic gifts, does not depend upon inspiration alone, but unites with keen, spiritual insight the faculty of painstaking and careful construction, so that her poems are finished and cultured productions. Her present home is in New York City, where she is engaged in literary work. She has recently published some novels that have attracted much attention.

Mrs. Bessie Johnson Bellman is a native of Indiana, and her girl-

hood days were spent in La Fayette. Since her marriage she has always lived a little apart from the busy world.

Howard, Kansas, is now her home, yet she ever recalls with pleasure her native state, and, writing to a home friend, says: "Each of the seasons has its especial charm, indescribably dear and tender. What pictures are called up before the true Hoosier mind by reading 'When the frost is on the pumpkin, and the fodder's in the shock,' and 'How fair the moonlight sits upon the Wabash.'"

Judge Horace P. Biddle was born at Lancaster, Ohio, March 24, 1811. He received a common school education, to which he added a knowledge of Latin, French, and German. He studied law and began the practice at Logansport, Indiana, in 1839. He was a member of the convention that framed the present constitution of Indiana, and served long and faithfully as judge of the Circuit Court of Logansport Circuit and also upon the supreme bench of the state. He was an incessant worker in literature, and published a large number of books, both in prose and verse. His poetry is characterized by simplicity, and is remembered for its many pleasing and pungent quatrains. He died in May, 1900, in his ninetieth year.

G. Henri Bogart was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, October 26, 1857. He attended school at Mt. Airy, near College Hill, Ohio, and began teaching in western Indiana in 1873. He taught twenty years, always working in other lines during vacation. He has done considerable newspaper work and some lecturing.

Sarah T. (Barritt) Bolton was born at Newport, Kentucky, in the year 1820. Her family removed, while she was yet small, to Madison, Indiana. At the age of sixteen she began to contribute to the local paper, which led to an acquaintance with Mr. Bolton, the editor, resulting in their marriage. Mr. Bolton's property was swept away by the financial panic of 1837–1838, and his girl wife, for the time, laid aside her pen, and assisted her husband in the management of a tavern on the old National road, just west of Indianapolis, until better days again dawned for them.

When the old State House was completed, Mr. Bolton was appointed custodian, and Mrs. Bolton wrote her famous song, "Paddle Your Own Canoe," while sewing and fitting the first carpets to the floors. After 1845 she found ample leisure for song, and

for more than thirty years was the most famous of Indiana's poets. Popular and beloved throughout her adopted state, her life was of great usefulness. She died at her much beloved home in Indianapolis, August 5, 1893.

Allan S. Botsford was born in Greenfield, Indiana, the town of Harris and Riley, and his poetry does credit to his childhood's home. He is a newspaper illustrator, and has followed his art in Indianapolis, San Francisco, and other cities. He has genius of a high order, and his poetry has found favor with the best magazines and newspapers of the country.

Miss Ethel Bowman was born in Converse, Indiana, September, 1879. In 1886 she removed to Marion, where she received her education, graduating from the Marion High School with honors. Miss Bowman has contributed much in verse to the *Indianapolis Journal* and local papers. Her work shows poetical genius, and gives promise of better things.

Mrs. Minnie Thomas Boyce has exhibited a rare talent for the delineation of child character, and her short stories of child life, which have mostly appeared in the Chicago papers, have attracted much favorable attention. She is peculiarly happy in her rendition of her own work along similar lines with Mr. Riley and Mr. Pfrimmer. She has written but little verse, most of it being devoted to child life. Since the death of her husband, two years ago, Mrs. Boyce has taken a course in English literature at the State University, and is constantly adding to her literary equipments.

Mrs. L. V. Boyd. (See Louise Esther Vickroy, p. 461).

Robert H. Brewington was born in Dearborn County, November 8, 1832. He was educated in the common schools and at Moore's Hill College, graduating from the latter with high honors in 1859. He then taught for a number of years: four years at Moore's Hill College, during one of which he served as acting president. Following this he was superintendent of public schools: two years at Greensburgh, Indiana, and four years at Vevay, Indiana. He studied for the ministry, and was licensed to preach by the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1860. He served for a time in the Union army as a lieutenant of an infantry company.

Mr. Brewington also served most acceptably as chaplain of the Soldiers and Sailors Orphans Home, near Knightstown, Indiana, from 1873 to 1879. He was afterward associate editor of the *Knightstown Banner* for some time, and then for two years editor and owner of the *Republican*, at Fresno, California.

Dr. Brewington has contributed much both in verse and prose to newspapers, magazines, and church publications; but has, up to this time, made no collection of his poems or other writings.

Rev. Albert Fletcher Bridges was born near Poland, Indiana, August 22, 1853. In 1874 he was graduated from De Pauw University, and in September of the same year entered the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He retired from the ministry in 1881, and for ten years edited the *Brazil* (Indiana) *Register*. His present home is Colorado Springs, Colorado. His poems are serious and on themes of general and permanent interest. He published a volume of sermons, lectures, and local history in 1889, and "Poems" in 1898. A second edition of his poems is now in press.

Mrs. Mattie Dyer Britts is a daughter of the late Rev. Sidney Dyer, whose songs were once very popular throughout the central West. She has spent most of her married life in Crawfordsville, Indiana. She has not been a voluminous writer of verse, but her poems are well-wrought and wholesome.

Mrs. Maria Sears Brooks was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, and received her education in her native city. At the age of nineteen she married and came west. When the Civil War began, she was living in Missouri, and her earliest literary efforts were concerning the struggle which was then of supreme moment in Missouri.

In 1862 she removed to Madison, Indiana, and for many years continued to contribute poems, short stories, and essays to newspapers and magazines. In 1888 she published a dainty holiday book which had a large sale. She was elected vice-president of the Western Association of Writers in 1889, and in 1890 was chosen secretary of that body. She died in 1893.

Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton was born and reared in Cambridge City, Indiana, and made much of her literary reputation while writing over her maiden name, Alice Williams; but since her marriage she has lived in the city of Cincinnati.

On her father's side she is descended from the noted Williams family that furnished so many able ministers and devoted members to the Society of Friends, which was such a powerful factor in the establishment of the early settlements of eastern Indiana. On her mother's side she was a Johnson, another Indiana family that has furnished a number of notable people to the professions of medicine, law, and literature. None of them have been more justly honored than Mrs. Brotherton herself. Among her near relatives are Robert Underwood Johnson, associate editor of the *Century*, and Henry U. Johnson, a lawyer and ex-member of Congress, who has considerable reputation as a public speaker.

Mrs. Brotherton's husband is an honored business man of Cincinnati, where the family lives in a pleasant home on Walnut Hill.

Those who have studied her poetry know that it is of no ordinary quality. Few American women have written better verse or that which is nobler in purpose or clearer in expression. "The Sailing of King Olaf" is probably the most popular of her volumes of poetry, but much of her other work reaches the same high mark of excellence.

She is a close student and toiler in the literary field, and spends much of her time in teaching literature to classes and in lecturing upon Shakespeare and other masters of literature. She is also a frequent contributor to the *Century* and other periodicals.

Jerome C. Burnett was born in New Jersey, May 15, 1833. During his youth his parents moved to Terra Haute, Indiana. He was a self-educated man, having had a merely desultory schooling. He was a newspaper correspondent at an early age, and received a valuable training from this class of work. He removed to Indianapolis, and during his residence there held many positions of honor, and was the trusted assistant of Governor Morton during the war. Besides being a poet of rare gifts and attainments, Mr. Burnett wrote many letters of travel and description, and several lectures. His best-known lecture is the "Life and Character of Oliver P. Morton." Mr. Burnett died in Washington City in May, 1891.

Clarence A. Buskirk was born November 8, 1842, at the village of Friendship, Alleghany County, New York, where he spent his youth and received his early education. Having decided to prepare him-

self for the practice of law, he pursued a course in the Law School at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and was admitted to the practice of law in Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1865. He removed to Princeton, Indiana, in 1866, where he still resides.

Mr. Buskirk served two terms, from 1874 to 1878, as attorney general, the first term under Governor Hendricks, and the last term under Governor Williams. He also served one term, 1872–1873, in the Indiana legislature.

Miss Kate M. Caplinger of Madison is one of Indiana's successful and industrious teachers, who finds time to do some very meritorious literary work. Her poems, which are always hopeful and healthy in tone, are usually devoted to such themes as her natural surroundings suggest.

Mrs. Emma N. Carleton says of herself, "My maiden name was Emma Shields Nunemacher, and my grandfather, Clement Shields, wrote verse in his wooing days, so the tendency to rhyme seems, in my case, an inherited unavoidability." Mrs. Carleton's rare sense of humor has made her a favorite with such papers as the *Detroit Free Press*, *Life*, *Puck*, *Judge*, etc., but she is more favorably known as the author of short, crisp poems, each of which is a gem. She was born in New Albany in 1850. In 1876 she was married to Phillip J. Carleton, who died in Indianapolis in 1877. After a residence of twelve years in Indianapolis Mrs. Carleton returned, in 1888, to New Albany, which city continues to be her home.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the author of "The Story of Dollard," "The White Islander," "Lady of St. John," "Story of Tonty," "Old Kaskaskia Days," etc., was born at Luray, Ohio, but much of her active life has been spent in Indiana, where she built and furnished a charming home in the city of Indianapolis, and where many of her stories and poems were written. Her parents died when she was quite small, and left her to struggle for herself. With the aid of relatives and friends she secured a good education and entered active life as a teacher. She soon began to write for the press, over her maiden name, Mary Hartwell, to which signature, after her marriage to Mr. Steele Catherwood, she added her husband's name. The genius displayed in her romance and poetry attracted the attention of critics early in her career, and her

success has been almost phenomenal. She is still young, and much is yet to be hoped for from her graceful pen.

Mr. and Mrs. Catherwood are at present living at Hoopeston, Illinois, but Mrs. Catherwood is still loyal to the Hoosier State, the State of her adoption. They have one child, a young lady of fourteen or fifteen years. So much of Mrs. Catherwood's powers have found exercise in the more profitable field of historical romance, that she modestly disclaims being a poet, — a disclaimer with which neither her friends nor the public will agree.

Mrs. Emily Thornton Charles was born in La Fayette, Indiana, March 21, 1845. She was educated in the public schools of Indianapolis, and became a teacher, herself, at the age of sixteen. After the death of her husband, which occurred in 1874, she began to write for a livelihood, doing reportorial and editorial work for Indianapolis papers. She was managing editor of the *Washington* (D.C.) *World* and established the *National Veteran*. She published two volumes of poems, each of which commanded a large sale: "Hawthorn Blossoms," 1876, and "Lyrical Poems," 1886. Mrs. Charles died in Washington City, where the latter part of her half century of life was spent.

Miss Mary Louisa Chitwood was, next to Sarah T. Bolton, the most widely known of the Indiana poets of her time, and her work was eagerly sought for by the editors of newspapers and magazines. In the last two years of her life her improvement in the style, scope, and finish of her poetical compositions was marked and rapid. She was also the author of much timely and graceful prose. She died in 1856, at the little village of Mt. Carmel, Indiana, which had been her life-long home, at the age of twenty-three years. A collection of her poems was published in 1857, under the able editorship of the late George D. Prentiss, of the *Louisville* (Kentucky) *Journal*, to which Miss Chitwood had been a favored contributor.

Noah J. Clodfelter has been, during the greater part of his life, a remarkably active and, in the main, successful business man and promoter of public improvements, as well as an author. In 1886 he published, through the publishing house of Hirst and Company, New York, a volume of near three hundred pages of his verse. He gave the collection the title of "Early Vanities."

It is said to have had a very large sale. He is also the author of other books.

Jethro Crooke Culmer was born in March, 1855. He has been engaged in railroad work in various departments since sixteen years old, and is at present station agent for the Pennsylvania Company at Spencer, Indiana. In the midst of an active and honorable business life, he has found time and inclination to improve his rare natural endowments. His poetry is characterized by its careful finish, and his sonnets have attracted the attention of critics as excellent examples of that form of versification.

Hon. Will Cumback was born in Franklin County, Indiana, March 24, 1829. He was reared upon a farm, and enjoyed such opportunities for education as the early country schools afforded. He studied law, and being a natural orator, soon acquired a reputation as a public speaker. Mr. Cumback has held many offices of responsibility and trust, and has served in all with honor and distinction. He was elected to Congress when barely twenty-five, and since that time has been Presidential Elector, Paymaster of the Army, State Senator, Lieutenant-Governor, and Collector of Internal Revenues. During all these years of public service Mr. Cumback kept his literary tastes and capabilities alive and active, delivering lectures and writing for the press. He has not written largely in poetry, but his few poems are of such a hopeful nature that they leave the reader happier for having read them.

George W. Cutter was probably born in Kentucky about the beginning of the nineteenth century. He was a lawyer by profession, and a politician, orator, poet, and soldier, of choice. During his productive years he was a citizen of Indiana and well known for his enthusiasm in behalf of whatever cause he espoused. He was perhaps, in his day, the state's most distinguished literary man, his stirring poems having enjoyed a great vogue. He was twice married, his first wife having been Mrs. Alexander Drake, the actress. He was a captain during the Mexican War, and, it is said, wrote his long poem, "Buena Vista," on the battle field. His best poems are "The Song of Steam" and "Song of Lightning," but "E Pluribus Unum" appeals more effectively to the average American heart. He published his poems, in Philadelphia, in 1857, under the title of

"Poems, National and Patriotic." His last years were spent in Washington, D.C., where his days were sadly clouded by disease and the loss of his mental balance. The exact date of his death, like that of his birth, is unknown to us.

Mrs. Ida May Davis is a native of Indiana, having lived in Terre Haute and Huntington. She devoted her early life to teaching, for which profession she showed a happy preference. She was for a number of years a member of the Board of Education in Terre Haute and, in 1891 was elected secretary of the Western Association of Writers, a position which she held for six years. Her literary work has been in the line of educational papers, book reviews, sketches, and poems. But her poetry is her best work and that which will longest keep her name green.

Mrs. Hannah E. (Brown) Davis was born near Richmond, Indiana, November 5, 1841, and died in Grand Forks, North Dakota, March 24, 1898. She was educated in the country schools and at Earlham College. In September, 1862, she was married to Clarkson Davis, one of the foremost educators in the state, who assumed control of the Spiceland Academy in 1863. Here Mrs. Davis began her career as a teacher, her connection with the academy continuing twenty-eight years. After the death of her husband, which occurred in 1883, she spent much time in Europe, studying art and the languages. She was very much attached to the kindred arts, painting and poetry. She was passionately devoted to nature and nature studies and investigations, as her poetry amply proves.

Richard Lew Dawson was born upon a farm in Franklin County, Indiana, which he pictured in dialect verse in the *Century Magazine* a few years ago as "The Old Honeysuckle Farm." He received a common school education, but was otherwise self-educated. He early developed a love for literature and literary pursuits, and while yet a very young man won quite a reputation as a dialectician. He also gave entertainments at which he rendered his own poetry. He was one among the four or five persons who called the Western Association of Writers into existence, and has always maintained that he first suggested it; and he was for a number of years an active member. He has been a contributor of dialect verse to the *Century*, his masterpiece in that line, "The Old Settler's Meetun,"

having appeared in that magazine, as also did other poems of similar character. During the palmy days of the *Chicago Current* Mr. Dawson was a frequent contributor to its pages. He also wrote for the *Saturday Herald*, the *Indianapolis Journal*, etc. Mr. Dawson is living in the state of New York. His poetry, outside of his dialect verse, is characterized by sweetness and beauty, and in it he has done his best work.

Charles Dennis was born at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, September 4, 1844. He has lived in Indianapolis since 1852. He was educated in the grade schools. He learned the drug business, but has been a newspaper man since 1875. He was a partner of George C. Harding in the *Saturday Review* of Indianapolis, Mr. Harding's last newspaper venture. He has been at various times a reporter on the *News* and *Journal*, and is now shorthand reporter and market editor on the *News*. Mr. Dennis is a man of family and happy home ties.

Colonel William T. Dennis resides at Richmond, Indiana, which city has been his home for fifty years. He was born in Cayuga County, New York, June 17, 1816, and is now eighty-four years of age. His life has been one of varied activities and great value to his state and country. He was the originator, and for many years the secretary, of the State Board of Agriculture, and for a series of years chief clerk in the Agricultural Department at Washington. During the Civil War he was military agent of the state at the national capital, rendering valuable service in providing for sick and wounded soldiers. His last effort as a publisher was in the publication of *Fish and Game Talks*, a sprightly periodical in the interest of our friends of the streams and woods.

John Brown Dillon was a native of Brooks County, Virginia, but was taken to Belmont County while yet an infant by his parents. There he received such education as the country schools of the time afforded.

He was only nine years old when his father died; then he had to make his own living. At the age of seventeen years he went to Cincinnati, having previously learned the printer's trade, with no fortune but his printer's rule, honesty of purpose and determination. His masterpiece, "The Burial of the Beautiful," was written for the *Cincinnati Gazette* in 1826.

Mr. Dillon removed to Indiana in 1834, where he was of untold service to the state in the preservation of its early history. In 1842 he published his first volume of "Historical Notes," which was some years later followed by his "History of Indiana," which is, and probably always will be, the standard history of the territorial period and organization of the state government.

In 1845 he was elected state librarian, and there again his services were of inestimable value to the new state. He also did another great work for the state as secretary of the State Historical Society. He died at Indianapolis full of years and honors.

Mrs. May Winters Donnan of Indianapolis is the author of many excellent poems and children's stories, and is a literary critic of recognized ability. Her literary work has appeared in various magazines, the *Indianapolis Journal* and *Indianapolis Press*, and has occasioned much favorable comment.

Mrs. Donnan is a careful student, and for many years has conducted private classes in English literature and history at her home, and also gives readings and lectures to literary clubs throughout the state.

Mrs. Amanda L. Ruter Dufour was the daughter of Calvin W. and Harriet (Hass) Ruter, and was born at Jeffersonville, Indiana, in the year 1822. Her early life was spent on a farm near Lexington. When she was eight years old her father removed his family to New Albany, and here she spent her girlhood, received her education, and was married to Oliver Dufour. They made their home for several years in Indiana, where Mr. Dufour served as a member of the state legislature in 1853, and was also a prominent member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. During Mr. Pierce's administration he received an appointment in one of the government offices at Washington. Mrs. Dufour died at her home in Washington, June 29, 1899, her husband having preceded her some years. She was a prolific writer of verse.

Mrs. Julia L. Dumont, the first Indiana poet whose work has been preserved, was the daughter of Ebenezer and Martha D. Corey, of Rhode Island. She was born in 1794, and her early life was spent in Greenfield, New York. In 1812 she was married to John Dumont, and removed with him to Vevay, Indiana Territory. There, at the little village in the wilderness, she entered upon that

heroic struggle in behalf of education and culture that has wedded her name to the history of the educational movement in Indiana. Mrs. Dumont wrote with equal felicity in prose and verse, and Eastern publishers were always ready to pay her liberally for her productions.

John Gibson Dunn was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, in 1826. He was born to good opportunities as well as with rare intellectual gifts. He graduated from Hanover College, studied medicine, and was surgeon of the Third Regiment of Indiana Volunteers during the Mexican War. He was both a painter and a poet, and seemed to possess the natural qualifications for success in either art; but he is represented as having been careless of his work, both in thoroughness of execution and in its preservation after it was completed. He died in New Orleans in 1858, at the age of thirty-two years.

Sidney Dyer was for many years pastor of the First Baptist Church in Indianapolis, Indiana, where he established a reputation for scholarly zeal and high religious devotion.

His poetry is characterized by its musical quality, and his genius seemed to be at its best when expressing the domestic sentiments and emotions. He wrote much for music, and usually copyrighted his songs before even permitting the newspapers to publish them. His published volumes of poetry are "Voices of Nature and Thoughts in Rhyme," 1849, and an "Olio of Love and Song," 1855.

Elijah Evan Edwards was born January 26, 1831, in Delaware, Ohio. He removed to Indiana in 1836. He was graduated from Asbury University — of which he was poet-laureate — in 1853, and afterward received from that institution the degree of Ph.D. He was for six years professor of Latin in Brookville College, and was for a time president of a college at Centerville, Indiana, and principal of the New Castle Seminary. He has since held professorships in several prominent Western colleges. Dr. Edwards, in addition to his poetical endowments and literary and scholarly attainments, is the possessor of artistic taste and skill of a high order, both as a painter and modeler. His poetry has always been accorded high rank by the critics, and is deservedly popular with the people. He is at present rector of an Episcopal church in North Carolina.

Judge Alfred Ellison was born in Charleston, West Virginia,

February 1, 1854. His father was an itinerant Baptist minister, and removed to Madison County, Indiana, in 1860. Mr. Ellison studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1884. He was elected Judge in 1890, and served one term. He has given much of his time to literature and oratory, and he is known as a popular lecturer. His home is at Anderson, Indiana, where he has an extensive law practice.

Henry W. Ellsworth was a son of Oliver Ellsworth, once a chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was born at Windsor, Connecticut, in 1814, and graduated from Yale College, in 1835, at the age of twenty-one. He was appointed minister of the United States to Sweden and Norway by President James K. Polk, and continued to serve his country as such until 1850. Some time after his return to this country he took up his abode in Indianapolis, which was his home thereafter. Several of his poems appeared in the once famous old *Knickerbocker Magazine* of New York.

Dr. Orpheus Everts was born in Liberty, Union County, Indiana, on December 18, 1826. He was educated in the schools of his native county, and had graduated, as a Doctor of Medicine, by the time he was nineteen years of age. He has practiced medicine and surgery, been an editor, and was register of the Land Office at Hudson, Wisconsin, under the administration of President James Buchanan. His most important public service, aside from authorship, has been as superintendent of the Indiana Hospital for the Insane, which he held for many years, and, since, in connection with a private hospital, at Cincinnati, for the cure of mental maladies.

He is an amateur painter as well as an editor and an author; but, above all, he is a poet whose genius has been known and recognized for a half century. He has published two or more volumes of verse, that have been well received.

John Finley was born in Brownsburg, Rockingham County, Virginia, on the 11th day of January, 1797, and died at his home in Richmond, Indiana, on the 23d day of December, 1866. He was educated in his native village. He came West and located in Cincinnati in 1818. Soon afterward he came across the country to Indianapolis, when it was but a collection of cabins in the woods. In the year 1828 he located in Richmond, Indiana, which was his home

thenceforward. Mr. Finley's genial manners, his capabilities for business, and his semi-humorous, semi-pathetic verse, devoted to homely themes, made him very popular among his neighbors. He was for three years, 1831 to 1834, editor of the *Richmond Palladium*, three years enrolling clerk of the state legislature, represented Wayne County three times in the legislature, was clerk of the Wayne County Circuit Court for seven years, and mayor of the city of Richmond fourteen years, up to his death in 1866. His last wife survived him and lived to be more than ninety years old. His famous "Hoosier's Nest" was a part of a New Year's address that was printed in the *Palladium* in 1830. His "Bachelor's Hall" has been often attributed to Tom Moore, and one editor went so far as to include it in a volume of Moore's "Irish Melodies."

Mrs. Mary Hockett Flanner came on her father's side of North Carolina Quaker stock, the Hockett family having been one of prominence in that society in the first half of the nineteenth century. On her mother's side she is of French descent, and it is probably from her mother that she inherits those quick sympathies with innocence and beauty which give character to her poems. She began writing while yet a child, but has ever been too modest and retiring to appreciate her own work at its worth.

She was born at Plainfield, Indiana, but educated at Muncie, where she was graduated from the high school. She was happily married, in 1886, to Frank Flanner, of Indianapolis. Mrs. Flanner has thus far written only for newspapers and magazines, but she has already made many literary friends, for the sweet ingenuousness of her verse finds echoes in many hearts.

Miss Elizabeth E. Foulke is a teacher in the public schools of Richmond, Indiana, her native town, where she was reared and educated. In addition to being a successful teacher of young children, her love for them has led her to enter the wider field of authorship in order to multiply her usefulness, and, young as she is, she has already published through the firm of Silver, Burdett and Company two dainty volumes of stories and verses for children. These have won wide popularity with the teachers and managers of primary schools and in the families where there are small children to train. It is from these volumes that our selections have mostly

been made, and though given here as representative of her work in the special line of letters to which she has, thus far, devoted herself, they prove that for the higher and more careful work of the poet she is not lacking either in natural or acquired gifts.

She says of herself, "I have enjoyed the freedom of the woods and fields all my life, and have gathered wild flowers in the spring as far back along the years as I can remember"; and therein lies a part of the secret of her ability to instruct and delight the children with story and rhyme.

William Dudley Foulke was born in New York City, November 20, 1848. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1870, and from Columbia Law School in 1871. He removed to Richmond, Indiana, in 1876. He was elected to the state senate in 1882, and served with honor and distinction in that body; but his most important public services have been rendered in the promotion of reforms, in the civil service of both the state and the nation. Mr. Foulke is a forcible public speaker, and demands for his addresses in favor of various reforms have come from all parts of the country. His principal literary productions are "Slav or Saxon" and the "Life of Oliver P. Morton." He has not written extensively in verse.

Willis Wilfred Fowler is a young man of Shelbyville, Indiana, who has in the last few years attracted much attention by contributions of verse to the newspapers, and by two or three little collections or dainty leaflets of verse that he has caused to be printed for the delight of his friends. His verse is permeated by humor and pathos, and gives promise of greater future attainment.

Strickland W. Gillilan, city editor of the *Richmond* (Indiana) *Daily Palladium*, is a native of Jackson County, Ohio. He was born October 9, 1869, and his boyhood days were spent on a farm. He began teaching at the age of eighteen, which profession he laid aside for that of journalism. In addition to his routine editorial work he has written much meritorious verse, contributing to the newspapers and magazines. The humorous poem in Irish dialect, "Finnigan to Flannigan," has made his name widely known. He is also a public reader of much popularity, rendering selections from his own writings in prose and verse.

Jerome Bonaparte Girard is perhaps the only Indiana poet who

has celebrated the scene of the defeat and massacre of Colonel Laughery and his party, on Laughery's Creek, in territory that is now part of Ohio County, Indiana. This event occurred in the year 1781, and Dr. Girard was born upon the historic little stream, near the village of Hartford, forty-one years later — in 1822. He graduated at Miami College, Oxford, Ohio, and then at the Cincinnati Medical College. He was a successful practitioner up to the war for the Union, when he was appointed surgeon of the Thirty-seventh Indiana Volunteer Infantry, served one year in the field, and then at the Madison (Indiana) Hospital until the close of the war. He died at Orlando, Florida, October 15, 1886. His poem, "My Native Stream," will continue to perpetuate the memory of Laughery's Creek until some greater poet shall wed it to more immortal song.

Samuel B. Gookins, a former judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana, was born in Rupert, Vermont, May 30, 1809. In 1823 he removed to Indiana and settled on an unimproved prairie farm, near Terre Haute. At the age of seventeen years he apprenticed himself to John W. Osborn of the *Western Register* of Terre Haute, to learn the printing business. In 1832 he began the study of law, and two years later was admitted to practice. Later, he removed to Chicago, where he stood high in his profession. During his entire career he was a frequent contributor of both prose and verse to the newspapers and magazines of the country, the old *Knickerbocker* and *Continental* magazines being in the list.

Jonathan W. Gordon was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1820, and removed to Indiana with his parents in 1835. Being possessed of a great ambition and wonderful powers of memory, he read and almost memorized such books as came in his way. He became a lawyer, a soldier, a physician, an editor, a poet, and held various offices of trust, and in all of these lines he was considered to be a master. Major Gordon, although he will probably be longest remembered by his poetry, wrote verse simply because, with his rare sympathies and ardent love of nature, he could not well avoid it. Had his life been devoted to literature, with the necessary time allowed for careful execution, his might have been one of America's most honored names.

Frank W. Harned was born in Middletown, Henry County, Indiana,

July 2, 1863, while the mighty struggle between the great armies of the North and the South was going on upon the field of Gettysburg.

He has spent most of his life, thus far, in Cambridge City, Indiana, where he was educated. He is an accountant by profession; but was appointed to a position in the customs service in 1889, while Benjamin Harrison was President, and served on the Western coast under Deputy Collector W. W. H. McCurdy at Fort Townsend, Washington, holding his place until 1893. He lives in Richmond, Indiana.

William Wallace Harney was born at Bloomington, Indiana, June 20, 1832, his father, the late John H. Harney, having been at that time a Professor of Mathematics in the Indiana University.

Mr. Harney is one of Indiana's sons who has wrought, sung, and won fame beyond the borders of his native state. Much of his life has been spent in Louisville, Kentucky, where he was educated in the Louisville College, came under the influence of such noted scholars as Noble Butler and Professor Peabody, and received the encouragement of George D. Prentice, to whose paper, the *Louisville Journal*, he was a frequent contributor. He studied law and practised his profession in that city, and was also for a time connected with the editorial management of the old *Louisville Democrat*. For the past quarter of a century he has lived at Orlando, Orange County, Florida. He is an occasional contributor of the most musical verse to *Harper's Magazine* and other publications of more than national reputation.

Lee O. Harris, the veteran educator and poet, was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, January 30, 1839, and removed with his parents to Indiana in 1852. In the fall of 1857 he entered upon his career as a teacher, teaching his first school in Fountain Town, Shelby County. He has adhered to his chosen profession ever since, and for more than forty years has been one of the state's most capable and valued educators. He served through the war as a volunteer soldier, rising to the rank of captain. He is also a printer and editor, and was one of the founders of the *Home and School Visitor*. His home has been almost constantly in Greenfield since the war, and he is at present county superintendent of the schools of Hancock County. To the world he is known by the wonderful

sweetness and melody of his poetry. He has published but two volumes: "The Man Who Tramps," a story of vagabond life, in 1878; and a collection of his poems entitled "Interludes" in 1893.

Mrs. Irene Boynton Hawley of Columbus, Indiana, is a poet of more than ordinary power, who has contributed very liberally to the periodicals of Indiana and other states, and has lent her genius to the support of many good works.

Mrs. Hawley is living happily in her adopted city, in one of the most beautiful and smiling valleys of the state, endeared to those about her by many ties, while the friends and admirers who know her best through her writings are hoping for many a good thing from her graceful pen in the years that are to come.

John Hay was born at Salem, Washington County, Indiana, October 8, 1838. He graduated at Brown University, studied law, and was admitted to the practice in 1861. In the same year he became Assistant Secretary to President Lincoln, and later his adjutant and aide-de-camp. He served for a time in the Union army, and gained honorable distinction in the service.

Since the close of the war he has served as Secretary of Legation at Paris and Madrid, Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna, associate editor of the *New York Tribune* for six years, and for two years as Assistant Secretary of State. In 1897 he was appointed by President McKinley as Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and afterward promoted by the President — with the approval of the Senate — to the position of Secretary of State, which he still holds. His published books have been "Pike County Ballads" in 1871, and in the same year a volume of Spanish sketches entitled "Castilian Days." To these succeeded "The Life of Lincoln," written in collaboration with John G. Nicolay, published in the *Century* in 1886 and 1887, and later in book form. In 1890 a collection of his poems was published. Mr. Hay's most finished poem is, perhaps, "The Castle in Spain," and the most popular "Little Breeches," a story in dialect, breathing a rough but wholesome "Pike County" philosophy. These have been used in so many collections that two shorter selections have been made for this volume.

Enos B. Heiney, one of the compilers and editors of this volume, is a native of Huntington County, Indiana. He was born and

reared on a farm and educated for a teacher, in which profession, he has, thus far in life, succeeded well, being at this time the principal of one of the important schools of the city of Huntington. He is happily married, and with his accomplished wife and little family is certainly enjoying the heyday of life. He is an occasional contributor of verse to the Indianapolis papers and other publications, and some of his poems have, apparently, met with decided favor. He is a lover of poetry, and gives more time to the study of it than to efforts to produce it. He takes a deep interest in the literature of the state, not in any narrow nor provincial spirit, but from a feeling of just pride in the contributions of Indiana's sons and daughters to the worthy literature of the country.

Charles L. Holstein was born in Madison, Indiana, in the year 1844. He was graduated from Hanover College, and entered Harvard Law School, from which he was graduated with the degree of LL.B. He was admitted to the bar in 1866, and after that date he became a member of some of the strongest law firms in the state. Although an accomplished orator, he never sacrificed logic to mere rhetoric, and it was in public addresses that he won the most fame. "Coming Half Way," delivered at the G. A. R. National Encampment at Louisville, Kentucky, is his best-known metrical production. Mr. Holstein died at his home in Indianapolis, January 22, 1901

Professor Edwin S. Hopkins is one of Indiana's gifted sons, who has not only made himself famous as an educator, but also as a poet.

His contributions to the press have been many, scholarly, and always giving evidence of the intuitions of a well-directed and wholesome genius. Professor Hopkins's best work is contained in his longer poems; but many of his shorter flights take rank with the best contemporary verse. Thus far Professor Hopkins has led a deservedly successful career, and the appreciative public may well hope for a continuation and growth of his gifts.

Benjamin Davenport House was born at sea in the year 1844. He was the son of a Congregational minister of St. Johnsbury, Vermont. His mother died during his infancy. He was in school at Boston, Massachusetts, when the Civil War began. He promptly left the school and enlisted. Before the war closed he was assigned to the Veteran Reserve Corps on account of a severe wound from which he

never wholly recovered, and transferred to Indianapolis, which was his home during the remainder of his life. Mr. House was a newspaper man, and was employed, at different times, by the several papers of his adopted city. He devoted much time to the G. A. R., and was for several years Assistant Adjutant-General of Indiana. He wrote much and well in verse, and was in great request as a reader of his own war poems, many of which have great force combined with deep pathos and tenderness. He was, therefore, a favorite at grand army and regimental reunions. The merits of his poetry were never recognized during his life as they deserved to have been. After his death a few friends and admirers published in handsome style a private edition of selections from his verse, embracing only what they considered to be the very best of his work. He died in 1887, leaving a wife, but no children, to survive him.

Horace F. Hubbard is a native of the village of Raysville, Indiana. He was educated in the public schools, and was graduated from the Newcastle (Indiana) High School. After teaching for some time, he learned the printing business, and later became a journalist. He has been a member of the editorial staff of the *Cincinnati Times-Star* for a number of years, to which most of his verse has been contributed. He is unmarried.

Benjamin R. Hyman is a sprightly young man of Jewish descent, who adheres to the faith of his fathers. His first introduction to the reading public of Indiana was in connection with the Indianapolis newspapers. He was then, for a time, editor of the *Saturday Herald*. A few years later he edited the *Chicago Magazine*, and was rapidly building up its literary character when the publishers suddenly suspended its publication.

He was happily married in 1887 or 1888 to a Jewish lady of Cincinnati, Ohio. He has recently been the editor of a Republican newspaper at Hammond, Indiana.

Mrs. Narcissa Lewis Jenkinson is the wife of Hon. Isaac Jenkinson, one of the best-known editors and public men of Indiana. Much of her earlier married life was spent in the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, where her husband conducted the leading paper of his political faith. During the administration of General Grant, Mrs. Jenkinson accompanied her husband to Glasgow, Scotland, where he served as

United States Consul. After their return to America they removed to Richmond, Indiana, where they have since made their home.

Mrs. Jenkinson enjoyed good educational opportunities, and early in life exhibited evidences of poetical gifts. Her poems are of a high order of excellence.

Robert Underwood Johnson was born January 12, 1853. His boyhood was spent at Centerville, Indiana, where he received a high school education. In 1867 he entered Earlham College, graduating as Bachelor of Science in 1873, to which the college added the honorary degree Ph.D. in 1889.

In 1881 Mr. Johnson became assistant editor of the *Century Magazine*, a position which he now occupies.

Mr. Johnson's literary work, in addition to his editorial duties, has been confined to critical articles and verse. He has published two volumes of poems, both from the press of the Century Company: "The Winter Hour and Other Poems," 1892; "Songs of Liberty and Other Poems," 1897.

Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston and **Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon, "The Fellows Sisters,"** were born near Evansville, Indiana, on a farm, where they spent their girlhood days. The influence of their country life shows in all their writings, sympathy with nature marking every production. In 1888 they went abroad, spending considerable time in Ireland and Switzerland, and upon their return were married in double wedding. Annie married William L. Johnston, and her sister, Hilary E. Bacon, both prominent business men of Evansville. Mrs. Johnston has given more attention to prose than verse, and her stories have been extensively circulated both at home and in England; "Joel: A Boy of Galilee," "In League with Israel," "The Little Colonel," "Ole Mammy's Torment," and "The Gate of the Giant Scissors" being among her best-known prose sketches.

In 1897 the sisters published together a volume of their poems under the title "Songs Ysame." It contains less than one-third of the poems of Mrs. Bacon, who writes mostly in verse, while her sister's field is avowedly prose. Mrs. Bacon is also a graceful and pleasing essayist with a keen sense of humor.

Mrs. D. M. Jordan's maiden name was Dulcina M. Mason, and

she was born at Marathon, New York, July 21, 1833, and died at her home in Richmond, Indiana, April 25, 1895.

Mrs. Jordan did not enjoy the advantages of a classical education, but being possessed of an active and eager mind, she secured a large fund of knowledge in the midst of a life of toil and endeavor.

She was married when quite young to James J. Jordan, who was for many years a business man of Richmond, Indiana, and widely known in the eastern part of the state.

They were the parents of a large family of children. It was while surrounded with the exacting cares of the household and the rearing of a young family that Mrs. Jordan did most of her writing, and acquired an art of expression that, under the conditions, seemed almost marvelous.

During the last twenty years of her life her literary and editorial industry knew no bounds, and often exceeded the limits of her strength. For weeks and weeks together she would perform both the editorial and local work of a sprightly daily, almost without even the aid of a news-gatherer. It was, probably, the over-strain of such excessive toil, coupled with many sorrows, that caused her collàpse and death from paralysis.

She was a prolific writer, and though she never published but one volume of poems, "Rosemary Leaves," her verse alone would have filled several such books.

One who was well qualified to speak said of her that "Her chief distinction was as a poet. Spontaneous, graceful, tender, pathetic, she wandered tunefully back through the pleasant fields of early experience. She struck ringing notes for the right in all living causes, and she looked longingly ahead for the good which the soul promises itself after its wearing conflict."

Dr. David Starr Jordan, the eminent president of Leland Stanford Jr. University, though not an Indianian by birth, was so long and prominently connected with the educational, literary, and scientific interests of the state, as the president of Indiana University and by his many scientific studies, while, by his writings and his daily life, he was interested in whatever seemed for the best good of the people, that Indiana, without denying the claims of other states, looks upon him as one of her own, in whom she is well pleased.

It was not generally suspected that one so accurate and careful in scientific researches as he, and who has performed such prodigies of labor in fields reputed to be entirely barren of romance and poetry, was the possessor of a rare fund of humor and a vein of genuine poesy, until his connection with and contributions to the programmes of the Western Association of Writers brought out the pleasant fact. Since then he has occasionally appealed to his friends through the vehicle of masterful verse, and surely the author of "Vivérols," and "Men Told Me, Lord," will have no cause to blush when his friends add "Poet" to the numerous titles that he has justly earned.

Isaac H. Julian was born in Wayne County, Indiana, June 19, 1823. His opportunities for school training were small, but this fact did not suppress his zeal in the pursuit of knowledge. With him it has been a lifelong quest. His genius runs much to the pastoral, and the description of scenery has been a constant delight to him. He is also an enthusiastic reformer, and often makes his verse plead the cause of the oppressed, or in the interest of temperance and virtue. For more than forty years Mr. Julian has been in the editorial harness, and always in charge of his own paper. Since 1873 he has lived in Texas, and is at present editor of the *People's Era* of San Marcos.

Mrs. Esther Nelson Karn, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, author of "Snow Flakes," a little volume of excellent short poems, says of herself: "My first recollections are of a sunny spot in De Kalb County, Indiana — a country home nestled among the trees, not far from which sparkled the cool limpid waters of the 'Old St. Joe,' of which we all love to sing. There my first lessons were learned, and, after taking the course in the Hicksville High School and one year of teaching there, I married and came to Fort Wayne, where, for eleven years, I have occupied my time as book-keeper in my husband's music store — and in writing verses."

Hon. Isaac Kinley was born in Randolph County, Indiana, November 7, 1821. At the age of four years his parents removed to Wayne County, where he was educated. He devoted himself most earnestly to the pursuit of knowledge, and became one of the foremost educators of his time. He was a power in the early antislavery movement, and was a delegate to the convention which framed the present

constitution of the state. When the Civil War broke out, he organized a company and was elected its captain, rising during the war to the rank of major.

His poetry has been written, for the most part, in behalf of reforms; but some of his poems are not of that nature, and in them his art is at its best.

He resides at Sunland, near Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. Jennie G. Kinley was born in Bristol, Maine, May 8, 1822. The earlier years of her life were spent in the vicinity of "Old Brown's Head," that she has celebrated in song. She was by nature both poet and painter; studying art in Boston she became a landscape painter of great merit. Coming to Indianapolis, and finding small demand for the work of her brush there, she accepted a position as a teacher in the academy at Union, a few miles north of Knightstown. Here she was married, in 1859, to Isaac Kinley, the founder of the academy. She died in Los Angeles, California, in May, 1877.

It was during her life in Indiana that her most important contributions to literature were made. "The Iron Bedstead," which is of too great length for our space, was a very popular satire of bigotry and intolerance.

Mrs. J. V. H. Koons, of Muncie, is a musician and the author of several compositions, a good critic, and poet. Her work, which has been published without effort to win recognition, shows that she possesses true poetic feeling and subtle graces of interpretative expression. She contemplates the publication of her verse in book form at an early date. Her poetry is contemplative, philosophical, and hopeful, and often rises to heights of surprising beauty.

Mary Hannah Krout, author of "Little Brown Hands," wrote her name indelibly upon the popular heart of America by that beautiful poem, and whatever honors she may have achieved since have only endeared her to the wide circle of friends it won for her. In recent years Miss Krout has won a distinguished place in letters through a department in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, and through her books of travel in foreign lands. Her work upon the Sandwich Islands, "A Looker-On in London," and "Letters from China," are exceedingly valuable, as well as graceful, additions to the literature of the world.

Miss Krout is a native of Crawfordsville, Indiana, where she still resides.

Harvey Porter Layton was born August 2, 1871, in Warren County, Indiana. He was for a time associate editor of the *La Fayette Evening Call*, but was obliged, owing to failing health, to give up the work. In 1898 he edited and published "Songs of Hoosier Singers," a small volume of poetry, containing choice bits of verse of six Indiana poets, including himself. His poetry has appeared from time to time in the *Boston Transcript*, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, *Atlanta Constitution*, Indianapolis, and other papers.

Mrs. Frances Locke, whose maiden name was Sprengle, was born in northern Ohio about the year 1830. She was educated at the Ashland (Ohio) Academy, and began to write at an early age, contributing at first to school and college publications, and later for the literary papers and magazines of the day. She was married to John Locke, a newspaper man of Cincinnati, and soon after removed to Indianapolis, Indiana, where her maturer years were passed, and where her best literary work was done.

Richard K. Lyon was the *nom de plume* of a young man who lived at Noblesville, Indiana, a few years since, and wrote sprightly poems for the Indianapolis newspapers, some of which, especially "Love's Coming," attracted the favorable attention of the critics, this poem having been copied into *Current Literature* as among the choice things in contemporaneous verse. His identity still remains a secret.

Albert W. Macy was born in Randolph County, Indiana, in 1853. He was educated in the Mooresville (Indiana) schools, and finished his course in Earlham College, from which he was graduated with the degree of A.B. in the class of 1877. For several years he held the position of literary reader with the publishing firm of S. C. Griggs & Company of Chicago. At this writing he is Western manager for the Macmillan Company of New York, and resides with his family at Western Springs, Illinois. His poetry is remarkable for its delicacy and sweetness.

James B. Martindale was born upon a farm in Henry County, Indiana. He came of a sturdy pioneer family that has produced a num-

ber of men and women who have been prominent in the communities in which they have lived.

He was educated in the public schools and at the New Castle Seminary, studied for the law, and was admitted to the practice in his native county. He soon turned his attention to a branch of the business that seemed to offer greater rewards, and first established in Chicago the "Martindale Law and Collection Agency," the head office of which is now in New York. The business has grown into large proportions, and remains under the management of Mr. Martindale and his two sons. Mr. Martindale is still loyal to the state and locality of his birth, where he was married, and where his young wife died, leaving to him the care of the two sons who are now his business partners. His poetry is nearly always devoted to rural and peaceful home surroundings among familiar scenes and friends.

Dr. James Newton Mathews, the "Poet of the Prairies," is a native of Indiana, but removed from the state with his parents while yet but a mere lad. After the close of his primary school days he returned to the state of his birth long enough to graduate from De Pauw University.

Dr. Mathews fills Mr. Pfrimmer's definition of Riley, in the matter of age, "He is this side of forty," and, like Riley, his genius is unique and his popularity contagious. His poetry is so penetrating and sweet, and so thrilled and thrilling with the tingling taste of wild spices, the aroma of wild life, the voices and songs of untamed nature, and the wholesomeness and heartsomeness of unspoiled souls, that the people love him for what he is and what he sings.

Meanwhile he ministers to the physical ills of a faithful clientage of neighbors and friends in and about the prairie town of Mason, Effingham County, Illinois, and is the trusted family physician in many a household where his poems are among the most cherished volumes on the book shelves.

Mrs. Zerilda McCoy's maiden name was Nicholas. She is a sister of Miss Anna Nicholas, author of "An Idyl of the Wabash." Mrs. McCoy was for many years a resident of Indianapolis, and contributed short poems of decided merit to the *Saturday Herald* and other Indiana papers of that day. Her present home is in the city of Tacoma, Washington.

W. W. H. McCurdy was born in the province of Ontario, Canada, but removed to Indiana in early life, where he was for many years an active figure in business, politics, and literature, making the city of Indianapolis his home. He has written in verse and prose, and has been a mine of good things to a number of literary publications, to which he gave freely; for being a successful business man he wrote for love rather than for money or fame. Few men have been more active in production than he, though few of his neighbors knew that the "W. Harrold" of the newspapers was their friend McCurdy. President Harrison gave him the appointment of deputy collector of customs at Port Townsend, Washington, a position which he filled with honor and fidelity. At the close of the Harrison administration he removed to California, where his abundant energy and business activity finds employment in connection with the business of the San Joaquin Electric Company, which furnishes light and water to Fresno and other cities; but he still continues his literary activities, though perhaps not so vigorously as in other years. His writings have never been collected in book form.

Silas B. McManus was born in Rootstown, Portage County, Ohio, September 17, 1845. In 1863 he removed with his parents to Lima, Indiana, and settled on "Marsh Brook Farm," where he still resides. He studied medicine and was graduated at the Medical College of Michigan University, but he never practiced. As an author, he has written largely for *Puck*, the *Boston Transcript*, *Detroit Free Press*, the *New York Independent*, *Burlington Hawk Eye*, *Ram's Horn*, and other literary or semi-literary publications. His "Rural Rhymes" appeared in 1898. Mr. McManus is probably best known as the author of "Fot Would You Take for Me?" a tender little child-poem which is given in this work.

Mrs. Josephine W. Mellette is the wife of James T. Mellette, an attorney and land owner of New Castle, Indiana. Mrs. Mellette is the mother of a family of bright little girls; but in the midst of the cares of her household she finds time to write poems that are received with marked favor by the friends for whom they are written. She is not devoid of a worthy ambition to excel, and there are reasons to anticipate for her a larger audience than she has yet sung to.

Freeman E. Miller is a young man who has done some fine work,

especially in the way of short poems and sonnets. Much of his poetry has appeared in the various publications of Indianapolis.

Joaquin [Cincinnatus Heine] Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," was born near Liberty, Union County, Indiana, in 1834. The house in which he was born is still standing, and Mr. Miller has a number of relatives living in that county. He visited them and the old home in the spring of 1899.

He removed to the far West with his parents when less than ten years of age. Thenceforth his teachers were the great solitudes, the mighty mountains, the wide plains and rushing torrents. He grew up amid, and was inspired by, picturesque scenes and romantic conditions. His genius was equal to the demands they made upon it, and no poet ever filled his mission and dreamed and sung up to its great possibilities more successfully than he has done. He is one of America's very great poets, and it is little to our credit that he was forced to "win his spurs" in England before the land of his birth would listen to his song.

Miller is one of those rare beings of whom you cannot say that he was educated at this school or yonder college. Like that other Miller who made geology as attractive as romance, his teachers were the forces and phenomena of nature, and he learned his lessons well.

If he is old and gray, it is largely the result of his restless life of adventure, exposure, and toil. His mountain home near Oakland, California, overlooking sea and plain, is singularly suited to the character of the man and his genius.

Mrs. Hettie Athon Morrison, who was the daughter of the late Dr. James S. Athon, once prominent in Indiana politics, spent most of her life in Indianapolis, surrounded by friends and admirers, and was the author of many charming sketches and poems. She published but one book, "My Summer in a Kitchen," a collection of graceful sketches that should have brought their author more solid rewards than she received from them. It is a genuine contribution to the higher literature of the state. Her poetry is chaste, delicate, and full of tender yearnings and holy aspirations.

Mrs. Mary E. Nealy was born in Louisville, Kentucky, December 12, 1825. Her maiden name was Mary Elizabeth Hare. She was

married, December 25, 1842, to Hugh Nealy, and a few years later they removed to Indianapolis, Indiana.

Mrs. Nealy's poems found ready acceptance with the magazines of the East, and many of her productions, including "The Little Shoe," found their way to England and won popularity there. The few selections which our space enables us to give from her poems are merely indicative of the grace and beauty of her verse. Her present home is in Washington, D.C.

William P. Needham was born in Fountain City, Wayne County, Indiana, December 11, 1853. He attended the public schools of northern Wayne County until he was twelve years of age, when he entered the office of the *Winchester*, (Indiana) *Journal* to learn printing. After two years spent in that office, and the devotion of ten years to his trade in various towns and cities, he began a very successful career as an editor and publisher in his adopted town of Winchester, which continued with but one break, caused by the failure of his health, for about ten years. He was also the town clerk of Winchester for twenty consecutive years. He has published two books, both of which won favorable comment. The first, a mingling of philosophy, theology, and poetry, he called "Phantasmagorian Philosophy"; his first successful newspaper having borne the queer name of the *Phantasmagorian*. The second was "The House of Graydon," a story. His best work is his verse, which is wholesome, true, and uplifting. His death, in the summer of 1899, closed the career of a singularly devoted and gifted man.

Mrs. Rebecca S. Nichols was born in New Jersey, but came west with her father, Dr. E. B. Reed, when quite young. She was married in 1838 to the late Willard Nichols, a printer, who was well-known to, and popular with, newspaper men and other literary people. She had lived in Louisville, Kentucky, and Philadelphia before coming to Indiana. Her greatest period of literary activity was during the fifteen years that ended with 1855, and she has published very little since that year. Her "Songs of the Hearth and Hearthstone" were published by Thomas Cowperthwait & Son of Philadelphia in 1851. Her poems are of a high order of merit, and possessed of great sweetness and beauty. She has lived in Indianapolis for more than a quarter of a century, and has always been sur-

rounded by admiring friends. "The Bonny Brown Bird in the Mulberry Tree" is perhaps the poem which best identifies her with the state in which she has passed the afternoon of her life.

Meredith Nicholson was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana, December 9, 1866. His parents removed to Indianapolis when he was still very young, and that city was his home until quite recently, when he removed to Denver, Colorado.

Mr. Nicholson was for a time reporter for the *Indianapolis Sentinel*, and then for ten years on the editorial staff of the *News*. He has contributed prose and poetry to various periodicals, including the *Century*, *Harper's*, *New England Magazine*, *Critic*, and *Chap Book*. He edited the poems of the late Benjamin D. House, and has published a volume of his own poems, "Short Flights," through the Bowen-Merrill Company. Mr. Nicholson is rapidly winning a high position among American poets.

John C. Ochiltree was born in Union County, Indiana, and was reared in the village of Glenwood, Rush County. He taught school for ten years, and in 1880 took charge of the *Weekly Times* of Connersville. He has been engaged in newspaper work since that time. From 1884 to 1886 he was editor and proprietor of the *Indianapolis Saturday Herald*, a literary paper founded by George C. Harding. Here he made an extensive acquaintance with literary people in Indiana and adjoining states, and in 1886 assisted in the organization of the Western Association of Writers. During his journalistic career Mr. Ochiltree has given considerable attention to literature. He has written poems and short stories. His humorous story, "Handicapped by Fate," was pronounced by the S. S. McClure syndicate one of the best-selling stories ever handled by them. A volume of his poems and sketches appeared in January, 1898. He is, at present, managing editor of the *Daily News* of Dayton, Ohio.

Richard Owen was the youngest son of Robert Owen, the philanthropist, who, early in the century, purchased the lands of the Rappite Colony on the lower Wabash, and established the celebrated social community at New Harmony, which brought so many scholars and thinkers to the young backwoods state.

Richard Owen was born near New Lanark, Scotland, in 1810, and was educated mainly in the famous schools of Hofwyl, Switzerland.

Although never so well-known in literature and politics as his brother, Robert Dale Owen, he accomplished more in science and business than he. He was noted as a geologist, lecturer, teacher, author, professor in, and president of colleges, and state geologist. He died late in the eighties.

Daniel L. Paine, poet and editor, was born at Richmond, Maine, October 30, 1830. He had learned the printing business at Bangor, Maine, had experience as the publisher of a temperance paper, had removed to the then village of St. Anthony on the Mississippi River, and was at work upon a newly fledged paper at that place by the time he was twenty years of age. It is to him that the city of Minneapolis is indebted for its euphonious name.

He removed to Indianapolis about the year 1860, and was for more than thirty years connected with the best papers of that city. When the *Evening News* was established, he became Mr. Holliday's trusted lieutenant upon the editorial staff, holding the place for more than twenty years until the disease that caused his death entirely disabled him. It was during his Indianapolis life that the poems upon which his literary reputation rests were written. They are few in number, but of remarkably fine quality. The lines entitled "At Elberon" are regarded by many critics as the best that the Garfield tragedy called forth, while "Da Capo," which was inspired by the singing and playing of an old tune by an elderly lady (the late Mrs. James Blake), who was greatly beloved, is a masterpiece of pathos and beauty.

Mr. Paine was a critic of great insight and superior judgment, yet gentle and helpful to all who sought his advice. He was a genial companion and a loyal friend. His death resulted from a slow paralysis from which he suffered for several years, during which time his faithful wife sickened and died. Through it all he maintained his kindly geniality. He died at St. Vincent's Hospital, May 6, 1895.

Benjamin S. Parker was born in a pioneer cabin in Henry County, Indiana, February 10, 1833, and reared in the midst of the exacting toils of the farm-making period of the state's history. But humble as was their cabin home, his parents were people of superior intelligence. They were lovers of books and seekers after knowledge, and his father was a pioneer school-teacher. In their

home they practiced the good old habit of reading aloud, both the father and mother having been excellent readers, and Mr. Parker traces his interest in literature back to the long winter evenings when his parents read Scott's novels and poetry, Bulwer, Burns, and Byron aloud, by the light of the roaring log fire as it flamed up the wide-throated chimney. There were other people in the neighborhood who were seeking knowledge, also, for themselves, and more especially for their children. The result was a school, which grew to be a remarkably good one for that day and time.

In that school Mr. Parker was educated, but he has been a student ever since. He began to write when he was yet a boy, and has written both in prose and verse. He has, besides his early toils on the farm, been a teacher, editor, and office-holder, and has done much business both of a public and private nature. He has written more prose than verse; but has three volumes of verse still in print, and has been a contributor to a number of the leading periodicals.

He was married in 1869 to Miss Huldah Wickersham, and their family consists of two daughters and one son, all grown and filling honorable places in life. The family home is in Newcastle, Indiana.

Edwin E. Parker was born upon a farm in Henry County, Indiana, December 11, 1840. He enjoyed good educational opportunities, both in the public schools and in a higher school. He early developed poetical tendencies. He was a soldier in the Union army, and has been a lawyer and a newspaper man. He has not written extensively in verse, but has produced some short poems of much merit. His home is in Richmond, Indiana.

Oran K. Parker was born in Henry County, Indiana, in 1868, and has spent most of his life in Richmond, Indiana, where he was educated. He is a printer. He has decided musical talents and strong natural endowments as a writer. His poetry shows finish and polish, as well as decided spirit, and gives much promise of maturity and strength.

Gavin Payne is a native of Indiana, born in Jefferson County twenty-nine years ago. He has been engaged for several years in the newspaper business, and was city editor of the *Indianapolis Journal*. He has recently become connected with the *Indianapolis*

Press. He has been a member of the Indianapolis city council, and was for a time president of the Press Club.

The demands of active newspaper life have left but little time for verse writing, but the few excellent poems produced by Mr. Payne are indicative of a high order of genius.

William W. Pfrimmer was born at Metropolis City, Illinois, January 29, 1856. His parents were both natives of Indiana, and most of his life has been spent in this state. His school days ended with the high school, but he studied law and was admitted to the bar. A distaste for the profession led him to abandon law for the teaching profession, and in 1889 he was elected county superintendent of schools of Newton County, which office he held for ten years.

Mr. Pfrimmer's literary work is attractive and popular, especially his dialect verse. His volume entitled "Driftwood" is in its third edition. Many of his best poems have never appeared in print, but have been read with success before large audiences, and he has become deservedly popular as a public reader and entertainer. His home is at Kentland, Indiana.

John James Piatt comes of good, patriotic ancestry, his grandfather, James Piatt, having served in the United States army during the last war with England, and his father having been killed by the Indians on the occasion of St. Clair's defeat. Mr. Piatt was born in Dearborn County, Indiana, March 1, 1835, and attended school at Rising Sun until he was nine years old, when the family removed to Columbus, Ohio, and thence to Illinois. He has been an editor, office-holder, and author. He began to write poetry while living in Illinois. He also was a favorite with George D. Prentice, and was for a time employed upon his newspaper. He has contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other leading magazines of the United States and England. His first appearance in book form was in "Poems by Two Friends," the friend being W. D. Howells. He has spent much of his life in the employment of the general government at Washington, in the Cincinnati post-office, and in the consular service. His wife, formerly Miss Sallie M. Bryan, a native of Kentucky, is also a poet of marked merit. Mr. Piatt's success, great as it has been, has not equaled his deserts. His home is in one of Cincinnati's beautiful suburbs.

Robert E. Pretlow was born near Dublin, Wayne County, Indiana, July 15, 1862. He was graduated from Earlham College in 1883. He was for many years a successful teacher in the public graded schools and for a time was in charge of the Friends' Bloomingdale (Indiana) Academy and also of the Southland (Arkansas) College. After leaving Southland he abandoned teaching and studied dentistry, a profession which he now follows at Thorntown, Indiana.

The excellent qualities of his poetry prove that he has made no mistake in devoting his spare hours to literature.

Herman Charles Frederick Rave is a native of Kiel, Duchy of Holstein, Germany. At the age of sixteen he came to New York. Later he removed to Jeffersonville, Indiana, where he still resides. He began to write in English soon after coming to this country, and gained the favorable notice of the late William Cullen Bryant. Although his immigration changed his song language, he has produced many finished poems in English, "Calling the Cows" being one of the sweetest love songs in the language.

Mrs. Maude Moses Redman (Margaret Manning) was born in Peru, Indiana, and passed all her early life in that place. She attended the public school, graduating from the high school at the age of seventeen, and taught in the Miami County schools a short time. In 1888 she married Mr. William M. Redman. They lived in Indianapolis a few years, then moved to Irvington, Indiana, where they now reside.

Mrs. Redman writes verses for love of the work and as a recreation. "Azrael," "A Summer Day," "Life is so Fleet," "A Quest," are considered some of her best poems.

Joseph Samuel Reed was born in Sullivan, Indiana, in the year 1852. Having acquired a common school education, he took a course in Franklin College, and in 1875 engaged in the drug business in his native city.

In 1892 Mr. Reed published a volume of verse entitled "Winnowed Grasses," and, later, a second volume, "From Nature's Nooks." Mr. Reed is justly popular as a dialect poet, "Stirrin' Off" being one of his best-known productions in that line. He is a member of the Western Association of Writers, having served as treasurer four years.

Peter Fishe Reed, the poet-painter, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, May 5, 1819. He was versatile in ability, and followed a number of callings at different periods of his life, having been, as he averred, a farmer, shoemaker, house and sign painter, editor, doctor, photographer, music teacher, artist, portrait and landscape painter, being quite successful for a time in the latter calling. He said of himself: "I heard a tune played by a band in the street, not long since, that I wrote twenty-five years ago," and also, "I made a small fortune, invested it in a farm, bad luck took away all but the homestead, and the fire took that; but in all my vicissitudes I have had friends whom I love with an outflow of affection which I cannot explain." Through all his life music and poetry were his companions and solaces. He located in Vernon, Indiana, about the year 1850, and wrought at his art there, and in Indianapolis for many years.

It was during his Indiana life that the best and most popular of his poems were written. He published in 1868, through a Chicago firm of publishers, "Voices of the Wind and Other Poems," in which he enshrined his best work. "The Picture on the Wall," "The Poet-Zone," and "Voices of the Wind" are fine lyrics, melodious and strong; but, like all he wrote, containing a flavor of Poe. He died some years ago, at a ripe age, at the residence of a son in Iowa.

John S. Reid was a native of Ireland, who located in Indiana at an early day. He was a scholar, a lawyer by profession, a politician by choice, and a poet by nature. He was a lover of Oriental legend and song, and was especially enamored of Persian verse, from which he made translations, especially from the love songs of Hafiz. His longest and, perhaps, most ambitious poem was "Gulzar, or The Rose Bower," which was, both in the plot of the story and in its treatment, an imitation of Tom Moore's "Lalla Rookh." It was published by G. H. and J. P. Chapman of Indianapolis in 1845, and was, probably, the first book of original poetry that was both written and printed in the state.

With much that was faulty, the poem contained some exceedingly fine passages. His shorter poems were all tinged with Orientalism; but some of them were possessed of decided merit. Mr. Reid practiced his profession at Liberty, Connersville, and Indianapolis, and died in the latter city.

Alonzo Rice was born in Shelby County, Indiana, June 12, 1867. He is a teacher by profession, and spends his leisure hours in reading and writing. He has contributed to many of the leading newspapers and magazines, and is the literary editor of the *Sunny South* published at Atlanta, Georgia. He has privately published a small volume of his poems, but has never attempted to compile a book. Mr. Rice resides near Ray's Crossing, Indiana.

Renos H. Richards was born September 8, 1866, at St. Patricksburg, Owen County, Indiana. He was graduated from the Spencer (Indiana) High School in 1885, and received the degree of A.M. from De Pauw University in 1890. From 1891 to 1897 he was superintendent of the Spencer schools, and later was at the head of the department of mathematics in the high school of Battle Creek, Michigan, where he now resides.

John Clark Ridpath, LL.D., was born on a farm in Putnam County, Indiana, April 26, 1840. He early developed an aptitude for study and a desire for scholarly attainments. His parents, who were intellectual and cultured people, gave their son such opportunities as their means afforded for the acquirement of knowledge. He was graduated from the Indiana Asbury — now De Pauw — University in 1863, with the first honors of his class. After his graduation he taught in the Boone County Academy, and was for three years superintendent of the public schools of Lawrenceburgh, Indiana. In 1869 he was tendered the chair of English Literature and Normal Instruction at Asbury University, and afterward made vice-president of the faculty, a position which he honored for many years.

It was as an author — historian, lecturer, and poet — that he won most distinction, served his day and generation most effectively, and conferred most honor upon his native state. Dr. Ridpath never collected his poems into a book, yet he wrote verse of such scope, strength, and beauty as to warrant a ready and appreciative audience for such a volume whenever it shall appear. He was the editor for a year of the *Arena*, a Boston magazine. From its organization he was one of the fast friends and promoters of the Western Association of Writers, and was for a time its president. He also belonged to many other literary and educational bodies.

Dr. Ridpath was married to Hannah R. Smythe of Putnam County,

Indiana, in December, 1862. Their married life was a happy one. Four children survive him, all grown up to manhood and womanhood.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Dr. Ridpath by the University of Syracuse, New York, in 1880. Dr. Ridpath died at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, after a long illness, July 31, 1900, at the age of sixty years, and lies buried in the cemetery near his old home in Greencastle, Indiana.

James Whitcomb Riley, perhaps the most popular of living American poets, was born and reared in Greenfield, Indiana. His father was a lawyer, politician, and, during the war for the Union, a soldier, with a natural gift for poetry and oratory. His mother was a gentle, motherly woman, whose fine instincts were transmitted to her gifted son. Mr. Riley's friend and admirer, W. W. Pfrimmer, says of him, that "should you ask of him his age, he would say that he is 'this side of forty,' and leave you to guess as to the side." Riley is poet, artist, and actor all in one; but it would be a mistake to suppose that his masterhood just came to him. He has attained it through the devotion of years to the arts for which God made him, and by the hardest of hard work and close application. He is no mere accident or freak, as so many of his alleged biographers contend. He is a man of talent as well as genius, and the impulses of his soul are always in the right direction. There is but one James Whitcomb Riley.

Any adequate mention here of the scope and character of his verse is impossible and would be superfluous, since he has a national reputation, and his poems are familiar to readers all over the country. His home is on beautiful Lockerbie Street, in Indianapolis.

Miss Olive Sanxay of Madison, Indiana, is a talented young lady just entering upon a literary career. She has contributed to the *Indianapolis Journal* and other papers poems of exceptional strength and beauty, which bespeak for their young author a brilliant future.

Miss Sanxay is the youngest daughter of the late Henry Campbell Sanxay, and was born at Ravenswood, in Jefferson County, removing to Madison when eleven years of age.

Harry Jones Shellman was born in Westminster, Maryland, September 1, 1843. He worked as reporter and editor of various

newspapers in the East until October, 1868, when he came to Indianapolis, Indiana, where he was connected with several newspapers and periodicals as editor, reporter, or business manager. He said that he only scribbled verses for amusement, and rarely made any effort to publish them. He died in New York City where he had been connected with various humorous journals.

John W. Shockley, one of the well-known, successful teachers of Indiana, was born on a farm in one of the eastern counties of the state several years before the Civil War. He comes of a poetical family and inherits his genius, which he has developed by careful, painstaking work. Mrs. Shockley is also a student and teacher, and they have reared a family of scholars and teachers.

Through all —

"The long days of labor, and nights devoid of ease"

that are consequent upon the life of an earnest, active teacher of the young, Mr. Shockley has cherished a love of poetry and has wrought many a beautiful fabric in verse, yet he does not write rapidly, and works his poems over and over many times before permitting them to be subjected to the tests of unsympathetic types.

A. E. Sinks was born in Dayton, Ohio, in October, 1848, and died in Indianapolis, Indiana, in July, 1881. For several years Mr. Sinks was connected with the weekly press as critic, and his reviews of art and theatrical matters made him a conspicuous writer in these departments. He was successful in literary work other than that of criticism, and some of his productions took high rank in literary circles. He particularly excelled in book reviews and philosophic essays, and his occasional poems are strongly marked and original.

Dr. Hubbard M. Smith was born in Winchester, Kentucky, September 6, 1820. At the age of sixteen, having to make his own way in the world, he began teaching in the country schools, and at the same time studying for his chosen profession of medicine. In 1858 he purchased the *Vincennes Gazette*, and used his pen to aid the cause of the negro slaves; but after the war began he discontinued the newspaper business and resumed the practice of medicine.

Dr. Smith contributed many poems to the newspapers and maga-

zines under a *nom de plume*, and it was not until recently that his poems were collected and published in book form.

Mrs. Cornelia Laws St. John was the daughter of the late M. C. Williams, of College Hill, Ohio, where she was born. She was educated at the Ohio Female College.

She was married to the late John W. Laws, a merchant of Richmond, Indiana, in 1857, and it was during her residence in that city that many of her most popular poems were written.

Some years after the decease of Mr. Laws she was again united in marriage to Mr. St. John, and now makes her home in Chicago. Throughout her life of mingled joy and sorrow she has preserved her spirit of song, and maintained it as a fountain of sweetness and purity. The hearts of her friends went out to her not long since in deepest sympathy upon the death of a daughter, whose rare powers as an artist had already won wide recognition. There are but few sweeter songs in the language than Mrs. St. John's "Six Little Feet on the Fender."

Miss Evaleen Stein, daughter of the late John A. Stein, resides with her mother in her native city, La Fayette, Indiana. Her love and appreciation of nature, and her skill in descriptive verse, have made her poetry justly popular, and she is to-day the peer of the best among the poets of natural scenery and conditions. Her first volume of poems was published a year ago, by Copeland and Day, of Boston, under the title "One Way to the Woods," the first edition being exhausted in a few weeks. Other books from her pen are already eagerly anticipated. Though young, she has already earned a place among the most gifted women of the land.

Dr. Solomon P. Stoddard is a graduate in both law and medicine, but a physician by "natural selection," and fond of his profession. He writes fitfully and cares little for publicity, but his "June Blossoms," "Gone Before," and "Floridiana," have attracted considerable attention. His home is in Indianapolis.

George Stout is a young newspaper man of Marion, Indiana, who has contributed many pleasant poems to the Indianapolis and local papers. His work not only shows poetic fire, but careful, painstaking execution.

Mrs. Juliet V. Strauss is a native of Rockville, Indiana. She has

been associate editor of the *Rockville Tribune*—of which her husband is editor—for a number of years, and for seven or eight years has conducted a column under the head of "Squibs and Sayings," which has been a great success. Her literary work has been of a desultory character, and has never interfered in the least with her household duties. She has found time, however, to write several excellent short stories and poems, contributing to the *Indianapolis Journal*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, and other periodicals. Mrs. Strauss's verse is sprightly, yet sane and wholesome, and indicates great skill and care in its production.

Mrs. Martina Swafford of Terre Haute, is a native of Indiana, who, for many years, has been closely identified with the literary interests of the state. She is one of the foremost workers in, and a charter member of, the Western Association of Writers. Her volume of verses, entitled "Wytch Elm," contains many sweet and beautiful poems, which entitle the author to rank among the best poets of the state.

Dr. Henry William Taylor was born in Lexington, Virginia. After the Civil War, in which he was a soldier for the South, he studied medicine, and for many years managed a large and successful practice. Hecontributed to medical and general literature, many of his papers and essays showing a wide acquaintance with human character and natural conditions. His best work is his poetry, in which he shows great power of description. His dialect verse represents a phase of dialect spoken by people from the South who settled in the middle West, and differs materially from the Hoosier dialect of Mr. Riley's people. Mr. Taylor died at his home in Sullivan, Indiana, January 29, 1901.

Howard Singleton Taylor, LL.B., now city prosecutor of Chicago, was born in Lexington, Virginia. As a lad he took part in the Civil War, enlisting in the Federal army and doing service for the Union cause, while one brother and many of his friends and kindred were wearing the gray and serving the Confederate cause.

He studied law and was graduated from the Law School of Cincinnati with highest honors. After leaving Indiana he located for the practice of his profession in Chicago, where he has succeeded and

rapidly won his way. For the past two years he has been city prosecutor. The possessor of poetical gifts, such as required to produce the famous "Man with the Musket" or "The Soldier of Peace," needs no wordy praise; but many will regret that he has not given more of his life to the production of poetry for which he has such a fine equipment.

Dr. John Newton Taylor was born in Lexington, Indiana. He attended the University of Indiana, and was graduated with first honors from the Indiana Medical College. He has been for many years a successful practitioner at Crawfordsville, Indiana. The high standing which he has attained in his profession is indicated by the facts that he has been president of the International Health Association and of the Indiana State Board of Health. His devotion to his professional studies and duties has prevented him from giving that attention to literature which his genius would doubtless have enabled him to do with large success. He has, however, written much good verse, some of which will serve to keep his memory green when his more practical toils shall have been forgotten.

Miss Minnetta Theodora Taylor, A.M., was born in Illinois. She is a graduate of De Pauw University, and during her college course received first honor in modern languages, first Latin prize, and highest general grades. She reads seventeen languages, is joint author of several language text-books, and contributes to Spanish-American periodicals and general literature. Miss Taylor's critical papers and essays are always listened to with great attention. She has a wonderful command of language, and is greatly admired for her readiness as a public speaker, and the fact that, even when most unprepared, her English is almost faultless. Her poetry like "good wine, needs no bush."

Tucker Woodson Taylor was born December 22, 1854, in Greencastle, Indiana. He graduated at Asbury (De Pauw) University in 1878. In 1878–1879 he was a tutor at Forest Academy, Kentucky. From 1880 to 1884 he was Hon. W. C. De Pauw's private secretary, and from 1888 to 1897 private secretary to Dr. John Clark Ridpath. The inclination to write poetry came to him in 1887, continuing intermittingly at first, but for the last three or four years almost

without break. He takes pleasure in saying that Dr. Ridpath was an inspiration and a great help in the development of his literary talent. While he has been absent considerably from Greencastle, he has always considered that his home. His pen names have been "William T. Hunter" and "*Civis Americanus*."

Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, daughter of Judge R. N. Lamb, of Indianapolis, Indiana, was born in Vevay, Indiana, August 7, 1848. Her mother was the daughter of the talented Julia L. Dumont. Mrs. Thompson writes well in both prose and verse, more readily in the latter, though she enjoys writing short stories. She has contributed to *St. Nicholas*, *Youth's Companion*, *Lippincott's*, *Harper's Young People*, and other magazines of prominence. Her greatest success has been in the realm of children's literature, telling stories and writing poems that are entertaining to the little ones. Her versatility is illustrated by the fact that she has been quite popular on the lecture platform, lecturing upon a variety of subjects with marked success.

Mrs. Thompson resides in the city of Muncie, surrounded by her happy family.

Maurice Thompson was born at Fairfield, Indiana, September 9, 1844, but his parents removed to northern Georgia during his childhood. He was at that time so thoroughly southern in sentiment that he enlisted and fought in the Confederate army. At the close of the war he returned to Indiana and engaged in the practice of law at Crawfordsville, where he died February 15, 1901.

Mr. Thompson's first book, "Hoosier Mosaics," appeared in 1875. Since that time he has published a large number of volumes of prose and verse, among which are "The Witchery of Archery," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Songs of Fair Weather," "By-Ways and Bird Notes," "At Lincoln's Grave," "Alice of Old Vincennes," etc. No words of commendation can add to the popularity of Mr. Thompson's graceful prose and melodious verse.

William H. Thompson, like his brother Maurice, was born in Indiana, but spent much of his childhood and early youth in the South, and when but a mere lad enlisted in the Confederate army, and served with gallantry and courage. After the war he returned to his native state, accepted the situation, and soon found himself

overflowing with love of country and patriotic devotion to its institutions. He is a lawyer by profession, and was long a practitioner at the Crawfordsville Indiana bar.

At present he is located at Seattle, in the state of Washington, as the attorney of the Great Northern Railroad Company.

Mr. Thompson is a writer of much force and ability, and a born lyrist. His "Bond of Blood" and "High Tide at Gettysburg" are justly considered as among the very finest patriotic and war poems ever written by an American poet.

Mrs. Laura M. Hawley Thurston was born in Norfolk, Connecticut, in 1812. She prepared herself for the profession of teaching, and removed to New Albany, Indiana, to take charge of an academy for young women, but in 1839 she was married to Franklin Thurston of that city, and abandoned her profession. Mrs. Thurston possessed rare poetical genius, and her work was all of a high order of merit, and won for her a place in letters beside Prentice, Cary, Gallagher, Mrs. Welby, and others, who were then making the West vocal with their melodious singing. "On Crossing the Alleghanies" and "The Green Hills of My Fatherland" were, and are yet, very popular poems. She died in 1842.

Mrs. Ollah Perkins Toph of Indianapolis, Indiana, has written stories, sketches, and verse, and, recently, music. The serious side of life always appeals to her, and her verses, although hopeful, are generally of a thoughtful nature, teaching us that our sorrows and disappointments are but steps to lead the soul to its ultimate development.

Newton A. Trueblood is descended from a noted Quaker family of North Carolina that early took root in Indiana and accomplished its full share in laying the foundations of the commonwealth. Mr. Trueblood is the possessor of a good education, is a great lover of books and art, and withal a devoted member and worker in the peaceful society of his fathers.

He was for many years engaged in business in Kokomo, Indiana, but at present lives quietly in a cosy and bookish home at Knightstown, Indiana.

Mrs. Trueblood is also greatly interested in the things that are so dear to her husband, and their entire harmony of tastes and the

happiness of their home life are apparent to even the chance caller. Mr. Trueblood has written much for publication over the *nom de plume* of "Frank Winter," but in recent years signs most of his contributions with his own name. He has published no collection of his writings.

William B. Vickers was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, March 21, 1838, and died in Denver, Colorado, in 1880. After graduating from Asbury (now De Pauw) University he determined upon the newspaper business as a career, and learned the printers' trade. He was for several years associated with Harry J. Shellman and William B. Vischer in the management of the *Indianapolis Saturday Mirror*, the best literary paper then published in the state. Mr. Vickers was a brilliant, painstaking writer, and a poet of great gifts, as the selections from his verse amply prove.

Louise Esther Vickroy (Mrs. L. V. Boyd), was born at Urbana, Ohio, January 22, 1827. While she was yet a little child, the family removed to Pennsylvania. Louise early developed a love of letters. By the year 1860 she was widely known for the grace and strength of her poetry, and was given an honorable place in Coggeshall's "Poets and Poetry of the West." Soon after the close of the Civil War she was married to Dr. Samuel S. Boyd of Indiana, an army surgeon, who was also a writer for the press. Thereafter her home was at Dublin, Indiana, for nearly a quarter of a century. Here she gave herself more largely to literary, benevolent, and religious work. Her present home is near the city of Philadelphia.

General "Lew" Wallace, famous as the author of "Ben Hur," is one of the most splendid figures of our epoch. Lawyer, senator, soldier, consul, and author, he has a varied faculty, a various and commanding force of speech and action. His "Fair God," a story of the conquest of Mexico, was read with admiration long before "Ben Hur" was written; but it possessed no special charm of prophecy, and "Ben Hur" had almost run its little course when its genius was discovered, and the sales, which had ceased at 3000, again began, until at least 300,000 copies have been sold. Then came "The Life of Benjamin Harrison," "The Boyhood of Christ," and "The Prince of India"; but "Ben Hur" is still the keystone in the arch of Wallace's fame.

Mrs. Susan E. Wallace, wife of "Lew" Wallace, is also a writer. Her poem, "The Patter of Little Feet," has been read by thousands of eyes and hearts, and to her books belongs a quality that entitles her to a high place in Indiana's pantheon of authors. "The Storied Sea" was published in 1884; "Ginevra, or the Old Oak Chest," in 1887; "The Land of the Pueblos," in 1888; "The Repose in Egypt," in 1888. The home of General and Mrs. Wallace in Crawfordsville is exceedingly rich in all that is dear to the hearts of educated and cultured people.

Judge William DeWitt Wallace was born in La Fayette, Indiana, November 19, 1838. He attended Waveland Academy, and was afterward graduated from Jefferson College, Canonsburgh, Pennsylvania. When the Civil War began he enlisted as a private in Company C, Fortieth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, and while in the field was made captain, but was wounded at Stone River and was compelled to retire from the service. He studied law and practised at the bar until 1894, when he was elected judge of the Superior Court and was reëlected in 1898. He died January 28, 1901.

Judge Wallace found time for much literary work. In 1886 he published "Love's Ladder," a novel which enjoyed a good sale, and later "Idle Hours," a volume of poems, appeared from the press of the Bowen-Merrill Company.

Luther Dana Waterman, A.M., M.D., Indianapolis, was born at Wheeling, Virginia, November 21, 1830. His literary education was obtained at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and his medical education at the Medical College of Ohio, where he was graduated in 1853. During the Civil War he was surgeon of the Eighth Indiana Cavalry (Thirty-ninth Indiana Regiment) and medical director of the First Division, Twentieth Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland. In 1864 he located in Indianapolis, and was professor of Principles and Practice in the Indiana Medical College. He was president of the Indiana State Medical Society in 1877.

His volume "Phantoms of Life," contains many stanzas that are notable for philosophical insight and purity of thought.

Mrs. Harriet Lancaster Westcott (Gwendoline) was born in New Carlisle, Indiana. Her father, the Rev. Henry Lancaster, was a learned man of refined tastes, whose qualities she seems to have in-

herited. She received her education in the New Carlisle Collegiate Institute and at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana. She lived and wrote in Indiana, inspired "by wood and stream and flowing water," and meeting with deserved success until 1885, when she was married to C. A. Westcott, a Western merchant. Her married life is spoken of as a most happy one. The present home of Mr. and Mrs. Westcott is at Beulah, Colorado, where, still in the prime of life, she continues to sing such songs as the wonderful scenery of her adopted state inspires.

Mrs. L. May Wheeler was born in Winchendon, Massachusetts, February 25, 1835. She came to Indiana to follow her profession as a journalist, and worked for a time on the staff of the *Indianapolis Sentinel*, and contributed to Chicago and Minneapolis papers.

Mrs. Wheeler was possessed of versatile talents that found expression in her literary work in the form of short poems, graphic sketches, and editorial work. She was recording secretary of the Western Association of Writers in 1889, and in connection with Miss Mary E. Cardwill compiled the excellent souvenir of that year. She died June 24, 1891.

Miss Louisa Wickersham was born in Henry County, Indiana, January 6, 1849. She is a graduate of Spiceland Academy, has taught in the public schools, and been a deputy clerk of the Circuit Court of her native county for four years. She is also active in church and Sabbath school work, and interested in the temperance cause and in women's clubs and other movements for the benefit of women. Her poems have been mainly contributed to the *American Friend*, the organ of the Society of Friends, published at Philadelphia.

Forceythe Willson and **Elizabeth Conwell Willson,** poets, united in life, nor long separated by death, lie buried side by side in the little graveyard at Laurel, Franklin County, Indiana, where Mrs. Willson was born and reared, among the lovely valleys and majestic hills through which the Whitewater makes its way to the greater Miami.

Forceythe Willson was born at Little Genesee, New York, April 10, 1837. By the death of his parents he was left an orphan with the care of three younger children when he was but thirteen years

of age, at New Albany, Indiana, which had been the family's home for the previous four or five years. He seems, however, to have had the means for his and their support and training. He studied as his always feeble health would permit, at Antioch, Harvard, and Oberlin colleges, but was again at his home in New Albany by the fall of 1862, where he organized a militia company to resist the threatened Confederate invasion of Indiana, and was chosen captain. Near the close of that year he wrote his famous "Old Sergeant," which was published anonymously, as a Carrier's Address, in George D. Prentice's *Louisville Journal*, in the issue for January 1, 1863.

Its success was immediate. The young author was hunted up, and his fame as a poet established, so that when he removed, temporarily, to Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1864, to put a brother in Harvard College, he was welcomed and honored by the great Boston circle of poets and authors that was then comparatively unbroken.

In September, 1863, Mr. Willson was married to Elizabeth Conwell Smith, a granddaughter of the noted pioneer Methodist preacher, Rev. James Conwell. Miss Smith was also a poet of rare spiritual insight, and the union was most auspicious, but alas! too soon broken. After little more than a year of mutual love and mutual toils, Mrs. Willson died at their cottage in Cambridge, Massachusetts, October 13, 1864, at the age of twenty-two years and six months. Mr. Willson died February 2, 1867, being a little less than thirty years of age. Thus passed two of the most gifted and promising poets whose mornings ever opened upon Indiana soil. After the death of Mrs. Willson her husband collected her poems, and at a little later date his own, and published them through a Boston firm, each forming a thin volume, but rich in the fine quality of its poems.

Mrs. Bessie H. Woolford's home is in Madison, Indiana. She is the widow of a Union soldier, but is yet in the heyday of life. She collected and published a small brochure of her poems, a few years ago, under the title of "Purple Asters and Goldenrods," which found favor with a wide circle of friends, and one of the poems it contained, "The Ohio River," has won more extended popularity.